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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illu[illegible]ed Weekly
Founded A° D[illegible] by Benj. Franklin

MAY 18, 1912

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DRAWN BY
HARRISON FISHER

Beginning

Making a Business Woman

By Anne Shannon Monroe

We begin on the farm with the feeding and care of the cows to secure the high quality of milk which we evaporate into

CARNATION MILK

From Contented Cows

We locate our condenseries only where the richest, finest milk is produced. And we insist upon regulations which will maintain the production of milk at the same high standard. Carnation Milk is the evaporated milk of *contented cows* that feed in the finest pastures and drink from streams fed by living springs.

These cows are cared for as befits the valuable animals that they are. A cow must be contented, or else the yield and quality of her milk will be affected.

The milk is brought to our condenseries, extreme care being taken that it is maintained at the proper temperature and that there is no delay in delivering it.

It is not shipped to us from long distances. Our condenseries are in the heart of the pasture lands.

Not many hours after the milk is had from the cows it has been evaporated, hermetically sealed in the Carnation cans, and *sterilized*.

Nothing has been taken from it but water. It is the consistency of rich cream. You will prefer it to most cream you get in bottles, as it contains all the healthful solids that enter into the making of the best of milk. To use it you reduce it with water to suit yourself. It surprises you by the deliciousness it gives to all milk dishes when used in cooking.

Our Positive Guaranty to Every Housewife

We know so well that Carnation Milk will meet your every requirement that we make the following positive guaranty:

Order a 10c can of Carnation Milk from your grocer, and if you find that Carnation Milk does not please you better in every way than fresh, raw milk, or any other evaporated milk or condensed milk, write us and we will cheerfully refund your money and postage.

Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Company
SEATTLE, U. S. A.

You may be one of the people who have the impression that Carnation Milk is a substitute for milk, like oleomargarine for butter. Disabuse your mind of that idea; Carnation Milk is *real* milk—containing all the cream. It is immeasurably safer for your baby or the other children than so-called "fresh" or raw milk. It simply cannot be contaminated in handling, and there absolutely can be no germs in it, as it is hermetically sealed. Test it.

A small "Baby" size can will cost you but five cents; a "tall" size can a dime, of your grocer. *You* will have to convince *yourself* of its supremacy over any other kind of milk, but surely when it means so much to you and your family you will satisfy yourself regarding Carnation Milk at once.

We have prepared an unusual booklet, covering a large number of points of interest to everyone who prepares food. It contains recipes, suggestions for economical cooking and the story of Carnation Milk. It tells you how to make every dish in which milk is used, more delicious.

WRITE FOR YOUR COPY TODAY

Telephone or tell your grocer to send you a can, use Carnation Milk according to the brief instructions on the label, and remember our positive guaranty as shown above goes with every can. You take no risk.

CARNATION MILK—*the Modern Milkman*

"Flavor superior to all others or your money back"

PACIFIC COAST CONDENSED MILK COMPANY

General Offices, SEATTLE, U. S. A. Fourteen condenseries in the States of Washington, Oregon, Wisconsin and Illinois

VALENTINE'S

VALSPAR

"The Varnish That Won't Turn White"

$1000.00 Reward

It Won't Turn White

VALSPAR is the only varnish that *won't turn white in water.*

Do you realize the vital significance of this fact to you?

In the varnish world it is a revolution.

The fact that Valspar is the only varnish that won't turn white means that it is the only one that is *really water-proof*—the only one whose sheen, hardness and durability are absolutely unaffected by the severest test known.

We are so confident that Valspar *won't turn white* in water that we will forfeit $1000 to anyone who can prove to the contrary. And there are no strings to this offer.

A Unique Product

The old theory of varnishes was a different one for every purpose. For instance, no one could make an elastic, durable varnish that would dry quickly. Nor could they make a quick drying varnish that would not crack or chip. And as for making a *water-proof varnish,* that was considered absolutely impossible.

Valspar has changed all this. It has revolutionized the varnish industry. It was a painstaking and expensive discovery backed by 80 years of experience and covering five years of careful laboratory work and thousands of experiments.

The result is the most unique product in the varnish world.

Valspar was first used as a marine varnish and in two years became standard, practically driving its competitors from the field, because its superiority and economy were so apparent.

Unequalled for Household Use

The same unique qualities that make it the most satisfactory outside varnish are available for inside use because *Valspar dries with great rapidity and is hard over night.*

For floors, bathrooms, kitchens, refrigerators, tables, furniture, pianos, etc. Valspar guarantees at least double the service of any other varnish.

It will stand the hardest kind of wear and washing, and from every test will stand forth beautiful, brilliant, and unmarred.

Valspar costs more than ordinary varnishes, but *revarnishing* costs more than Valspar.

About Valentine & Company

The House of Valentine is over 80 years old. We are the largest manufacturers of high-grade varnishes in the world. Eighty per cent of all the automobiles exhibited in the automobile shows held throughout the country have been varnished with Valentine's products. The greatest American and European railroad systems use Valentine's Varnishes. Prominent office buildings, such as the Hudson Terminal in New York—the largest group of public service buildings in the world—are varnished throughout with Valspar. Valentine's Varnishes have been used on most of the coaches and automobiles of the Royal Families in Europe. "Valentine," the world over, stands for the *best* in varnish.

Our Broad Guarantee

We authorize every dealer to guarantee that on inside work Valspar will give at least twice the service and that on outside work it will outlast any other varnish and *it won't turn white.* If directions are followed and this doesn't prove true, we will cheerfully refund your money. Considering this broad guarantee, you take no chances when you buy Valspar. You buy a certainty.

Free Sample

WE would like to send every reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* a free sample of Valspar, with a metal testing panel, so that you can demonstrate to your own satisfaction that the statements made in this advertisement are true.

Remember, we are not sending you a brilliantly polished panel, but a *real sample,* namely, a 2-ounce can, enough for a small table. You want a real test. So do we.

If we could place a sample of Valspar in the hands of everyone interested in varnish, no further advertising would be necessary. Write today for this 2-ounce sample.

Free Sample Coupon

Name

City State

Dealer's Name

Tear out and fill in carefully or send post card.

Valentine & Company

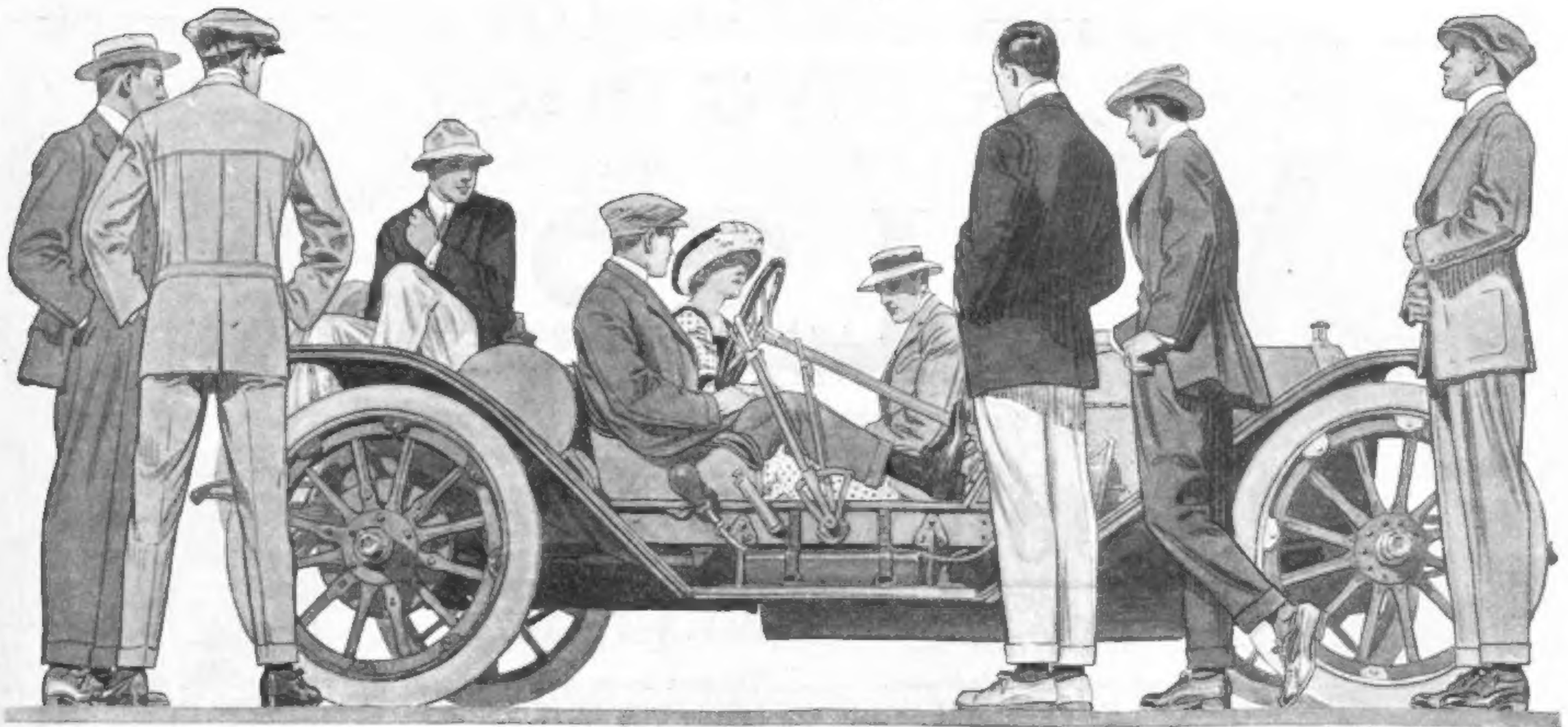
458 Fourth Avenue New York City

Chicago Toronto Paris
Boston London Amsterdam

W. P. Fuller & Co., San Francisco
Sole Agents for Pacific Slope and Hawaiian Islands

VALENTINES VARNISHES
Trade Mark

Largest Manufacturers of High-grade Varnishes in the World



Copyright 1912 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

THIS illustration of a group of young fellows will give you some idea of the kind of clothes we've made for young men this season.

At the right, notice the smart summer suit; patch pockets; slender, shaped-in waist; long-roll lapel; trousers worn with a belt; no waistcoat. Made in a very great variety of pattern weaves, grays, tans, browns, blues.

The Norfolk, at the left, is one of the most favored of all the season's models. The dark serges and worsteds are always favored by men who dress well; the blue serge coat with flannel trousers is the regulation style for summer lounging.

In any good stock of our clothes, anywhere, you will find these styles ready-to-wear. The fabrics are all-wool always; carefully shrunk by the most scientific process known; the tailoring is as carefully done as we know how to do it. The styles are right to the last small detail; they'll stay stylish.

Our mark in a garment is your guide to satisfaction;
a small thing to look for, a big thing to find.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

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MAKING A BUSINESS WOMAN

By Anne Shannon Monroe

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

I WAS downright tired of being poor. I was equally tired of hearing my past-generation relatives complacently remark: "No one of our blood was ever in business." The worst of it was they always said it with a sort of pride, just as they told of the broad acres and the slaves of our ancestors. But I could see nothing in this of which to be proud. I had always envied the girls whose fathers were prosperous merchants and tradesmen of one kind and another. These girls were never so restricted in spending money as I, whose male relatives were college professors, physicians and lawyers.

One day in the presence of a stately aunt I remarked: "I always make a botch of using slang; I can't use it naturally."

"My dear," she responded gravely, "no one of your blood could use slang naturally."

And on the same occasion, following the trend of the thought now constantly in my mind, I declared: "I'm going to a Northern city to get into business and make money."

Horror-stricken, she looked me full in the face, and with awful finality said: "My child, no one of your blood could make money in business."

"Then bosh on the blood!" I exclaimed, irritated past control. "It shan't stop me!"

I was twenty. I had taught school since my father's death, several years earlier. The term had just closed and I had two hundred and fifty dollars to see me through the summer. I was earning sixty dollars a month and I had no one dependent on me. The family was very comfortable after a more or less strenuous upbringing, the boys having entered professions and the other girls being married. The older heads of our household were set not only against my venturing into business, but against my disturbing the condition of average well-being. I had successfully passed the examinations for a life diploma, and I could go on teaching the rest of my life, if I would, in my home town in the protection of my family. It was suitable work for a lady. What more could I want?

But I was bored with the narrow, restricted routine life and eager to experiment. I argued that young men went to the cities every day in the year and many of them made good—why shouldn't I? One of the schoolboys who had graduated in my class—I had often helped him with his compositions—was already doing splendidly in New York; another had hit upon a good thing in Seattle real estate and was now worth thousands; and in school neither had stood as high as I. If they could do it, why couldn't I? If I could beat them in the classroom, why not in business? Surely brains were brains, whether in a boy's head or a girl's.

I Decide to Begin My Career in a Big City

I DIDN'T tell my family exactly what I meant to do, as I had already found that the way to escape serious interference is to keep a close mouth. At the last I merely said that I was going to Chicago for my vacation; their minds instantly leaped to the conclusion that I was going to attend the summer normal school in that vicinity.

Unfortunately my brother purchased my ticket, and when I examined it I found it was a round trip good for two months. I smiled grimly as I put it in my pocketbook, but said nothing. I needed the extra money that had gone into it, but I hated scenes; and I certainly had no intention of returning in two months.

It was the most victoriously jubilant moment of my life when the train pulled out of the station and I realized that I was actually on my way to Chicago and freedom. I sat with my hands stuffed into my linen ulster pockets, staring unseeingly ahead of me and grinning. It seemed altogether too good to be true.

The thrill remained with me all the days and nights of the long, hot, dusty way. When we entered the great dim grayness of the big city the thrill deepened. I was glad Chicago was so big, that it lasted so long after we reached its border.

At the station I was not bewildered by the noise and excitement, for my plan of action was clearly mapped out. I found the depot matron and asked her for addresses of places where I might find a room. She wrote a list on the back of her card and indicated a policeman who, she said, would direct me.

The cheapest of the rooms was two dollars and a half a week. I decided at once to go to that one first. I gave the number to the policeman and he directed me to a Madison Street car and told me where to get off. I followed his instructions and had no difficulty in finding the place.

I Couldn't See Why So Many People Wanted to Work in Such a Place

First Impressions

IT WAS an old-fashioned red-brick residence. The landlady answered the bell, her head swathed in a towel and a broom in her hand. She was so dirty that I decided the room itself must be pretty clean. She asked me in, but before showing me the room she wanted to know where I was employed. When I said I was not employed, she added: "You'll have to pay a month in advance." I told her I had no objections to doing so, and then she showed me the room. It was a pleasant back parlor on the first floor, immaculate in its cleanliness. A small alcove held the bed. As she saw I was pleased she further instructed me: "I don't allow any housekeeping in my rooms." I assured her that I had not come to the city to keep house. She looked at me a trifle suspiciously but accepted my ten dollars. I put down my traveling bag, took the key from her and left to get my trunk.

When I was again in my own room I closed the door, laid aside my hat and coat, then looked about me and grinned contentedly. "It's as easy as dirt!" I said with a contemptuous fling at the older people who warn young women against the wiles of a great city. "Now for a good hot bath and a long night's rest, and then I'll go out and get a job—and the trick's turned!" I went to sleep trying to decide which of my pretty summer gowns would prove most effective with an employer.

The next morning, still in a thrill over my adventure, I went two blocks to Madison Street to a small restaurant, where I paid twenty cents for my breakfast of hot cakes and coffee. Then I stopped at a newsstand and bought copies of all the morning papers and returned with them to my room. I meant to do the thing thoroughly and get something really good at the start. I believed in myself. I was feeling very optimistic, and everything so far had gone so swimmingly that my faith in a successful outcome was absolute. With scissors and pencil I settled down in a big, comfortable chair between the two deep windows, and opening the first paper in the stack at the "help wanted" section began to read the long lists of classified advertisements.

Employers called for bookkeepers, secretaries, stenographers, correspondents, foreladies, designers, telephone operators, accountants, advertisers—but I was none of these. I went from paper to paper through them all. The advertisements bewildered me; I had never read the "want ads" in a city paper before. I had expected to begin at the bottom somewhere, in some vague, indefinite business, and work up to a position of trust. My expectations were based on biographies of successful men, all of whom, it seemed, had begun at the bottom. Just how they had begun the writers had never said; and I was equally hazy as to how I was to make my first connection. The business world was a world of which I had less real knowledge than I had of Mars; and how to get into it was as much of a problem.

I had, however, one business accomplishment—I could run a typewriter. I had learned for my own amusement when my brother had a typewriter in the house to do some extra law work. This would surely give me an entering wedge. I made a list of the office positions, ran down to the basement, where the landlady lived, and had her give me instructions for finding each of the places, and once more boarded a Madison Street car for downtown.

It must have been nearly ten o'clock when I reached my first office, which proved to be an artificial limb establishment on Wabash Avenue. The small reception room was packed with applicants; dreary, disheartened-looking women stood about in the hall unable to get in. Through the glass door I could see artificial limbs hanging on the walls; the stray arms and hands and legs looked very gruesome. I couldn't see why so many people wanted to work in such a place. I left at once and went on to the

next address on my list. It was a patent-medicine concern, and an even greater throng of tired, despondent-looking women waited at its doors. Well, I certainly didn't want to work with patent-medicine people, I told myself glibly, any more than I did among dismembered legs and arms; so I went on to the third address. This was a tea and coffee importing concern, and here I found an equal crowd. I left and tried the next number and the next, on down the list. At every place the reception room was filled with patient, waiting women. At several of the places the applicants were being rudely and unceremoniously turned away by an office boy, who repeated mechanically to each one, "Place filled."

"That's what comes of being late," I overheard a rasping-voiced elderly woman say to a younger one. "I told you to get up and come early."

"What's the use?" the younger responded wearily. "There's just as big a crowd and you get all worn out waiting."

"Be ahead of the crowd then," snapped the other as they were lost in the throng.

This gave me my cue. All at once I felt very self-confident again. Of course that was all that was needed—just to be there first. The following morning I was up at six. I breakfasted, bought the papers, made my list and was downtown by eight o'clock. The first door I reached was still locked, but the hall was packed to the elevator with applicants. I went away and tried in turn each of the other numbers on my list; at every one there was a crowd of women, or else it was a case of "place filled."

Blistering Violets at My Own Expense

THE third morning I was wiser still. I was up at five and at my first number by seven. A dozen women, all tired, hot and sleepy, hovered about the door; two or three were disputing.

"Go along, why don't you? I was here first," said one.

"Huh! I've been here since five," sneered another, pressing close to the doorknob.

"That's nothing, I've been up since two. My brother got the first paper run off the press and brought it home to me so's I'd have a chance. Five! Huh! I was here at four, if you want to know it!"

I left and found the next office. My experience of the day before was repeated: crowds everywhere; waiting, tired, sleepy women everywhere; and always the job was filled long before my turn was reached.

For a week I kept up this program before I was so much as given an interview; and then, when at last my turn came and I was called from the reception room into the private office, the fact that I had had no experience cut the interview short. I was shown out and another girl, gleeful over getting a chance, crowded in past me.

For another long week I haunted offices; but it was the same story day after day. There was nothing I could do; there seemed no place for a typist who was not a stenographer.

I abandoned the idea of an immediate office position and watched the want advertisements like a hawk for other kinds of work. I noticed a plethora of "Home Work": "Ladies Take Work Home," "Spare-Time Work," "Art Home Work," "Educational Home Work," and every other kind of work connected with the word home. I listed the addresses and started out to make the rounds, going early, as I had done with the office positions.

She Was So Dirty
That I Decided the Room Itself Must be Pretty Clean

What a different reception I found! On reaching the first door an invisible current seemed to sweep me resistlessly toward the sacred inner office. The applicants were wanted, all of them. The "ladies," most of them timid, refined, inexperienced-appearing women, many of middle age, sat about on comfortable chairs and gazed eagerly at the walls that were lined with shelves full of decorated china. A low-voiced, honey-mannered young woman, in a dainty white apron, moved softly among them, telling them just to wait, to be patient—yes, they needed so many workers that they couldn't get them fast enough. They were preparing for the early fall trade; yes, that was it—decorating china. Lovely, wasn't it? And so we all waited our turns and smiled back on the engaging young person, while others and still others flocked in.

My turn to be ushered into the inner office came at last, and with a sinking heart I went. I was so afraid they wouldn't give me a chance! I knew very little about china decorating; true, I had daubed some at school, but I was no artist. Never mind; the manager of the business was! He looked up and smiled quite as engagingly as had his assistant, and asked me to be seated at the desk beside him. A woman was working very intently over a piece of china at a table near by. She went on working as I took my seat and I envied her—she already had a job.

I told the manager that I knew very little about china painting but perhaps I could learn. The young woman outside had said I could learn. Yes, yes, he assured me; yes, yes; that was the trouble—they had to take on so many beginners—it made it difficult. He frowned and looked distressed; I started to speak.

"But you will learn," he repeated, smiling brightly. "Ah, I see you have very nimble fingers; you will learn."

Then he explained. It wasn't painting decorations on to china, as it appeared to be, but transferring them, by a French process that required steadiness and skill in the fingers. He said it wasn't so much a matter of being artistic as of being careful, steady. Yes, they would teach me—as I had such nimble fingers—teach me free. And when I had learned I would have employment all the winter. Many made as high as five and six dollars a day, and one woman made ten; but she was an exceedingly steady woman, not young and—well, flighty, as younger ones were inclined to be. He rather preferred to employ older women.

I began to grow uneasy and assured him of my absolute steadiness, of my need to earn. He grew interested; he listened with more and more attentiveness. At last he said, nodding many times, "I understand, I understand," and took out of the desk drawer a contract blank. It called for "unlimited piecework" after Miss So-and-So had learned the process. Then he explained that for three dollars and a half they would supply the materials on which to practice and send the china out to my house. Gladly I paid the price and left the office with the contract safely stowed away in my pocket.

If any woman on earth could make ten dollars a day at that work, I told myself, so could I. Ten dollars a day would be, excluding Sundays, nearly three hundred a month—and I had hesitated to give up a measly salary of sixty dollars! I snapped my fingers at caution and had an ice-cream soda to celebrate my victory.

That night I wrote a most buoyant letter home, telling of the many splendid opportunities in a big city like Chicago. I added that I was about to accept some art work that would pay me, in a short time, three hundred dollars a month. I found later that my dear old aunts said prayers and thanksgivings over my escape from the awful clutches of business.

The following morning I had my first lesson; then I carried the materials home and the plates were delivered later in the day. It was all a matter of practice, as I could easily see. The little transfer designs on prepared paper must be slipped into a bowl of water, then cautiously slipped out and by skillful application of thumb and finger pressed flat in place on the rim of the plate. There must be no bubbles or wrinkles; the pattern must adhere with perfect smoothness, as though painted there. The point was to learn to transfer the design so deftly as to leave no blemish; the plates were then put in rows to dry and returned to the decorators. When I should do one plate perfectly my services were to be required at so much per dozen.

All morning I worked on the pert little blue violets that would not go down without bubble or crease; all

I Bought Copies of All the Morning Papers

afternoon I worked over them. By five o'clock my supply of designs was exhausted, and yet the last violet blistered. I hurried into street clothes and downtown, hoping by some chance that the office would still be open; my hopes were well founded. Too many others were inspired in the same way to make an early closing practical. This time I bought five dollars' worth of the little paper transfer designs and returned to my room full of fight for the morrow.

The second day the landlady paused at my door, and feeling a need to speak to some one I called to her to come in and see my work. She was impressed; it looked lovely to her. Then I showed her the tiny blister that marred each piece. She had, it appeared, been a china painter in the long ago. She put down her broom and knelt beside the table watching me. The dainty little violets attracted her tremendously; I could see she was eager to get hold of one—she was sure she could do it all right.

I urged her to try. She rushed to the bathroom and cleaned her hands, then came back and worked with me all morning, neglecting her scrubbing and sweeping. The thing was as tantalizing as any puzzle. What was wrong? Why wouldn't the design go on without blistering? No matter how careful we were, how promising the thing looked, there appeared, sooner or later, that venomous little blister that spelled delay and expense. By nightfall our patterns were all used up. The landlady said she would buy five dollars' worth if she could be sure there would be a place for her too. She was tired of keeping roomers; it was hard work and there wasn't a decent living in it.

I promised to do my best, took her five dollars, returned to the office, made a plea for my "friend," and received a contract for her together with the new set of designs. After this we worked together right along. We called in her sister and a neighbor: half a dozen women sat about and watched and suggested as we dipped and pasted. But every time in the end there appeared that blister, that deadly blister!

Another Venture in Honey Paths of Art

ONCE I was sure I had accomplished the feat. I wrapped the plate and carried it jubilantly to the office. The inspector seemed delighted with my success. He said they were way behind with orders, but they must be patient, he realized that. All the time he was screwing up a small magnifying glass, and finally he adjusted it to his eye and stepped over to the window with my plate. Almost instantly his face fell; he called me to the window. I could see it readily enough, he assured me; there was the tiny blemish. While I was looking at it through his glass he took down a plate that had been burned and showed me how, in the burning, the blemish became a hole, allowing the white of the plate to show through. He was so sorry! I bought more designs and returned to the task. At the end of ten days I gave up. I had spent thirty dollars on designs and I had just fifty dollars left. The landlady had spent ten dollars, the full amount of my rent. I felt that I was responsible for her loss and made her let me repay half of it. This helped some, but she still frowned whenever she saw me. The affair had been a failure and in some way I was to blame. I later discovered that, following the method we were so carefully shown, by no possibility could the transferring be done without blisters. Those people certainly had a "good thing."

Next I tried a "Home Art" company. Here the most unseemly cats, dogs and children were outlined on squares of velvet the size of ordinary sofa cushions, and we were to

fill in the outlines with paint, producing an effect truly startling. The Home Art company gravely insisted that there was money in it, that there were people who loved such work and would pay well for it. I had seen most dreadful ornaments in some districts, so I didn't question the premises; and as the original cost was only twenty-five cents for velvet and paints I started my second stream of savings flowing into a get-rich-quick man's pockets. At the end of the week I was five dollars poorer for my experiment. There was money in it all right!

Then I answered an advertisement headed "Educational Work for Refined Young Lady of Good Appearance and Good Family." I hoped it wasn't teaching, got into my most "refined" clothes and called at the number designated. I found the office filled with "refined young ladies"; but at the affable reception girl's request I sat down. After this I always classified offices according to the manners of the reception girl. If she was very polite and pleasant I knew at once that it was a fake of some kind; if she was rude and abrupt I took it that the position was genuine.

My turn came at last, and that reception girl's superior certainly did her justice. He was a dark, smooth, polished, well-oiled appearing man with white teeth and an unctuous voice. The very desirable educational work consisted of introducing into "leading suburban centers" a magnificent set of lectures on American literature. Only a limited number could be placed in each center, and a list of the names to whom the first "opportunities" should be given would be furnished me. It was delightful work, and would bring me in touch with the "best people" of each community. I had given up four dollars and a half for the outfit before I realized that—well, I was buncoed again.

Why I Failed to Find Work

I WENT back to regular position hunting. It was the old story of crowds and refusals; and now with each refusal my heart sank lower and my courage ebbed to the vanishing point. I began to comfort myself with the thought of that return ticket. Thus the summer passed and it was September. I was under contract to teach school that winter in my home town. My room rent was due and I possessed exactly ten dollars.

Over and over I resolved the question. To give up, own failure and settle back to the routine of the schoolroom—that seemed too humiliating, almost impossible. To remain in the city and starve—that was foolish. I wondered if I had really done my best, if I hadn't been weak somewhere. I reviewed the summer, and I now realized that every time the shadow of the great fear fell upon me—a fear of the vast gray city with its closed doors—I had been sustained by the knowledge of that return ticket. I had leaned on it in a way. I now wished I hadn't had it; that it had been impossible to return. I knew that had there been no return ticket I should have found something somewhere, somehow. That return ticket had had a demoralizing effect on my efforts. Every time I failed I said: "Oh, well, I have a return ticket," and went back to my room half comforted. I had had no right to be comforted; I should have thrown myself in the sea to swim or drown, and here all the time I had been holding to the end of a lifeline.

The morning this thought came to me I had gone to the North Side to answer an advertisement for a physician's assistant. I found the office crowded with nice-looking young women all eager for this job that paid only twenty-five dollars a month. I turned away when I saw the numbers and went to Lincoln Park to walk off the feeling of desperation that had come over me. I stopped and fed the lions, then went on and paused before the solitary elephant staked out in the open. I wondered how it felt to be so strong and powerful, but with all this power and strength made futile by the interference of man. There he stood chained to a tiny stake, with nothing to do all day but endlessly sway his head and wabble his ears. The elephant's eyes looked at me with intelligence.

"You can't do a thing about it," I said aloud to him, "for they've got you tied; so you might as well make the best of it."

As I went on from the elephant toward "suicide" bridge a rage filled me. I was not an elephant; I was that vaunted thing—a free agent. I would not be tied to the puny situation that held me down; I would make my own life myself.

I climbed to the top of "suicide" bridge, which spanned its graceful arch high over the lagoon. I walked out to its center and looked about at the treetops delicately moving with the restless stirrings of life and vigor. I heard the unending hum of the gray city, flat and vast and impregnable all about me; I looked far down where slender canoes shot their lithe lengths over the placid water, propelled by steady-armed oarsmen in white duck. Deliberately I opened my purse, took out my return ticket, and slowly tearing it into bits let them float out on the air. Then I stood and watched them as they fell lightly as snowflakes on the water below.

It was toward evening of the same day, while waiting for an opening through the heavy traffic on the corner of Wabash Avenue and Washington Street, that my purpose settled down in my being as hard and fast and adamantine as the old gray city itself. The brightness of the morning had given way to clouds and rain. It was a dismal street. Overhead the elevated pounded its machinery-mad way through the air; stuffy surface cars with motormen incessantly jangling their bells jostled and jogged along, continually checked by teams; streams of people poured from shops, stores, offices, filled the street and clung to the steps of the already packed cars, or hurried toward the elevated station in the next block. To get a car and reach home—that was the tremendous purpose that gave the head-on rush to the mob.

I stood waiting for my chance to cross the street. The ground was slimy, my feet were cold, my light spring suit was shabby and soiled, the feather in my hat was draggled—I carried no umbrella—my veil was torn, my gloves worn and ripped. I caught a reflection of myself in the plate-glass window of the large department store before which I stood, and saw that my face was drawn and pale and old. Following the cue, I let my shoulders sag, my mouth droop, and gazed fascinated at the wreck the summer had wrought. And then it was that my purpose settled steadily down: "They're all just people," I said contemptuously: "it isn't as if they were another kind of creature. The head of this department store—he's just a man; all these employers—just people who were employees once; and all these employees with jobs—they were just men and women once, seeking employment. It's an up climb, that's all; and I've got as many fingers and toes as any of 'em. I'm sound; I'm all here, and I'll break through and get up!"

I now realized, of course, that my greatest handicap was lack of preparation. Even should I manage to gain an employer's favor, what had I to offer him? I was not qualified to do any one thing in an office. But even though I faced that fact squarely at last, still I was obstinate in my belief that there existed somewhere some kind of a position that I could fill. I did not want to be a stenographer, and as to bookkeeping, I had never been able to make myself balance my own bank account, so obnoxious were figures to me. I didn't know what it was that I wanted, but I was sure I did not want routine work. However, I was ready to take anything.

One of the newspapers next morning had an advertisement that to me was encouraging and significant:

> Wanted: Rapid Typewriter Operators; Beginners Accepted. Come prepared to go to work. BITTNER-BINKS BUSINESS BOOKS CO.

I noted the address given and went down at once. I found the office without difficulty. It was on the top floor in one of the old-time buildings over in the wholesale district near the river. Eight o'clock had only just struck when I arrived, but the office was already filled with applicants. A handsome but very tired and harassed-appearing woman of the large-featured fair type was silently moving about among the girls, giving out application blanks. One after the other they sat down and wrote. The table was a small dirty pine affair spattered with ink and disfigured with some one's knife hackings; the penholder was of the cheapest two-for-a-nickel variety, broken at the top and apparently much chewed; the ink bottle was heavily incrusted with dust and dried ink. Dust was everywhere, and there was only one chair.

I stood waiting my turn. I had made up my mind to stick it out from now on until I was dismissed, instead of leaving—as so often I had done formerly—when I found a crowd.

At last my turn came. I sat down and filled in the blanks. My answers were not very hopeful. I had had no former experience, no former employer. I didn't feel much encouragement. The handsome young woman took the sheet of paper from me and, glancing at it as she had done with each of the others, transferred it to the other hand. I noticed that she sorted the slips as she read them and I wondered which was the favorable hand. The others wrote and we waited.

The office became constantly more crowded with recruits from without. Pretty soon the door going into the inner office was pulled back and a man stuck his head through, then stepped in and stood scrutinizing us. The door had opened badly, as though its hinges didn't work well, and it now shook in its crudely constructed frame. The man was young and stoop-shouldered, with small dark eyes that peered through narrow slits; and he was in his shirtsleeves. I decided he must be some under-employee. He was smooth-faced, and he drew his forehead into a frown as he screwed up his little eyes in an effort at inspection. The light was very poor, as the room opened on a shaft and was supplied with only one gasjet. Directly he took out his knife and began to pare his nails.

My Answers Were Not Very Hopeful. I Had Had No Former Experience, No Former Employer

The Red-Haired Man

I TURNED away my eyes, but the handsome young woman went over to him, so I looked back again—he was still paring his nails. She was talking to him in a low tone and showing him the applications. I had lost track of them now. I wondered if mine could possibly be in the bunch they were examining together. He listened to the handsome girl, but I thought he was rather disinterested, for he kept on with his nails. The other applicants were still filling in blanks, frowning and studying over their answers. Another man came to the wabbly door and, pushing the uncertain thing farther open, stuck his head over the shoulder of the first man and also listened to what the handsome girl was saying. He was thin and tall and pale, with a heavy shock of coarse red hair. He was very nervous; his face twitched as one in the first stages of Saint Vitus' dance. He seemed in an awful hurry about something; every few moments he looked back into the room, whence came the steady click of many typewriters, then out again at the applicants. He moved from one foot to another like a chicken on a hot griddle; he appeared to think some one was losing a lot of time. The first man pared steadily and silently on, and it made the red-headed man nervous. It made me nervous, too, and again I looked away.

"Well, decide quick, for new work is piling up."

It was the red-headed man who spoke; he was now vigorously scratching the right leg with the left foot. Suddenly he stopped and started back into the office; then poked his head in again. "Ten new girls is enough," he said.

"Hire fifteen," said the first man, still paring his nails—"fifteen of those." He tapped one of the stacks of application blanks with his knifeblade.

(Continued on Page 56)

Geordie Griggsby's Firebug

By CARL M. CHAPIN

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

For Once in His Life the Call of the Fire Was Vanquished in Geordie

GEORDIE GRIGGSBY used to be—and still is, for that matter—a Fire Fiend, with large capitals; a genuine, thirty-third-degree, goat-initiated buff. Certain friends of the family who cherish these newfangled theories of heredity have long found in Geordie's obsession a discouragement and a grief; for it raises that everlasting question, so disquieting to grafters and hereditarians: "Where did he get it?" In Geordie's case the question is unanswerable. On neither side of the family could the apostles of heredity find comfort; so finally they set it down as an illuminating case of reversion to type and let it go at that.

Geordie's personal view of himself was expressed as follows: "Nobody hates fire worse than I do. It makes me creep all up and down my back. What I like is the fight. I wouldn't get out of bed to see Rome burn if there wasn't any fire department."

His bedroom resembled an engine house. On the wall an indicator gong hung by his bed as he slept. A shaded light over the indicator and a cluster of bulbs and a reflector above his head were connected to flash their brilliancy respectively upon the figures and into his sleepy eyes at the first stroke of an alarm. By the bedside a set of fireman's turnouts stood ever ready, while sweater, coat and hat—in season—were nightly adjusted at carefully timed intervals between his bed and the door. Geordie's average time was sixteen seconds from dreamland to sidewalk. He had done it in eleven; and, with a sliding pole, he figured he could have lowered that to seven.

A few doors away he built him a garage, with a dormitory above, equipped with all the quick-starting paraphernalia of a fire-department house. He hired three chauffeurs out of the department and installed them there on the three-platoon system. Well within thirty seconds of the completion of a box number, night or day, his roadster awaited him at the curb. His "running card" was carefully compiled from an exhaustive study of the record of each individual box in the city as a producer of interesting fire problems during a period of twenty years. He was scheduled to answer more first alarms than the Chief of Department himself. It is evident that Geordie was more than a mere buff—he was a fiend, a crank, a bug of the most venomous species. He recognized the potency of no imaginable intervention between himself and his chosen calling. Sickness or death; feast or fast; Eros, Thespis, Terpsichore—all manifestations, human, infernal or divine—were as one to Geordie when the bell began to hit.

In the long train of years from his dancing-school days to the fateful night when he led his first—and, be it said, his last—cotillon, an appalling number of maidens fair, decked for the ball, had bitten their ruby lips to the quick and twisted their long, white gloves to strings while Geordie trailed his pumps through the fire slush, forgetting duty, honor, love—everything; utterly absorbed in the grim battle before him. It may easily be realized that these little incidents did not tend to endear Geordie to the fair ones in general. There was one notable exception however. She liked Geordie for his own agreeable self, as most people did; but above and beyond this she was not blind to the multiple advantages, pecuniary and social, which were certain to accrue from a matrimonial alliance with the Rollinson-Griggsby heir. Don't misjudge her. She was not a fortune-hunter, and her own position made social climbing unnecessary. Moreover, she came ultimately to love Geordie very dearly; but a girl is none the worse for keeping such considerations unobtrusively in mind.

She sympathized with Geordie when no one else—outside the fire department—would. She listened with an eye that kindled and a patient tenderness that never tired to the riotous neighings of his hobby. She professed a deep understanding of him which none other possessed. She laughed when her cherished dances and theaters were ruthlessly sacrificed—at least she laughed when Geordie came round to apologize.

Geordie, not unnaturally, was impressed. A far less personable young lady than Helen Bannard might have breached the walls of his heart by the same method of attack; but Helen was distinctly desirable quite aside from her surpassing tact and insight into the nature of the male man. When she acceded to Geordie's impassioned plea for sole and perpetual proprietorship of that marvelous sympathy there were many sore and envious hearts beneath the polished shirt-bosoms of Lanesboro's upper ten.

And so they were married; and in the midst of the ceremony there was a fire in the block beyond the ancestral halls of the Bannards—a real, working fire. Geordie's ear caught the mellow tones of the apparatus bells just as the officiating cleric propounded the fateful question. He reared like a charger scenting the battle afar. For one brief instant he trembled on the brink of placing the ineffable crown upon that towering structure of pyromaniacal *faux pas* which he had been so industriously rearing since childhood; but Helen, too, had heard and understood. A hand rested an instant, light as zephyr's breath, yet firm and compelling as beaten steel, upon Geordie's arm, and he came back to the prosaic wedding atmosphere with a thud.

"I will," he gulped, and stuck it out to the bitter end with clenched teeth. It was an omen, could he have read it.

However, when he heard, just as the last sonorous "amen" rolled forth, the purring, luring voice of Engine Eight, best-beloved of all the machines, calling to him seductively from the hydrant in front of the house, all his self-control left him. He turned blindly to answer the love call; but again the zephyr touch restrained him—his bride was claiming the nuptial kiss. Then the bridesmaid demanded her fee, and the mother of the bride and his own mother; and beyond them the best man, extending the gladsome hand of congratulation, headed a whole futile, trivial throng bent on barring the path of manifest duty and desire. It was hours, ages, cycles, eons before Geordie could win his way to the door; and when at last he escaped the excitement was over—the voice of his engine was stilled. It dampened his pleasure in the happy occasion; and this, too, was an omen—it was his last fire!

They returned from the honeymoon to inhabit Geordie's old quarters for a lark. The gleaming indicator gong and all the other accessories of Geordie's hobby were viewed by Helen with outward curiosity and enthusiasm. To Geordie's hungry eyes the sight of them was sweet indeed. He had missed them sorely, even amid the ecstasy of love's young dream. He hoped that if there were to be a fire—he never permitted himself to hope there would be one, but if one were fated to occur—couldn't it just hurry up a little?

And it did. In the hour before the dawn the gong clanged, the clustered electrics flashed into light; and from the pillow beside the blinking Geordie rose a succession of shrill, quavering screams that soared and soared until they reached the uttermost apex of the human voice, whence they subsided slowly into sobbing hysteria. For once in his life the call of the fire was vanquished in Geordie by another sensation, as he strove with masculine clumsiness to calm the outraged nerves of his chattering bride. Outside, in the early morning chill of the street, Tom Hogan, doing the dogwatch that night, yawned and swore and wondered through the long minutes beside the throbbing roadster. At intervals he glanced up at the lighted windows of Geordie's abode.

"'Tis th' woman has her foot on th' neck iv 'im," he said. "Back to th' departmint f'r mine a' right!"

And right he was. Within a week the Automatic Fire-Alarm Company was poorer by the income from two annunciator-gong outfits and the fire department richer by three able firemen skilled in the conduct of motor cars. Yet Helen had uttered neither complaint nor request. Thus did Geordie make acquaintance with the power of love; but he paid with the blood of his heart. Forevermore he depended upon chance for his fires, like many more poorly endowed enthusiasts; and, like them, he found it dishearteningly uncertain.

About this time the death of his father threatened to heap upon Geordie's broad but not ultra-ambitious shoulders a number of onerous burdens for which he had neither aptitude nor inclination. Into his hands tumbled the rudiments of a country estate which it had been his father's life-ambition to found and perfect and start on its way down the generations. The life of a gentleman farmer appealed to Geordie no more strongly than did that of the man of affairs; but Helen and Father Griggsby had talked long and intensely of the estate and his plans for its development—and, not long after the reading of the will, Geordie found the power of love dragging him away from the attractions of the city into the wilds of Merifield.

Father Griggsby's scheme had progressed so far as the purchase of a dozen contiguous farms which, taken together, covered some two miles of territory at the upper end of the lake. He had conceived a scheme of coöperative centralized tenancy, and pending its execution the original owners had remained in occupancy and control of their several holdings. The day after the young Griggsbys arrived these tenants began to flock in to bid the new landlord welcome and incidentally spy out the direction of the wind. Geordie received them with friendly cordiality, for this was the ancestral abode of the Griggsbys; and those whose orchards he hadn't robbed in the summers of his youth had been, for the most part, *participes criminis*. He listened to them—sorrowful, bored and not a little disheartened.

It was a great relief to him to recognize the red head of Abner Willetts behind the steering wheel of a diminutive runabout turning into the gateway. In the old days Geordie and Abner had been, as the saying is, the same as one. Abner was so exclusively rural in his tastes and Geordie so exclusively urban that each had accepted the other's superiority in the things that pertained to himself without a glimmer of jealousy. Abner had been a good comrade in those days; and now, as a farmer—well, folks did say that Ab Willetts could make canned asparagus on

There Surged Within Him a Primal Craving for Vengeance

toast grow from solid rock in the dead of winter—whence Abner's stud of automobiles and his reputation as a globe-trotter; whence, also, Father Griggsby's choice of him as a supervising partner.

"'Lo, Ab!" Geordie hailed while Abner was still hulldown on the driveway.

"'Lo, George!" Abner responded heartily when he was within handshaking distance. He bent over Helen's hand with all the grace of a French marquis.

"Get my letter?" he asked when the ceremony of presentation had been completed.

"No," said Geordie.

"Well, the big barn down on my place burned Tuesday—sixteen head of the best milkers in the county and five blooded Holstein calves and about forty ton of hay, to say nothing of two reapers and a ——"

"Oh, little baby cows?" Helen cried pitifully. "All burned?"

A little black baby cow, with a broad white belt round its middle, had made languishing eyes at her through the bars at a water station down the road the day before.

"Yes'm; five—finest pedigreed stock in the state."

"Oh!" said Helen.

"Couldn't you put it out?" Geordie demanded.

"It got too much of a start on us," Abner explained. "We couldn't get near enough to do anything. I telephoned down to the village and they came up with the hand tub; but it took 'em most an hour—and then they forgot to bring the hose reel."

"Hum-m-m!" ruminated Geordie, and remained thoughtfully silent while Abner fidgeted a bit uneasily. Finally he said:

"George, I want to ask you something—we're all wondering what's going to happen here now—now your father's gone. Everybody's anxious to find out where we stand."

"Did you know dad's plans?" demanded Geordie.

Abner nodded.

"All the details?"

"I think so."

"Wasn't he going to make you superintendent or overseer, or some sort of high cockalorum, on shares?"

"Something like that," Abner answered. "We had it about all fixed but the writing."

"Well, can you carry it out now? Run the place and make it pay?"

"Make it pay?" shouted Abner, his face lighting up. "I should say I ——"

"All right," Geordie interrupted, radiant with relief. "Go to it—and God be with you! Take whatever salary and share you agreed on. All I want is plenty of eggs and milk and cucumbers and string beans—and not to be bothered! If there's anything coming to me at the end of the year shoot it my way. And I'll see what I can do about this fire business."

And so it was arranged. How Abner handled the farm is of no moment; but Geordie's handling of the fire problem was admirably comprehensive. He dotted the whole estate with concrete engine houses. Within a year he had in commission three automobile engine hose-wagons, with gasoline pumps; a motor chemical engine; two combination chemical engine and hose-wagons, also motor driven, and a light ladder truck, drawn by a gasoline tractor. He could invent no valid excuse for buying a water-tower.

In each engine house he offered to such bachelors as wished to join his department free sleeping quarters, with smoking, reading and recreation rooms that would not have shamed a club. In addition, there was a fee of one dollar a man for each practice call and a promise of fifty cents an hour for actual fire duty. Despite his assurances of stern, unyielding discipline and plenty of work, his roster was full before his apparatus arrived and his waiting list included practically every unmarried male within twenty miles—barring the immediate confines of Merifield village, where certain influences militated against the popularity of his organization. When his firm friend, the deputy chief of Lanesboro, had completed a three months' leave of absence on the estate, and his picked list of captains had returned from a tour of duty with the city department, Geordie's outfit was in a condition of size and efficiency to have taken splendid care of a community of thirty thousand souls. And Geordie, be it known, was Chief of Department.

He was not yet content, however, and in due time it came about that when Abner's big motor farm-trucks were not in active service they were resting, each beneath a false body, suspended from the ceilings of their sheds and laden with fifteen hundred feet of two-and-a-half-inch hose. This was Geordie's reserve; and to man it he enlisted a corps of "reservists," which comprised nearly all the married or otherwise incapacitated men on the estate.

An army of linemen worked for months installing his fire-alarm system—thirty boxes, with gong equipments in each engine house and tappers in the abiding places of the reservists. In his own house he placed a miniature striking machine by means of which he could, at pleasure, sound almost any imaginable box number if the spirit moved or necessity drove. With the kindliest of intentions, he suggested to the Merifield selectmen the installation of a box or two at the village; but the jealousy of Deluge Engine Company, Number One, some two hundred strong, threatened disaster at the polls and Geordie's proposition was rejected with a derision that included his whole foolish shooting match. Geordie was pained; but long suffering had inured him to that sort of pain, and he forgivingly assigned a box number to the village, which he could strike at need from his house machine.

Pending the completion of his water system, for which he was building a reservoir well up the mountain, he constructed rainwater cisterns near every building and installed a pump at the lake, with temporary mains to the nearer structures. One of his few directions to Abner had been that no living creature on the estate should be housed in anything but fireproof quarters for longer than the building operations actually required. As fast as the stock were transferred to their new concrete abodes Geordie stuffed

The Cibes Turned to Shrieks of Fright

the old wooden barns full of hay, sealed them hermetically, canceled the insurance and sat back to wait.

And how he did wait! Not a thunderhead showed over the western mountains that he did not greet it with a cheer and prostrate himself before it with prayer and supplication. Wayworn hoboes, resting by the roadside, marveled at the cordial, not to say welcoming, grin which he cast upon them; but nothing happened. So he had to content himself with sounding a practice alarm whenever the fire crank's insomnia overbalanced his disinclination to part with one hundred and nineteen dollars in fees. His firemen didn't mind; in fact, they rather liked it. A dollar looms larger against the New England hills than it does on the background of the Great White Way. So they trailed out cheerfully at all times of the night—Abner objected strenuously to fire practice during working hours—stretched their hose and pumped water on the lawn, while Geordie, in his white coat and helmet, cursed their imaginary clumsiness in true metropolitan fashion.

Helen demurred occasionally to the frequent booming of the big bell and the ensuing uproar that spoiled her beauty sleep; but she always grew sympathetic upon Geordie's assurance that it was all in the cause of the helpless little baby cows—which, by the way, were now sleeping in concrete, woodless stables, quite secure from the perils of fire. And Geordie was happy—in a way; but the true proof of his pudding was still denied him.

One day, as he sat smoking beside the lake and whistling for an electrical storm, it occurred to him that the waterfront and the shipping were perilously unprotected. The waterfront consisted of his own dilapidated wooden boathouse—worth, at an optimistic appraisal, fifty dollars in the long-gone bloom of its youth—and the stakes to which the farmers secured their rowboats. The shipping comprised Geordie's two motor boats and a hasty speed boat, recently imported from tidewater, and the before-indicated craft of the farmers. At the village end of the lake there were a number of boathouses, several embryo docks and quite a flock of power and manual craft.

Geordie hastened up to the house and telegraphed for the representative of a fire-apparatus firm. A few weeks later his three power boats blossomed forth, each with a shining monitor nozzle forward and outlets for three lines of hose, while the ponderous engines and newly installed pumps reduced speed to a minimum and seating capacity almost to negligibility.

When this flotilla appeared upon the lake for its maiden tryout the howl of derision and wrath that arose from the summer colony, stretching its comfortable row of restored colonial mansions along one side of the village street, pierced straight to high heaven. It was bad enough that Geordie's once commodious and comfortable roadster should have been metamorphosed into a thinly veiled chemical engine, with two big tanks occupying the space manifestly intended, in the cosmic scheme of things, for the occupancy of doting friends; but that a thirty-knot speed boat—to say nothing of its two by no means despicable sisters—should be turned into a ponderous, wallowing fire-tug was a horror and an abomination not to be borne. Geordie was forced to eschew village society for a month and Helen frequently returned with flushed cheeks that told the price she was paying for indulgence in the society of her kind.

Despite the aggravated immunity of Geordie's carefully prepared conflagration-breeders, his department was not wholly without occupation. Every now and then a frenzied cry by night over the telephone sent the red cars tearing and shrieking along the rough roads, to round up like angels of mercy in some blazing dooryard. Many men and many women on that countryside prayed nightly for Geordie Griggsby and for the crazy hobby that had saved them from the agony of watching their earthly all go up in smoke. Once, too, of a quiet Sunday afternoon, he had sent his whole department, even to the lumbering trucks of the reserve brigade, over the ten-mile run to Wallington, where fire was spreading with fiendish speed in two directions from the old white church. Geordie's engines pumped every well within a thousand feet dry as a bone, and he finally finished the job on three two-thousand-foot lines from the millpond—but he stopped the fire in its tracks; and to this day, when he visits Wallington, the flags are hoisted, the church bells ring and school lets out.

However, Merifield pursued the even tenor of its fireless way and simply laughed and laughed at Geordie Griggsby and his bug. It even held up his apparatus for speeding through town on errands of mercy to outlying farms. Thrice the Griggsby pocketbook was assessed to the limit of the law in the presence of a jeering crowd that overflowed from the Town Hall and blocked traffic on Main Street. Geordie, beside himself, raged and protested; but in vain. Old "Jedge" Bartlett pounded his desk until order was restored, and then imposed the maximum fine. He even promised a jail sentence if the offense were repeated.

"You kin holler's loud's y' know haow, George," he said impressively; "but 'twon't do yeh no good. Y' might's well rekonize fust as last that this court don't make no distinction 'tween rich and poor. The law's th' law! Y' ain't got no call t' be reskin' the lives uv our citizens an' scarin' their hosses jest t' save a caow 'r two fr'm burnin' t' death. An' you mark my words, Georgie Griggsby, ef y'r brought afore this court agin you'll go t' jail—sure as preachin'!"

This threat was more often made than executed, for Merifield's only abode of durance vile is the janitor's room in the town hall basement, and the incarceration of a prisoner involves the necessity of swearing in—and paying—a posse comitatus to watch over and play checkers with the offender—a proceeding far less satisfying to the body politic than the imposition of a fat and tangible fine. Geordie was not impressed with the imminence of peril; but his wrath was no less consuming.

"Well, I only hope you never get a fire here!" was the best he could elicit from his raging brain.

"So do I, Georgie—so do I," rejoined the "jedge" heartily when order had been restored; "but we've had 'em afore, Georgie, an' come through it alive. An' ef we have 'em agin we'll jest hev t' trust in th' Lord an' th' ole han' tub, same's usu'l. Don't y' fret, Georgie; we'll call on yeh when we need yeh."

"Call and be damned!" roared Geordie, whereupon the offended dignity of the law demanded assuagement in the sum of twenty dollars additional—which Geordie paid and departed.

That afternoon he fired his boathouse to ease his mind, give his fireboats something to work on and clear the site for a new structure. The speed and efficiency with which his three monitor guns knocked the flaming shack to pieces comforted him a little, but his soul was sore for many days. He and Helen even stayed away from the Wednesday night dance that was the social event of the week for the city visitors and such of the natives as were numbered within the charmed circle of the elect. He had cause bitterly to regret his prideful action. In the cool blackness of the midnight hour the telephone bell at his bedside rang loudly.

"Hello!" responded Geordie, wide awake and prompt as the floor patrol of an engine house.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" screamed a choking, breaking, almost inarticulate voice. Geordie knew how to handle panic-stricken alarmists.

"Keep your head!" he said sternly. "Now tell me where it is."

"Fire at Rumsey's," stuttered the voice, which then trailed off into hysterical gabble. Above it Geordie could hear a confused murmur, which his experienced ear translated into the roaring of flames.

"All right—coming!" he snapped, and jumped to switch on the lights.

A thousand times his eyes had fixed themselves longingly on that tiny brass wheel, hanging there in its case by the striking machine, whose notched perimeter signified the number he had assigned as the village call. Now his heart, still sore from the bitterness of his recent experience, thrilled with exultation as his trembling fingers seized the shining disk, thrust it home on its pinion and started the mechanism. Before the third stroke had boomed out from the big bell he was leaping down the stairs, snapping the hooks of his turnouts. As he fidgeted on the steps, awaiting his roadster, he gazed triumphantly at the red glow above the village, far away at the other end of the lake.

Geordie's car led the procession, which included every piece of apparatus—even to the reserve brigade. Between blasts of his siren, as he swung from the driveway into the highroad, he could hear the shrieks of the other cars sweeping after him and the "put-put-put!" of his fireboat flotilla as it straightened out for its run up the lake. They thrilled his crazy being through and through—those clarion calls of his army rushing to the fray; but as he shot to the summit of a little rise in the road and looked again for that red oriflamme of challenge above the village, his heart sank. The fireglow had waned until it was barely visible. He was not sure that he could see it at all. He wondered, with a pang, if Deluge Engine Company had forestalled him. That would be shameful, unbelievable!

There was no red beacon to guide him as he swept into the village and up the curving driveway of Dick Rumsey's place—nor yet any signs of Deluge Number One. Instead there awaited him, in serried ranks, the summer colony of Merifield—and a few belated ones of the provincial set as well. There they were, hordes and myriads of men in dinner coats and women in the filmy attire of the summer dance, draped about Dick Rumsey's lawn and backed by the glowing embers of Dick Rumsey's spring brush-heap. And into Geordie's face, as he brought his car to a clucking stop, there beat suffocating wave on wave of inextinguishable laughter—the roaring, brutal guffaws of practical jokers triumphant!

Why try to tell it—or how? Geordie, sleep tousled, amazed, dumfounded, sitting there in his white coat and helmet; the howling roisterers, pressed in a tumultuous circle about him, hurling gibe on gibe at his reeling head, while momently shrieking engines and chemicals whirled up the driveway, and in the rear the lumbering ladder-wagon, with its coughing tractor, punctuating the hubbub with the riot of their arrival. And as Geordie, recovering somewhat of his scattered senses, threw in the clutch to back away, just to cap the climax up trundled his reservists, clinging like flies to the hose-piled trucks of the auxiliary brigade.

Geordie curtly ordered the wondering firemen home and sent his own car, in charge of its driver, after them. Then, without a glance or a word for the hooting mob, he turned toward the lake, where his arriving fireboats were making the night vocal and slaying such straggling slumbers as still survived within the confines of Merifield. And close at his heels pressed the horde of well-groomed men and daintily charming women, like any mob of guttersnipes, weak from laughing—hoarse from the shouting of taunts—mad, as it were, from the tasting of blood.

"Hail to the chief!" squeaked Dick Rumsey; and, led by his cracked and lofty tenor, the crazy chorus took up the burden of that fine old song, so strangely perverted to the glorification of mayors and governors and presidents and selectmen:

"Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honor'd and bless'd be the tum-te-tum-tum!"

Not even the A. B.'s were able to attain so far as the "evergreen pine." What matter though? It is the spirit that counts—and never was one more willing.

"Oh, you chief!"

"Oh, you old Vamp!"

"Little Rolly, the boy smoke-eater!"

"Fire! Fire! Fire!"

So belched the volleys of elemental humor at Geordie's back as he stalked across the lawn toward the water. He had a mad desire to duck and run—to crawl away and hide, and never show his face again. And so he walked the slower, gnawing his lip to keep from crying. He was hurt and humiliated, as one who leaps to do a generous act and finds he has made of himself a horrid spectacle.

He reached the flotilla, tied up at Rumsey's dock, and stepped into the speed boat. He motioned the astonished crews of the two other craft to get under way and they obeyed. Then he essayed to start his own boat, bending lingeringly over the engine to hide the tears that now coursed unrestrained. The motor resisted his blind efforts, which served to stir the tormentors to fresh outbursts of wit. The slower boats had long since vanished into the darkness when Geordie's engine caught the spark.

As it snapped into action, something seemed to snap, too, in Geordie's head. Perhaps the tears had cleared his mental vision. His soul no longer harbored hurt pride or craven humiliation. Instead, there surged within him a primal craving for vengeance. He threw out the propeller gear, snapped the lever into the pump-notch and jumped for the two-inch monitor fixed on its swivel at the bow.

The chorus had halted in a long crescent, forty feet back from the dock, at the brink of a terrace. It made a vague blur against the night except where Dick Rumsey and a lavender-clad tormentress stood out in sharp relief in the spotlight of the boat's acetylene. Blinded by its glare, they had no warning of their doom until it was upon them. The stream caught Rumsey fair upon the bull's-eye of his shirt bosom; and he, with his lavender companion, went staggering back, drenched and well-nigh overturned. The gibes turned to shrieks of fright, accompanied by a wild frou-frou of fleeing petticoats; but flight availed them little. Geordie grimly played the big stream back and forth along the retreating ranks until at length they attained safety, panting, screaming, drowned. Then he shut down the pump, feeling infinitely better.

"There's a little rain to go with your 'hail'!" he yelled brokenly. "It's a bit more seasonable!" And giving the handle of the siren a derisive whirl he backed away.

The gibe drew forth a fresh outburst of vocalisms, pitched in a somewhat altered strain and inspired a dripping rush for Rumsey's motor boat; but Geordie's craft, incumbered as it was with pumps, was still the fastest thing on the lake; and the *émeute* died a-borning.

When Geordie reached home and related the adventure Helen asked first of all, as woman should, who was there.

"Everybody," replied Geordie. "I don't remember. Rumsey and Alice Rolles occupied the spotlight—they got the first and worst."

"I hope Alice wore her lavender!" said Helen viciously. "She's been prophesying that frock for a month. She'll be simply frantic!"

"She is," Geordie averred—"all of that; and so are the others. I don't care though. It was a dirty trick!"

"It was," Helen agreed. Whatever her own opinion of her husband's hobby, it was unthinkable that others, particularly of her own sex, should thus hold it up to public derision. The telephone interrupted them.

"This is Rumsey," said a very dignified voice. "I want to say, Griggsby, that was a lowdown trick tonight ——"

"That's just what I was saying to Helen," Geordie broke in sweetly; "but don't say a word, old man; I won't cherish any hard feelings ——"

"You know what I mean!" Rumsey's anger was getting the better of his dignity. "We were simply playing a little harmless, good-natured joke ——"

Geordie broke in again:

"Your little joke cost me one hundred and nineteen dollars—big, round, shining, hard-earned simoleons—to say nothing of gasoline and wear and tear on my machines and my feelings. I'm not quite hep to the joke yet; and let me tell you that anybody that goes in for that kind of jesting has got no license to yowl if he catches it on the rebound. And furthermore, let me tell you, if you ever do get a fire you can jolly well come up here and beg for help on your little hambones—you won't get it by telephone."

"I wouldn't sit up nights waiting for us if I were you," Rumsey retorted. "When we get so bad off we need help from you we'll—we'll—quit entirely. You haven't heard the last of this yet though."

"Is that a threat or a promise?" Geordie asked mildly, and snapped up the receiver without waiting for an answer.

Helen was in favor of establishing an armed guard round the house at night. She feared serious retaliatory measures, extending even to murder and arson, inspired by the owners of ruined frocks.

"We'll give them another dose of the water cure if they come," Geordie said—and he rather hoped they would.

The ensuing fortnight was a trying one, particularly for Helen. Retaliation took a form much more highly civilized than night attacks, with murder and arson. Whenever the Griggsbys visited Merifield they encountered a silence that was glacial in its keenness. Naturally Geordie was less affected by

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Forgetting Duty, Honor, Love—Everything

SCIENCE AND THE FORGER

By Melville Davisson Post

DECORATION BY HERBERT PAUS

EVERY advance in human knowledge increases the jeopardy of the criminal. Professions which the enemies of society used to follow with a fair degree of security have now become so dangerous that only the foolhardy and the ignorant undertake them.

Conspicuous among these professions is that of the forger. When men depended upon the eye and the testimony of the village banker, the forger was protected by a large margin of safety; but any one who undertakes to forge, change or alter a writing today sets his foot in a way that fairly bristles with danger.

The microscope has admitted the human eye into a new world—a pentrack on paper stands out as clearly and distinctly as a foottrack in the snow. The comparison is apt. The little sheet of paper becomes a great, white, smooth field on which the marks of the pen are broad trails, in which every peculiarity of the person who made them is conspicuous to the eye. Moreover, the record which the criminal leaves here is much more complete and prominent than the track he would leave on a field of snow. What criminal would tramp over a snowfield on his way to a crime? A peril which the assassin and the burglar would not hazard in a slight degree the forger must incur in the highest degree. The footprints which the former are so careful to avoid contain few elements of identity and are presently effaced; but the forger leaves a permanent record of his identity upon every document he touches with a pen. If he undertakes to produce a forged paper of any considerable length in its entirety, with the signature of another, he embarks upon a labor that in its difficulties is enough to stagger the most skillful expert. Every man who writes with a pen has many peculiarities. These do not appear ordinarily to the eye; but when the writing is put under a microscope, and the broad tracks of the pen lying on the great white field of the paper are carefully studied, these peculiarities are as easily distinguished as the peculiarities of the human face.

When one undertakes to make this kind of a forgery he must either resort to a common imitation, which is the method of the bungler, or he must superimpose his forgery upon a tracing from some original writing. The usual method is to make a tracing in pencil and fill it in with ink. This plan was perhaps safe enough before the microscope was discovered; but today it is as dangerous as the other.

How Forged Documents Betray the Forger

A GERMAN authority has pointed out that when one works on a genuine writing his mind is upon the composition and not on the strokes of the pen; but when he undertakes a forgery the process is reversed. The result is that, instead of freely moving trails on the paper, the microscope reveals halting, jerky tremors, heavier in one place than in another, showing the care and pains with which the forger was endeavoring to make his letters.

Continuing the illustration, we find that under a magnifying glass a sheet of writing paper is a white, perfect surface. No mark, impression, erasure or abrasion on it can be concealed. If the writing is superimposed on a tracing the tracks of the pencil will show, no matter how carefully the forger undertakes to remove them. To the naked eye the paper may be clean of these marks; but under a glass they will appear as great indentations smeared with graphite, and the broken and abraded surface of the paper will stand out as though one had dragged a plow across a field.

Moreover, in order to insure any degree of success, the skillful forger of such a paper must measure the letters and signature which he endeavors to reproduce, and attempt to transfer them precisely to his paper; but to succeed in this is to destroy himself. The fact is that no man ever writes his signature twice in precisely the same manner.

In the Howland will case, tried in New Bedford, Massachusetts, where forgery was alleged, three signatures were shown to be identically the same by measurement. Professor Pierce testified that the chance of the downward strokes of the signature being identical in this case were so slight that one would have to write the signature quintillions of times before it was likely to occur as a mere coincidence. The very fact, then, that the letters of a signature are exactly the same and that the signatures are mathematically in all points identical in structure is apt to be the most convincing evidence that they are forged.

In the Patrick case, the fact that four signatures of W. M. Rice, photographed and superimposed one upon the other, showed that they were identical was perhaps one of the convicting elements against the prisoner.

In addition to these dangers, the forger is in peril on account of the paper he uses. In innumerable cases the paper upon which the instrument was written has proclaimed it to be a forgery. Ancient writings on modern paper are false prima facie. The watermark in the paper often shows it to be a forgery.

An authority of Munich relates an incident of a document bearing the date of 1868 on paper with a watermark representing the eagle of the German Empire; but this eagle was not employed until after 1870!

Moreover, issues of paper are not always put on the market in the year they are watermarked; and there may be peculiarities or defects in the machinery by which certain issues are produced and by which they may be traced.

In attempting to forge old documents one is apt to get into trouble with the dates at which certain sorts of inks, pencils and the like have come into use.

In the Gordon will case, Henry G. Adams produced a document which he testified was the original draft of G. P. Gordon's will. This had interlineations in red ink which Adams testified were made at the time; but this red ink was shown by chemists to contain a substance called eosine, a thing that was not discovered until years after the date at which the paper was said to have been written.

When one undertakes to alter or change a written instrument he meets with difficulties which ordinary human ingenuity is not apt to surmount. In order to make any change or alteration in a writing, one must remove some part of the original writing. There are only two ways to do this—namely, by mechanical or chemical erasure.

Now the surface of a sheet of paper has a smooth dressing. If one scrapes that with a knife or the like, to remove a word or letter, he breaks this smooth surface; and under the microscope the paper will show the injury as clearly to the eye as though the varnish on a table had been scraped off with a steel tool. If he removes the writing with a chemical the paper will be discolored. It will show under a glass as though a fragile, delicately tinted wall had been mopped. So, at the very first step, the evidence of the crime is made conspicuous.

When the forger puts his pen to the paper after these abrasions another thing happens: The smooth surface of the paper having been destroyed and the fiber exposed, the ink runs into the fiber and spreads. If the writing is made over the paper from which ink has been removed by chemicals the ink spreads out exactly as it does upon a piece of blotting paper.

When Pen Strokes Look Like Laths

THE common practice of raising checks by changing words or figures presents itself to one's attention in considering the alterations in written documents. In this class of forgeries there is another matter to bear in mind—namely, that under the microscope the marks of the pen on the paper may be as clearly seen as though the letters were made of lath and laid on a floor. And usually, where the stroke of a letter or figure crosses another letter or figure, one can tell which is above and which below, as one could tell which lath was above or below another. For instance, a three-hundred-dollar check—$300—has been raised to five hundred—$500—by erasing the top of the three and adding a backward stroke that touches the cipher next the three. Not only will an examination show the abrasion upon the paper where the top of the three was removed but it will show also the backward stroke lying on the cipher as though it were a piece of lath laid on the top of the original piece forming the cipher.

Again, when figures or letters are made, the ink enters the paper and becomes fixed; then if, later on, changes are made in these letters or figures a difference between the new strokes of the pen and the old ones already fixed in the paper will be perfectly evident when the writing is photographed and enlarged.

The illustrations which authorities on this subject give in their textbooks by enlarged photographs show clearly how easy it is to detect changes of this character. Where persons have added to receipts, and the like, words indicating that they were in full settlement of account, and these added words touched the signature below the receipt, it was easy to show that these words had been added after the original writing had been signed, because the strokes of the added writing were on top of the signatures, where the lines touched.

There are innumerable little things about forgeries that indicate the truth. The mere fact of whether or not a paper has been folded before the questioned writing was put on it is sometimes enough. For instance, one might have a signature of another on a sheet of paper which he had folded and laid away; if afterward he opened it and wrote a note above the signature, across the fold, a proper

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"WHY-NOT" FULLER

Fuller Bumped and Jolted Over Pretty Much Every Road and Lane in the County

By Paschal H. Coggins

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE senatorial fight in Magruder County that year was triangular and hot, and Dave Fuller was responsible for both its angularity and its temperature. At first there was no trouble. The T., P. & H. Railroad had concluded to send its general counsel, Ex-Judge J. McTownly Wollock, to Congress to contribute his mite—the judge would have spelled it the other way—toward side-tracking certain objectionable interstate commerce bills that were to be seriously pressed at the next session. To obscure in some measure the too great directness of his trail from the door of the company's office on Tompkins Street to the portals of the national legislature, the judge was to resign his employment and return to general practice. A little later, yielding to the importunities of many friends, he would accept the office of state senator from Magruder County. The congressional nomination was still eight months in the future. When he had once received the indorsement of his home constituency the proposition to send him to Washington as "a representative of the people" would not, in the words of one of the frankest of the T., P. & H. directors, "look quite so raw."

Following this program, the judge resigned his position as counsel, put out his shingle and waited. In due time the importunate friends importuned, the judge not too hastily consented to the personal sacrifice, and the corporation nominated him for senator on the Republican ticket. The company did more. It caused the Honorable Jackson Whipple to be named for the same office upon the Democratic ticket. Whipple had been postmaster of Benderton during the first Cleveland Administration, and his political philosophy had fossilized amid the traditions of that glorious but somewhat ancient period. The old gentleman, however, possessed the dignity of honesty, and ordinarily could be relied upon to hold his strict party vote and prevent the intrusion of any more modern and aggressive candidate of the same political color. Thus nothing could have been more satisfactory than Judge Wollock's prospects up to the moment when Dave Fuller was, as it were, hoisted over the wall and dropped into the Eden of Magruder County politics.

There had been no noticeable affection between the two men since the day when, in dealing with Fuller's testimony in a grade-crossing accident case, the lawyer had characterized him to the jury as "a smirking Connecticut Yankee who'll swap you a patent rat-trap for a horse if you don't kick him out of your house before he has time to open the dicker." To which compliment Fuller had then and there replied by christening Wollock "the Pecksniff of the Magruder County bar." Court being in session, this ceremony cost Dave ten good dollars which, however, were gleefully repaid to him by certain young lawyers of the vicinage.

Under these circumstances, there really did seem to be a touch of unconscious malice in the proceedings of the Anti-Vaccination League when, acting through its little mushroom convention—of whose twenty-seven members nineteen were women—it nominated Dave Fuller for the office of state senator. The only *raison d'être* for this ephemeral convocation was as a protest against a certain action of the superintendent of schools, backed by the county fathers. Its original program had covered merely the nomination of its slated candidates for the superintendency and in opposition to the four obnoxious members of the board of supervisors. Later, however, and without notice to anybody, it changed its mind and presented a complete political menu.

On the following morning, Judge Wollock, who had quite as much expectation of sprouting a pair of wings as of encountering a third senatorial candidate, gulped his coffee in wrathful and contemptuous amazement. With savage irony he read aloud the more or less veracious report of the humorous young reporter of the Benderton Star.

It told how Mrs. Jabez Garsed had whispered to Miss Binns that, in her opinion, Mr. Fuller would be simply a lovely person to have on their ticket. She had heard him sing The Old Sexton; and really, when she shut her eyes, she felt exactly as if she were in a graveyard!

Whereupon Mrs. Cowberry, who overheard the eulogy and was in the habit of seizing opportunity by the forelock, laid her fancy work on her chair and made a speech. She told how Mr. Fuller had sold her husband a cultivator two years ago and how only last week Mr. Cowberry had paid the last of the five notes. Nobody could possibly have been nicer about it than Mr. Fuller, whom she then and there nominated for the office of United States senator. After prolonged explanation by the chairman she accepted an amendment reducing the proffered honor to the state, instead of the United States, senate. She reserved the right, however, if upon going home she should learn that she was correct and the chairman wrong, to insist upon her original nomination. The convention seemed to agree with her that anybody who could sell anything to Alec Cowberry—and get the money for it—must possess quite exceptional abilities. Mr. Fuller was nominated by acclamation.

"From Now Until Election Day Please Wear an Air of Settled Melancholy and Your Second-Best Gowns"

Now all of this ought to have been good for Judge Wollock's digestion, but it wasn't.

"The damnable outrage of it is," he thundered as he ponderously shoved back his plate and hurled his napkin into the middle of the table, "that the cackling and scratching of those old Shanghais actually put that fellow's name on the official ballot; make him a candidate for the senate—d'yo' understand?—as much a candidate as I am myself. Talk about women in politics! There's a sweet sample for you! Shows what they'll do when they get the vote."

"But, perhaps, dear," interposed Mrs. Wollock mildly, "he won't accept the nomination. I should think he'd be ashamed ——"

"Ashamed! That nutmeg Yankee ashamed! Why, he'll just take an extra hitch in his suspenders and hike all over the county, yelling 'Railroad!' and 'Corruption!' He'll have the time of his life!"

"But, McTownly, people won't vote for a man like that against you. He can't possibly be elected."

"Be elected! Be nickel-plated! Of course not! A fly can't drink my cup of coffee, but he can queer it for me all right by just dropping in and paddling round. I tell you if eight hundred or a thousand of those chuckle-headed farmers vote for Fuller they'll elect old Rip Van Whipple as sure as cats. Dod-gast—those—women!"

With which most ungallant invocation, accented by three several blows of his fist on the table which made "merry men" in the cream jug, he rose and stalked savagely from the room.

David Fuller was a character, but he was something more. About four years before the date of our narrative, with his wife, two small and inquisitive sons, one Maltese kitten and a perennial smile, he had dropped off the westbound train at Benderton, the county-seat of Magruder County, and pronounced it good—at least, good enough for him. Within a week from his arrival, to quote his own description, he was "Paul Revereing through Magruder County, arousing the farmers from their industrial slumber." He was the sole agent in that territory for the sale of the Dipps Patent Cross-Set Diamond-Tooth Cultivator.

Since then Fuller had acquired a stout little auto runabout, and had bumped and jolted over pretty much every road and lane in the county. He had sold a good many cultivators and made the acquaintance of a considerable number of the Magruder County freemen. His lank figure, quaint and frequent references to his old home—"back in old Windham County, gentlemen," pronounced with a typical Yankee twang—his kindly blue eyes and whistling grin—apparently he was always about to whistle, but was never heard to utter a note—made him a man easily remembered.

When, immediately after the adjournment of the convention, Mrs. Cowberry and Miss Matilda Binns marched solemnly into Dave's little ten-by-twelve office they were more than pleased with the cordiality of their reception. Fuller's first inspired thought was that Mrs. Cowberry, knowing the joy of life when lived in conjunction with a Dipps Cross-Set Diamond-Tooth Cultivator, was about to initiate some deserving friend into the same beatitude. Five minutes later, when the Committee on Notification

of Candidates had performed its duty and he had learned of his unanimous nomination to the office of state senator—with its alluring possibility in the direction of the Senate of the United States—by a convention of whose existence he then heard for the first time, he rose to his full height, smoothed the wrinkles from his vest, buttoned all the buttons of his coat and pronounced it the proudest moment of his life. He asked for forty-eight hours in which to formulate a suitable reply.

His acceptance was never in doubt. With Fuller's sense of humor it would have been positively criminal to neglect the opportunity. Back of this, however, was the increasing indignation of himself and those like him at the political despotism the T., P & H. Railroad was fastening upon the public. He enjoyed the prospect of a fight against Wollock and his master on its own account. From Judge Wollock's standpoint the position of the "hen-coop nominee"—he coined the phrase on the morning following Fuller's nomination and passed it on an interviewing reporter—was yet more simple.

"If all the Benderton newspapers were to offer him a double-page ad for a couple of months free of charge, do you suppose he'd turn it down? Not on your life! That's exactly what the Ladies' Aid Society did for him; and he'll take it on the jump—the way a bullfrog takes a mouthful of red flannel. Why, I tell you, boys, I expect to see the senatorial candidates on the official ballot printed 'Whipple,' 'Wollock' and 'The Cross-Eyed Diamond-Back Fumigator'—or whatever damned thing it is he's working off on the farmers. No Connecticut Yankee ever passed up a chance like that!"

During political campaigns the judge was a great favorite with the reporters.

Fuller's letter of acceptance was brief and reasonably clear. After expressing his appreciation of the unsolicited honor, he declared himself unalterably opposed to "the inoculation of the human body with physical poison or of the body politic with political corruption," and pledged his utmost efforts on behalf of "good health, good morals and good government."

. . . . . .

It was less than a week after the adjournment of the Anti-Vaccination League when old Joel Burns was driving slowly along the county road, pondering his political duty. It was his boast that never, for more than forty years, had he neglected a lawful opportunity to cast his ballot; but this time he grumblingly confessed himself "up a stump." Should he vote for Tow'ly Wollock, who was always talking loud about the people's rights and helping to skin the people of his own county whenever the railroad wanted anything in sight—or for old Jack Whipple, whose speeches were still loaded with figures to prove that Grover Cleveland was right about putting out that lot of Government bonds? He stated the case to his horse.

"Seems, Pete, like this time we got t' take a choicet b'twix eatin' ram steak er billy-goat chops. Airy one o' em's sort o' middlin' tough. I wish it was your job 'stead o' mine. S'far as I can make out ——"

He broke off to stare open-mouthed at something that had just come into view beyond Peter's wabbling left ear. They were turning in at the gate at the head of the home lane. There, on the next to the highest rail, stenciled in fresh black paint, were four words, followed by a preposterously big interrogation mark. They seemed to the old man to be shouting a response to his doubts:

THEN WHY NOT FULLER?

For a matter of twenty seconds or so Joel merely stared. Then, with a chuckle which caused Peter to lift both ears, he dropped his whip into its socket and climbed quite stiffly down by way of the hub.

"Danged if I know the answer!" he muttered as he lifted the wire loop which served in lieu of a gate-latch. "I reckon Dave ain't much of a public-speakin' orator, but he's got a consid'able lot o' horse-sense, and's far as I know he's straight."

He opened the gate, and Peter, his mind apparently intent upon the same weighty problem, passed sedately through.

It soon became evident that Fuller's black-letter appeal had caught the rural imagination, and the fact could not easily be ignored. If a speaker at either of the regular party gatherings hesitated for a phrase, or inadvertently asked a question, or stated a dilemma, he was more than likely to receive the suggestion—sometimes absurdly irrelevant and sometimes embarrassingly to the point—of "Then why not Fuller?" The reporters worked it into their headlines and it became a cant phrase on the streets. Finally Dave began to receive letters addressed to "Why Not Fuller." In short, the words had developed all the advertising virtues of a good trademark.

Judge Wollock and his committee held a four hours' session and looked the situation squarely in the face.

"Fuller's only making a fake campaign," Blakeslee, the chairman, announced; "but, so sure as there are horns in Hades, he's going to capture the Tommy Pullbacks to a man. If he scoops in a few hundred more from that bug-house anti-vaccination outfit it's Whipple for the toga, with the judge's congressional chances falling over the horizon."

The "Tommy Pullbacks," it may be explained, were a small but growing body of voters who habitually cast their ballots against the railroad machine, without regard to party lines or ancient history.

When the committee adjourned it had resolved, first, to use every endeavor to induce the third candidate to withdraw from the contest. Failing in this, measures were to be taken—we quote again from the chairman—"to smash Fuller's political head." The latter resolution was based upon the familiar theory that there is always enough evil in your enemy's past life to damn him satisfactorily if it is uncovered and used at the psychological moment.

The efforts to remove the objectionable candidate from the field of battle were so much worse than useless that we will not pause to record them. He had every external symptom of enjoying the situation just as it was. Realizing from the first the limitations of his constituency, Fuller had no campaign committee and was holding no formal meetings. Two or three times a week he was making little excursions hither and thither through the county, meeting such persons or groups as he might reasonably hope to interest either in the senatorial contest or—if that effort failed—in "the finest moderate-priced cultivator, gentlemen, that has ever scratched the surface of this green old earth!" He was losing absolutely no sleep over final results. Meantime the other candidates were exhaustively considering the great national issues and the grandeur of their respective parties.

"Mr. Chairman, This Man is an Impostor!"

Yet it was Judge Wollock and not the sensational Yankee pedler to whom the public was finally indebted for an interesting variation from this too monotonous program. At the close of one of the largest meetings of the campaign, before a splendid audience and without the slightest warning, the judge sprung a surprise that was but little short of a political coup. His name appeared last on the list of speakers, but there was scarcely a vacant seat in the great auditorium when, at half-past ten o'clock, he advanced to the front of the stage and adjusted the reading-stand to accommodate his vision. Settling his gold-mounted pince-nez upon the bridge of his ample nose, he unrolled his manuscript, squared his shoulders and, with tight-set lips, permitted his gaze to wander over the expectant audience. An instant later, without the least apparent effort, his voice was sounding in every corner of the vast theater.

"Friends and fellow citizens of Magruder County: My duty tonight is not an agreeable one, but I propose to perform it thoroughly. When, as a humble citizen of this community, I recently became aware of the true character of one who, day after day, is publicly seeking your approval I realized that, however my motives might be misunderstood, I had no honorable alternative. You, equally with myself, are entitled to that knowledge. I now invoke your most earnest attention."

Without further preface he turned to his manuscript and began to read:

"Windham County, State of Connecticut, ss: The jurors of the People of the State of Connecticut, upon their oaths do present: that David Fuller, late of the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Windham aforesaid, on the thirtieth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five, with force and arms, at the Town of Woodstock aforesaid, did embezzle, steal, take and carry away the sum of one hundred and thirteen dollars, the same being then and there the property of James B. Bronson, of said town and county, against the form of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the State of Connecticut."

The blow had fallen. The judge paused while once again his eyes swept his now dazed and breathless audience. Then, as if in fear that some syllable might have been lost to a single hearer, with inexorable deliberation he reread the brief and damning document all the way from beginning to end.

This time he added those three formal words by which a great commonwealth first draws the sword of her might against the doer of evil within her borders—"A True Bill." Then followed the formal certificate of the clerk of the Connecticut court to the authenticity of the record.

From here and there among the audience there came a murmur or half-smothered exclamation that told of the excitement beneath; but there was more to come, and the judge held up his hand. With final empressement he read the receipt of the warden of the penitentiary to the sheriff of Windham County acknowledging that, upon the seventh day of September, A. D. 1885, the sheriff had delivered David Fuller, convicted of the crime of embezzlement in said Windham County, to the authorities of the prison, there to be confined at hard labor for the period of two years, in accordance with the sentence of the court.

Standing with his palm yet resting impressively on the open record, the accuser summoned the culprit to the bar of the people's judgment.

"David Fuller! David Fuller! David Fuller! We, your fellow citizens of Magruder County, do call upon you to answer this indictment!"

Startled and thrilled as if by the visible majesty of the law, the men and women before him sat mute, motionless and expectant. He waited for what seemed to them a long time, until the noises of the distant street began to creep in beneath the closed doors. There was no response. Slowly then he began to refold his papers, and the great audience—some doubtless with regret in their hearts, but all swept by the significance of the occasion and the power of the orator—broke forth into wild applause.

. . . . . .

Over on Greenwood Avenue, half a dozen blocks from the big theater, in a cozy sitting room—which was likewise the library—a black-eyed, matronly little woman sat reading by the light of a green-shaded lamp. As the evening waned, her attention began to wander from her novel to the sounds of the street. Once or twice the noise of an approaching motor car caused her tentatively to close her book, marking the page with her finger, only to renew her reading when the car had passed. It was during one of these moments of expectation that the telephone bell suddenly broke forth in excited and demandant clatter.

So it happened that David Fuller, just in from a ten-mile run from Horton's Mills, entered while his wife was trying to reach a voice at the other end of the line.

"Please repeat that. I didn't quite . . . Judge Wollock, at the big meeting at the theater, did—what? . . . Read the

record of an—an indictment? Are you sure you have the right number? This is the residence of Mr. David Fuller. . . . Charging him—why ——"

At which point Mrs. Fuller was amazed to find herself speaking into the back of Mr. Fuller's left hand. He had muzzled the telephone.

"My dear, the reporters'll get you if you don't look out. Let me try them:

"This is David Fuller. Have been out of town for the last five hours. . . . Yes, I knew there was to be a meeting. . . . Is that so? Tell me all about it."

For perhaps five minutes he stood with the receiver at his ear. Mrs. Fuller, watching his face, saw the last vestige of mirth vanish from his lips and the accustomed color fade from his cheek. At length the hand which held the receiver dropped to his side and again he placed his palm across the mouth of the transmitter—as if fearing the discovery of his thoughts. But his retreat was brief.

"Hello! No, it isn't worth while to send anybody for an interview. I'll give you all I have to say over the 'phone. I am amazed at the speech delivered by Judge Wollock tonight at the Forrest Theater. The circumstances are such, however, that I do not care to meet his charges by either an unqualified assent or denial. Before election day I shall place the people of this county in full possession of the facts. There will be neither evasion nor concealment. Meantime I shall be too busy with the judge to give much attention to what he may say about myself.

"Early next week I shall begin a canvass of the county from end to end. I regard Judge Wollock as distinctly a bad citizen and a dangerous man to intrust with power, and I propose to give the reasons for my faith with a candor which, I think, will leave but little to be desired in that direction. That is positively all I have to say at present. Good night."

In spite of a vigorous protest from the other end of the line he hung up the receiver. As he turned his back on the telephone and looked down on the little woman in the big easy-chair, the smile came back to his lips.

"My dear, will you do me an especial favor? From now until after election day please wear an air of settled melancholy and your second-best gowns—in public. We're under a cloud."

There were tiny wrinkles of perplexity between her eyes, but they yielded readily to the note of returning cheerfulness in her husband's voice.

"David, in some respects you're the most remarkable husband I ever had. Half the time I don't at all understand you."

"But this time I'm easy," he responded. "Judge Wollock has turned all the limelight in my direction, and I propose to profit by the illumination—that's all. This evening I discussed the political issues in front of Tom Horton's mill to an audience of eighteen—eleven men, two horses, four dogs and a yellow goat minus one horn. Next week I'll hold a meeting there, with a speaker's stand, a chairman and a bonfire; and three hundred farmers will come to look at me and stay to hear what I have to say. As a publicity agent, the judge leaves the common or garden variety in the deep, deep shade. By-the-way, my dear, is my memory failing or did you really tell me that when I got back tonight I'd find half a pumpkin pie on the second shelf of the pantry?"

. . . . . .

To find a parallel for the closing weeks of the senatorial campaign in Magruder County one would be compelled to hark back to the stirring days of the Civil War. Judge Wollock, on the eve of his exposé, had predicted that Fuller would "jump the county" within a week. When, a few days later, he learned through the press that, instead of running away, his adversary had actually organized a campaign committee and arranged a series

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"None of Your Pink-Tea Campaigns for Me When I'm Dealing With a Pickpocket!"

Lessons From Our Alien Farmers

By FORREST CRISSEY

YOU see that team coming in the distance?" asked my seatmate in a touring car on a San Joaquin country road as we were driving in the direction of Stockton, California. "Well," he continued, "I'd be almost willing to bet this machine that that wagon is driven by an Italian fruit or truck farmer."

"But," I responded, "he's too far away to show his color, his features or even the pose of his figure. However, I'll play the patient Doctor Watson to your Sherlock Holmes and wait until we meet the solution face to face. Do I have one guess before you draw a diagram of your deductions?"

"You do," he answered; "and if your guess is right you'll hit the main secret, to my mind, of the Italian farmer's success—and he is almost monotonously successful in these parts."

In a few moments we were alongside the wagon that had provoked all this comment. The driver was unmistakably an Italian.

"It's so easy," I admitted, "that I'm almost ashamed not to have named the answer at the outset. The man is perched on the top of a load of barnyard manure. You could see, from a distance, that he was sitting high and well back on his load. Evidently it is the general practice of Italian farmers to return from town with a load of this sort, and it is also evident that farmers of other races are not much given to this practice."

"Right!" came the quick response of my host, a young Italian banker. "The Italian who would return from town without bringing home a load of manure in the wagon that had carried a load of truck to market would be false to his race. He would lose standing among his neighbors. Everybody has heard the story of the man who lighted his cigar with a five-dollar bill when he went back East to see his homefolks after he had struck it rich out in the mines. Well, our people would look upon an Italian farmer who would drive an empty wagon home from town as being just about as wantonly wasteful and improvident as the Yankee neighbors regarded the man who burned his money to make a show.

"At the bottom of his custom is a sort of Mosaic law of justice to the land—'a load for a load' instead of 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.'

"Possibly you infer that if the farmer happens to be rich, or at least highly prosperous, he feels himself above this law and disregards it when he is driving the wagon himself. When a banking house feels above charging interest on its loans because it happens to be rich, then you may expect to find an Italian farmer who, because he has made a fortune, feels it beneath him to ride home on a load of manure. That's the way his money has been made—and he would feel as foolish and unbusinesslike to drive home in an empty wagon as the banker would to make a loan and then say: 'We're too wealthy an institution to charge you interest. That would be a little too small and sordid for us.' I know a number of Italian fruit and truck farmers about here whose fortunes range from fifty thousand to two hundred thousand dollars, and they all keep this same law of the soil—'a load for a load'; and when it is possible they go this law one better and make it two loads of manure for one of truck. Perhaps some of the children are attending high school in town and it is necessary to drive to the city to bring them home. In that case the family carriage is a wagon and the children come back perched on the customary load. The Italian wife who goes into town to shop cheerfully submits to this unwritten law. She has no shame to be seen riding on a load of manure, no matter how much money her husband has in the bank or how much town property the family may own."

The Italian Settler as a Farmer

"THOUGH there is, as I see it, no other race more cunning and resourceful in growing fruits and vegetables than the Italians, at the same time this one practice of eternally feeding the land accounts for the uniform and almost unfailing success of the Italians on the soil, to a degree not to be credited to any other characteristic.

"Of course anybody could follow this plan—the Italians have no patent on it; but the point is, the Italians not only do it but they do it consistently and to an extent not known among any other people, so far as I can observe or learn. Certainly farmers of other races can learn no lesson from the methods of the Italians more important than this very simple one: Never drive back from town or market with a wagon that doesn't contain a load of land food."

The secretary of the Stockton Chamber of Commerce says the Italians are the only farmers of San Joaquin County who consistently enrich their soil at every possible interval between crops; and that fifty thousand acres, in small garden patches, are worked by them in the vicinity of Stockton.

There is a world of transplanted racial history in the story of Luigi Lagorio, whose seven-acre cherry orchard is the pride of the Italian settlement east of Stockton. It produces more than community pride however. Its crop in 1910 brought Mr. Lagorio five hundred dollars an acre above costs of every kind. Though he admitted this was a good season he declared that, under his system of cultivation, it will do as well right along. These trees, now sixteen years old, have yielded good, paying crops for ten years.

"If my orchard gives better returns than most others it is because of the way I cultivate. The soil is very fine. I plow it, crossplow it and then go over it with a tooth harrow. Finally it is finished with a smoothing harrow. The whole secret is in just skimming the surface! That must be kept fine and mellow all the time. When you have one hundred and thirty-four trees to the acre you must realize that every foot of the ground is full of little rootlets that are bound to be injured if you let your plow go deeper than two inches and a half. Here is where many orchardists make a mistake. They do not learn just to skim the surface and stop there. My cherry trees will give good crops when they are twenty-five years old—and probably when they are thirty. They are Black Tartarians, Black Oregons and Royal Anns. I irrigate once each month after June until the crop is off. My black cherries are picked in the first half of May and the white ones in June."

Interplanting is so highly developed an art with the Italian gardener that it has become a fixed trait that defies even wealth and a firm determination to take things easy.

When this big, genial, slowspoken man came from Genoa as a youth of nineteen, he found his first employment as a gardener's helper at fifteen dollars a month. He had started to learn the carpenter's trade in the old country, but when his hands struck the soil he felt that he had found his own. In six years he learned his new trade and saved thirty-three hundred dollars of his wages. Then, with three Italian partners, he operated a twelve-acre truckfarm on the Sacramento. They worked sixteen hours a day, but had something to show for it. Finally he was able to buy twenty-five acres—where he now lives—at a cost of one hundred and ten dollars an acre. In addition to his seven acres of cherries, which average him about four hundred and fifty dollars net to the acre, he has six acres of peaches giving him an average net yearly return of four hundred dollars. Then he owns more than seventy building lots, a prosperous macaroni factory and five houses in the city of Stockton.

Luigi Lagorio doesn't have to work any more—for he doesn't call tending an orchard working. Raising vegetables and small crops which require the bending of the back is what the Italian calls work.

"Oh, yes," laughed Lagorio, "I said I'd stop interplanting and have an easy time. I really thought I would; but I can't do it. When I see a long strip of fine soil lying idle I can't stand it. I've made seven hundred and fifty dollars an acre clear on red peppers time and again. I learned just how to do it when I had to and now I can't forget it. When I took out the old peach orchard and put in a new one there were land and water going to waste; for, of course, the young orchard had to be irrigated. I couldn't stand it to see such waste, even if I didn't need

the money. So I put in red peppers and kept on working. It's the same way all over the place. Wherever there's a broken place in the old orchard I stick in peppers. You have to know how in order to make chilli peppers pay big. The trick is in giving them the right start. If the plants are kept in a hothouse until the little flowers begin to show and are then transplanted, they will bear for you in forty-five days.

"Careless transplanting sets back many plants that have cost much time and trouble. You see this everywhere, even with experienced gardeners. There is less of it among Italians than among most other gardeners; but some of them fail to get the results they might just for this reason. There are three things that a tender young plant, fresh from the hotbed, must be carefully protected from when first put into the open. These are frost, wind and sun—according to the season. Sometimes, of course, only one or two of these dangers have to be considered; but the protection is the same in any case—two shingles shoved into the ground at right angles to each other, close to the plant and leaning a little above it. That does the work—and it is simple and doesn't cost much. This is no new thing—you can see it in a thousand gardens; but you can see the need of it in ten thousand!"

A Four-Year-Old Hired Man

HERE is Mr. Lagorio's system for intensive truck cropping in his locality: On April first put in sweet corn, which will be off the ground in July. Follow this with carrots, beets, cabbage, turnips or string-beans, which will be out of the way in late October or early November. Next enrich the soil and let it lie open to the sun for ten days. Then put out lettuce or a combination of radishes and carrots. The radishes will be ready for pulling in fifteen or twenty days, leaving the carrots room in which to mature. This scheme is subject to variation, but the essential thing is to have every foot of the ground working during the whole growing season.

His chilli peppers are sown in a hotbed about December fifteenth in "sediment soil." The earliest transplanting is in the patches that are best protected and nearest frost-proof. This shrewd gardener's fondness for chilli peppers seems well founded, from the fact that over a series of years he has made them average four hundred dollars an acre as an interplanted crop. An inspection of his place shows that wherever something is taken out during the growing season it is immediately replaced with the profitable pepper.

Mr. Lagorio has six children—four boys and two girls. They have all been brought up in the garden and the orchard. The seven-year-old boy runs the engine of the irrigating pump.

The ingenuity of the Italian and his understanding of the necessity of shielding his plants are nowhere more effectively shown than in the little garden of M. Dalfarno on the edge of Merced. There are only three and a quarter acres in this truckfarm, but its clever owner makes it pay him one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars an acre, gross, which is certainly intensive farming in earnest.

Though he is a specialist in early tomatoes of high quality, he also raises strawberries, bell peppers, artichokes, lettuce, summer squash, cucumbers, garlic and green onions.

Realizing the importance of having his vegetables properly protected, his beds are shielded by swaths of bamboo, which give an odd appearance to the garden as a whole. When his tomato vines are large enough to need tying up the bamboo canes are ready for cutting and are close at hand, where they are wanted.

The yearly strife of this three-acre farmer is to get the first tomatoes into the market. The vines are started in boxes, carefully nursed and finally transplanted into soil richly fertilized with barnyard manure.

Another element besides his early forcing, his heavy fertilization and his fine system of bamboo windbreaks, sunshades and sun-reflectors enters into his remarkable success, however. He sells his tomatoes direct to the largest hotels in the state, where he can command a fancy premium above the highest market quotations, because of the extreme earliness of his product and its dependably superior quality. Had he relied upon the ordinary market, it is hardly probable he could have established the record of making one and three-quarters acres yield him twenty-six hundred and thirty-five dollars in a single season.

M. Dalfarno has no desire for a larger place. His is strictly a home plant. He hardly knows what it is to hire a day's labor outside of his family circle. There are five little Dalfarnos—the oldest nine years of age. The gardening experience of a child in this family begins at the fourth birthday anniversary. Dalfarno's gross income comes very near being his net profit. Four years ago he paid three hundred and twenty-five dollars for his land; lately he refused thirty-five hundred dollars for it. Meantime it has yielded him a gross revenue of three thousand dollars a year or better, with an unappreciable outlay for labor. All of which goes to indicate that Three Acres and Liberty is not a mere myth if one has the true Italian genius for making things grow—and grow early!

Probably the most attractive combination fruit and truck garden in California—if not in America—is one that breathes the spirit and romance of the Italian occupation of the Pacific Coast. This impressive garden occupies ninety acres of the Stanislaus bottoms, just outside of Oakdale, the gateway to the mining region in which were laid the scenes of most of Bret Harte's best-known stories.

Looking down from the high bench into the broad bottoms, one sees a picture of sylvan order and loveliness that suggests an Old World garden, except in its splendid proportions.

Though this garden is almost as rich in suggestions for the American farmer as it is in plant food and products, it teaches no lesson more important than this: Location is about half the battle in truck farming.

The Italian is a born garden prospector and when he strikes pay dirt he knows that he can make the soil yield him a fortune as surely as if he found the yellow dust and nuggets that made California the Golden State. As a discoverer of hidden agricultural opportunity, the North-of-Italy man is a master.

Buying Near Free Water

WHEN the whole country between Stockton and Oakdale was almost a continuous wheatfield—save for the cattle ranches—and held by the ranch kings of "Octopus" fame, Paul Brichetto, then operating a little garden of leased land on the outskirts of Stockton, decided he would do a little prospecting—but not with a pick, shovel and mining pan. Like all his people, he loved a cross-country pilgrimage. It might bring him something and it might not—but, anyhow, it would give him an outing in a new region that was touched with the romance of gold.

As he approached Oakdale, he paused upon the edge of the bench and looked at the almost level expanse of bottoms on each side of the river. Though his eye did not miss the great stilted flume that reached high in air from the river to the bench, he saw the rank vegetation of the bottoms, especially underneath the flume. He descended from the bench, made his way to the river's edge, pausing often to dip his hands into the rich alluvial soil. Later, in Oakdale, he learned the geography of the country with reference to the mining camps and the towns that served as their feeders and supply-centers. He didn't need to be told that money was free in mining camps and that a miner was always hungry for fresh green stuff. And he also knew something of the open-handed ways of ranch kings. Withal, it looked like a good prospect to shrewd Paul Brichetto. He at once bought his pick of the bottom land at a price that made him grin with joy.

About the first thing he did was to send to his home country for a shipment of small Italian chestnut trees for planting. He had thought of this when his eyes first rested upon the long flume and noticed that there was a steady, continual dripping of water along its entire length. Today that double line of chestnuts, gratuitously watered by the flume, yields an average yearly income of twenty dollars to the tree, or a total of three thousand dollars for the entire planting.

"That," said the son who manages the garden that has now grown to one hundred and twenty-five acres, "is the Italian of it! He knew what those chestnuts would do in that soil and under the leakage of the flume. And he knew, too, that he could get a fancy price for the big, sweet nuts in this country, where nobody but an occasional Italian thinks of raising them. It doesn't cost us twenty dollars to

Artichokes

Weeding Onions at Stockton, California

Japanese Gardeners, Hoeing Strawberries, Near Tropico, California

harvest the whole crop and we could sell many times what we produce at a fancy price. Besides, the trees need very little care. On this place we grow twelve different kinds of fruit, besides almost every kind of vegetable. Of one kind of fruit—peaches—we have fifteen varieties—but nothing on the place pays a bigger net profit than those Italian chestnuts."

Paul Brichetto, however, made vegetables the backbone of his young industry. His wagon soon began to call at the farmhouses: and when the ranch kings saw the variety and attractiveness of his display they not only bought in prodigal quantities but they fairly threw their money at him. "What's the use," they declared, "of trying to make a garden? Buy of the dago."

The Thing the Foreigner is Crowding Out. Jacked Barley at Glenn, California

Soon Brichetto had many wagons, and they pushed their way far up the mountains and returned from Grayson's, Sonora, Angels and other famous camps with gold-dust and nuggets that represented a scandalous profit. Today almost every ranch king who recklessly threw his money at "the dago" has disappeared by the Bankruptcy Trail, and the clever Italian, who knew an opportunity when he saw it—as most of his people do—owns one ranch of seventeen hundred acres, another of six hundred and forty acres, lands in the Modesto district, and a home place of three hundred acres.

That is significant only from the fact that the basis on which this fortune was builded was: first, a shrewd choice of location; second, building up a retail trade to wholesale dimensions. Your Italian, wherever you find him, is not ambitious to become a "shipper." A good wagon-trade is what he wants—at least as the basis of his business; for he knows that the profits in this line are sure and substantial.

Good Money in "Chokes"

ITALIAN shrewdness in prospecting for opportunity is not confined to looking for the right location. Sometimes he prospects for a new market and does it at long range. On the old Laguna tract, just outside of Los Angeles, is an odd truck garden of twenty-five acres that is a fine type of market specializing. Its founder, A. Rossi, was a common laborer some five years ago; but, after the manner of his kind, he often celebrated payday by indulging in an Italian meal at an Italian restaurant. In a vague way it dawned upon him that the number of his people in the big cities of America was increasing and that they had more and more money to spend each year. Why not get some of this money by raising strictly Italian vegetables? He started in a small way, growing only vegetables of a distinctly Italian character and selling only to Italian restaurants. His specialized business grew rapidly and he was soon obliged to send to Italy for his two brothers and their families. They do all the work on the twenty-five acres, where they raise Savoy cabbage, leeks, Brussels sprouts, chicory, garlic and many odd things known only to Italians. This laborer's idea of specializing to meet the demands of a foreign appetite has brought him a solid fortune.

Another phase of this specialization along racial lines is the artichoke business. When this began only foreigners demanded this highly ornamental vegetable. Today it is served in every first-class metropolitan restaurant of the country. Two-thirds of all the artichokes raised in America are sold in New York and New Orleans. They are practically all grown by Italians, the seat of the industry being at Ocean View and Half Moon Bay. The Italians who started the artichoke business had no idea that the native American would ever demand this odd vegetable. He felt that his market was limited to "foreigners" who had formed their tastes in the old country. Certainly they founded a very paying truck specialty.

Unstinted fertilization is one important factor in making artichokes produce, and hence the Italian seldom fails in this specialty. And the Italian also knows the importance of giving his artichokes plenty of water, especially in the fall, when they are sprouting. Then, too, he is as liberal with cultivation as with fertilizer. He regards all that he puts into his artichoke field as a permanent investment, because a planting is good for seven or eight years. This specialty is much more profitable than it was a few years ago and it has probably not yet reached its zenith. In the artichoke business the Italian has learned that it pays to popularize an imported specialty. He is sure to repeat the trick with other products of his home country now practically unknown on American tables.

As a pruner, the Italian is an adept. He loves to wield the knife and the shears, and his surgery leaves no ragged wounds. His heart is in his work, and he studies the results of his surgery with a patience and an unflagging interest that often bring original and startling results.

In Watsonville there is an Italian whose heterodox practices have extended his fame beyond his state and into the great apple districts of Oregon, Washington and Idaho. His theories are original; and, like most of his countrymen engaged in fruitgrowing, he is an inveterate first-hand investigator. From his youth he had studied and handled trees; and in 1896 he decided to put into actual practice upon a commercial scale the conclusions he had worked out by patient investigation and many experiments. He bought forty acres of second-class land and started to set this to young apple trees that would express his theories. His troubles began at the nursery.

"I want all young trees," he explained—"that have not been headed back."

The nurseryman smiled and insisted he knew how to head trees and that his customer would have to go elsewhere for his odd order. He did—and kept going until he found enough young trees that had not been "headed out" to set his orchard. After they were planted, his Watsonville neighbors—who also asserted they knew something about giving an apple tree the proper shape—suggested that some lazy nurseryman had "put one over" on him by giving him trees that had been left in a state of Nature. Then the Italian put himself on record:

"You cut the leaders of your trees to make them head out. Not a leader in my orchard shall be cut. We shall see whose trees stand up against the winds longest. What for do you think God gives each tree a strong, big pillar in the center? Is it not to make the tree strong against the winds? When a big wind comes the whole tree gives and resists together, because it has a solid, unbroken leader in the center that reaches from the ground to the tiptop. And where do your trees split and break and get openings that make trouble and let in insects and rot? At the main crotch! Is it not so? And you make that crotch by cutting out the main leader."

The Man Who Knew

IN MIDSUMMER, a few years later, when this orchard of odd-shaped trees was approaching bearing, a prominent Watsonville apple grower was driving past "The Italian's Place" and saw its owner busy with his pruning outfit. Stopping his carriage, the native American called out:

"Say, have you gone crazy? This isn't winter. This is summer! Don't you know those trees will bleed to death?"

"You shall see later," quickly answered the Italian. "I have found out something for myself. I did not read it out of a book. My father or my grandfather, he did not tell it to me. The time to cut the limb from the tree is when the tree is growing most fast. Then it heals more quickly. I have done this many times, many years; and I have come to know. Wait and see."

"Today," declares the secretary of Watsonville's Chamber of Commerce, "there is not in this whole district a stronger or healthier orchard—except my father's plantation of thirty-three hundred and forty Bellflowers, put out and cared for according to the same plan. All these trees, with the central pillar or leader uncut, are wonderfully strong and vigorous, and have suffered almost no injury

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The Japs and the Logan Berry are Great Friends

Showing Interplanting of Grapes, Peas and Horse Beans

Billy Fortune and the Lightfoot Girlie

By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

WHENEVER a man starts to tellin' me about all the different women he's ever made love to I most generally figure that he's somethin' of a liar; but when he tries to tell me he ain't ever made love to more than just one then I know he's a liar. What do you reckon makes a man want to tell that one, especially to the women? Honest, I wouldn't feel safe tryin' to tell it to a deaf-and-dumb woman—not if she was stone-blind in both eyes! I've made love to millions of 'em and I've told 'em millions and millions of lies about millions of different things; but I never told that one—only once. That learned me!

Where do you guess it was I told it? It was the very last place in the world where a man ought to think of tryin' to make that lie stick. Chicago it was. And I expect I picked out the very unlikeliest person in the world to tell it to. It was one of them lightfoot girlies. Don't that sound right foolish to you for a wise man? But you let me tell you: When it comes to a showdown in this woman business there ain't any wise men.

I'd gone to Chicago with steers. Six cars of 'em I had, four-year-olds, rollin' fat off of good grass; and I happened to hit the market when that kind of stuff was high and hard to get. It was mighty good business for the lad that handled 'em, and there was more like 'em to come. That's why this lad put everything in Chicago right where I could reach it, without havin' to ask. "Take all you want," says he. "It's wide open and it's all yours."

I expect you think I just whirled in. Most folks would, wouldn't they? But I never. I didn't seem to want much; I was feelin' just perfectly innocent and quiet. You judge for yourself. "Well," I says to the lad, "I've been lookin' at cows for quite a spell. There don't happen to be a show in town, does there?" Can you see any harm in that? The lad he got a couple tickets and then after supper we headed for the show.

I forget the name of it. It don't matter. Nor I don't remember what it was about. I couldn't seem to keep my mind on how the actin' went, because that bunch of girls kept interruptin'. Right in the middle of everything, when a body would think that somethin' might happen pretty soon, they'd whirl in from the sides, a hundred of 'em, and commence singin' on their tiptoes. They was right good to look at, dressed up in all them different colors; and they certainly could sing. Dance too. After a while it got so that I didn't care much whether the actin' went on or not. I was relishin' the girls first-rate, after months and months of sagebrush.

By-and-by it was gettin' along toward time for 'em to quit, and I was wonderin' what we'd do after the show was out—and I'd half a mind to poke straight off for bed—when the lad leaned over and whispered to me.

"Billy," he says, "how would you like to go up behind?"

I didn't just sense him at first. "Which?" says I. "How would I like to go up behind what?"

"Why," says he, "up back on the stage and get introduced to the ladies."

It was a new notion to me. I ain't denyin' I'd been sort of wishful, them bein' so different and interestin'; but I hadn't figured on it.

"No," I says; "I expect I better not. I ain't ever had any experience with that kind."

"Well," he says, "then it'll be a change for you. Come on."

"No," I kept sayin'; "I expect I better not. It would just embarrass 'em. Besides, I don't class up with them. And there's so many of 'em too—them bein' all strangers."

"Pshaw!" says he. "You don't have to meet 'em all. Just a couple of 'em that we'll take to supper with us. I'll fix it. Come on!"

And that's where we went, with me trailin' along behind him, hangin' back and feelin' right uneasy over it. Does that look to you like I was startin' on a spell of wickedness? I wasn't. I was feelin' just perfectly virtuous and nervous.

You couldn't notice any nervousness up behind though. When we got there they'd just got through with one of their dances and was swarmin' off, half on our side and half over yonder. They'd been dressed up to look like the Salvation Army that time, and they'd begun to shuck the long frocks they had on over the short red dresses and red stockin's down underneath, so as to be ready for the next time—and I was standin' there, tryin' to keep back out of the road, with my hat in my hand and lookin' down at the floor so as not to bother 'em; and then all at once one of 'em reached right straight up and touched me under the chin with the toe of her slipper.

I says, "I Never Felt This Way About a Girl Before." Yes, Sir—Just Them Very Words

"Tag!" says she. "I saw you first."

I didn't seem to care much for her when I looked at her. Big she was, and heavy, and plumb dark; and there wasn't the softness in her eyes that a man likes to see in a woman. Besides, don't it sort of provoke you to have 'em come at you so familiar? It did me.

"Yes," says I, "you saw me first; but I see you most!"

Two or three of 'em commenced to laugh at her, but all she done was to lift her black eyebrows at me. "Well, hark!" says she. "You're from Texas, ain't you? I can tell by the sunburn. Merinos or Angoras?"

That made me like her less than before, on account of me despisin' a sheep so. "No, ma'am," I says. "Wyoming and whitefaces."

"Whitefaces?" she says after me. "Oh—cows! You're one of those milk-fed men."

I was gettin' weary with her. It never does interest me to fuss with one of 'em. I begun lookin' round for the other lad to help me get loose from her, but he wasn't in sight. There was quite a bunch of 'em had gathered up by that time, standin' lookin' over each other's shoulders at me, and they had me backed clear up against the wall, till I was gettin' hot and uncomfortable.

"Don't be nasty to him, Sadie," says one of the other girls—a thin, yellow-colored one. "There's good money in the milk business, they tell me."

"Must be a great life too," says Sadie, "sportin' round in milk wagons; but ain't you afraid it's too swift for you?"

You let 'em come at a man that way and he's just bound to say the wrong thing after a while.

"Do I look peaked?" I says to her. "Mebbe I don't carry as much fat as some, but I've always been right healthy."

I could tell it was the wrong thing the minute I'd said it. I could tell it by the hateful, pleased way some of 'em laughed, and I could tell it by the way she shut her mouth with a snap and the hard look she give me. I hadn't meant to tell her she was too fat. It was none of my business. But some of 'em are right touchy about it—ain't they? Anyway, it begun to look as if Sadie wasn't the one I was goin' to take to supper with me. I'd made her cross. I was beginnin' to feel considerable restless. Then I seen the other lad grinnin' at me over their heads from back of the bunch.

"Well! Well!" he says. "For a new hand it strikes me you're a strong favorite, Billy. Come over here; I want you to meet somebody." And in a minute he had me out of the mess, holdin' me by the arm, and was leadin' me over to a corner where another girl was settin' by herself, with some kind of a wrapper round her, as if she was restin'.

"Kittie," says the lad, "this is my friend, Billy Fortune, from out West. Billy, this is Kittie Weeks. You two ought to like each other fine. Kittie, Billy's part owner of one of the greatest ranches in Wyoming—Dreamland Ranch, they call it. Ever hear of it? You can see for yourself what Kittie is, Billy. Get acquainted. I'll see you after a bit." And then he went.

She struck me as bein' a heap different from the others, Kittie did. I'd liked the looks of her real well, from my seat, where she was dancin' out there at the end of the first row; and I liked her better yet now, close up. I couldn't think how she come to be mixed up with the rest of that lot, them bein' so kind of free-spoken and her seemin' so shy and little, settin' there and lookin' up at me with her wide, innocent blue eyes, and her soft little chin tucked down in the fur trimmin' of the thing she had round her shoulders, and her fluffy hair; and her pretty mouth and cheeks fit to make you think of nothin' so much as a fresh mornin', with the dew on it. She seemed right bashful, too, by the way she acted—just movin' along a little on her bench to make room for me, and then settin' and lookin' at her slippers and waitin' for me to say somethin'.

She waited quite a spell on account of me bein' goin' over it in my mind to myself. "Go slow, Billy," I says. "Remember you're in society now; but you don't want to get in too far." "Not me!" says I. "Don't you worry! But I've got to kind of live up to my part—ain't I? Dreamland Ranch! What do you reckon made him tell her that?" "Why, ain't it plain enough?" I says. "What would he tell her—that you're just a hand and gettin' only thirty-five a month? Do you expect that would be good news to her?" "Why wouldn't it?" says I. "So long as they know you've got a roll of it in your pocket they don't ever care how long it's took you to get it." "Oh, shucks!" I says. "And you claimin' to know womenfolks! What's eatin' you? Ain't she goin' to figure on when your little old roll gets wore out? How much have you got on you anyway?" "Oh, a couple hundred," says I. "That'll last quite a spell if we don't rush things—and we ain't goin' to do that, are we?" "No," I says, "we ain't. We're goin' to be careful, Billy. She looks classy, don't she? And you and me can't hardly afford to run around with them classy ones. We won't rush nothin'."

I guess the girl was gettin' sort of impatient, because she turned her head round to me with her eyes wider than ever and a flicker of a smile hoverin' round her mouth. "Why don't you talk to me?" she says, low and soft.

Right then was when I done it. Don't ask what made me. I'll never tell you. There's times when I ain't able to explain myself at all; and they're always the times that seem to need explainin' most. All I know is, I done it.

"I don't know what to say," I says. "I never felt this way about a girl before." Yes, sir—just them very words. I hadn't figured on sayin' it—not a speck. It was out so quick it fair made me jump.

"Well, gee-whiz!" I says to myself. "Is that the way you keep from rushin' things? And her a perfect stranger to you! Ain't you ashamed!" "No," says I. "Not yet. Just you wait a minute, now, till we see what she does."

What I reckoned she'd do was to get right up and go away from me or else light right into me; but she didn't do either one. She just set right there, with me holdin' on tight with both hands to the edge of the bench and holdin' my breath and not darin' to face her. I couldn't tell what was comin'; but pretty soon, when I'd about made up my mind I might as well be movin' on, I felt a soft little hand brush up against mine, where I was grippin' hold of the bench. It was just the least bit of a touch, but the hand stayed there.

"Careful now, Billy!" I says. "All right!" says I; but I moved my hand up the least little bit closer; and then in a minute there we was, just as well acquainted as a couple of good old friends, with me givin' her little fingers a squeeze down under the corner of her wrapper—and her squeezin' mine back. They're pretty much all alike—ain't they? Can you tell the difference between 'em? I can't.

"Well," says I to her, "you wanted me to talk to you. Now you say somethin'."

She didn't—not right away. She looked all round first, with her hand layin' right still in mine.

"But," says she, "you can't really care for me, you know. You haven't been acquainted with me five minutes."

"Five minutes!" says I. "How long do you reckon it ought to take a man to learn? One look is enough for me—and I ain't been doin' nothin' but look at you since the show started."

Yes, sir, they're all just exactly alike when you get right down to it. She was plumb pleased, dimplin' all over at me.

"But how long will it last?" says she. "Just till you've seen the next one?"

Well, what could I do? "Just till I've saw the next one exactly like you," I says, "and there ain't any more like you."

She laughed at me, with her head on one side. "How long is it, I wonder," says she, "since you told that to the last one?"

"Ain't I told you there ain't been but this one time?" says I. "Ain't you goin' to believe it?"

She didn't say whether she was or not, because right then we was interrupted. A man it was. I didn't like the looks of him. I never do like the looks of the other man much at such times; but this time it was sort of special. I can't tell you why, exactly, because he was right fair-to-middlin' for looks—if you didn't look too close. Ain't you seen 'em that, no matter how they was fixed up, always made you think of somethin' cheap and nasty? He was got up fit to kill, without a speck or a wrinkle on him. I'd gave twenty dollars for my little old gray suit, out at Lusk, just before I started; but he looked as if it might have cost him that much for gettin' his shoes shined. He sure had spent a lot of money on himself just the way he stood; but he couldn't spend enough to change his face.

I'd Only Been Foolin' Before: But Now I Went Into It Like the Breakin' Up of a Hard Winter

Thin it was, and about the color of a mess of sour dough, with a thin nose comin' to a point and little eyes close together without any shine in 'em, and thin lips that hung down at the corners as if life had quit tastin' good to him. You wouldn't pick out one of his kind to frolic with.

He come up to where we was, just as if he belonged round there, and give me a quick lookin' over before he spoke to the girl. "Hello, dearie!" he says to her, and he stretched out his hand as if he was goin' to lay it on her head; but she ducked away from him, over closer to me, till her soft hair touched my cheek.

"Don't!" says she, real short and snappy; and he pulled his hand back again.

"Oh!" says he, with a mean, drawlin' sort of a sneer at her. "Oh, just so!" he says.

It made me hot. I got up on my feet. "The lady is goin' to get supper with me," says I. "Are there any remarks?"

He didn't answer me at all like I hoped he would; all he done was to feel round till he'd found an eyeglass hangin' on the end of a black string down in his clothes somewhere and stuck it up in his eye, and then he commenced to look me all up and down, slow and lazy. When he'd got through he let his eyeglass drop and give his shoulders a nasty shrug and turned square away from me, dawdlin' over to where Sadie and her bunch was standin'. I hadn't noticed, but I expect they'd had their eyes on us. They was watchin' now. The sport, I could see he must have said somethin' to 'em, because they all got up closer together and begun whisperin' and turnin' their heads sideways to get a sly sight of us. It made me feel right fretful. What chance has a body got to get things settled that way? I was always a great hand for speakin' out; but all I done was to set down on the bench again.

"Say," I says to the girl, "who's that? Some friend of yours?"

She made a little motion with her shoulders. "I know him," says she; "but don't let's talk about him. Let's talk some more about us. Are you expecting to be in Chicago long?"

I never like to say too much when I'm answering them intimate questions of a girl I ain't acquainted with—do you? I'd got hold of her hand again by then and I give it another soft squeeze. "It's goin' to seem a horrible short while," says I—"I can see that."

She peeked round at me from under her eyelashes, with the dimples croppin' out again and the pretty color comin' up over her neck and cheeks. She seemed like a real shy little thing, because she nudged along closer to me with a cooin' bit of a laugh. "You do say the nicest things!" says she. "Pshaw!" she says, "there goes the signal. This is the last time. You wait here for me." And there I set while they was doin' their whirlwind finish and then through the scufflin' round afterward, till she come to me with her other clothes on, and the stockyards lad and his girl trailin' along.

Different men like 'em different—don't they? And that's a good thing—ain't it? What if none of us would take to any but the one kind and all the others would have to go in the discard—wouldn't it be a terrible waste? This one that was with the stockyards lad, she was sure a poor match for Kittie—one of them round-faced, red-headed, jolly ones, with a voice on her that would make you pay attention to it clear across a big pasture—and she had a way of steppin' with a lot of extra motions, like a two-year-old on good feed. Maudie her name was. She seemed a right friendly sort; but do you like to make love to them husky ones? The stockyards lad, though, his notions seemed to run a good deal to beef. When they come up to me he had his arm up round her shoulders, right in plain sight—and she wasn't mindin' a mite, but was laughin' a big, rollicky laugh.

"Let's start the evening right," says he to her. "Give us a kiss." And when she'd done it, "Come on, Billy," he says; and then we piked out the back way over to the place where we was goin' to get supper.

It don't matter about the supper. It was a sight different from cow-country suppers, where you get it all stacked up in front of you at once and are rollin' a cigarette a quarter of an hour afterward. This one, I could have done half a day's work while they was bringin' it to us in little dabs and driblets, with all them fussy red, white and blue drinks in between. How do they ever tell when they're through? I didn't care though. It wasn't the supper that was on my mind—it was Kittie. They could have fed me anything and I wouldn't have noticed.

What? Love her? Me? Does it seem likely? No, sir. You just stop and study a minute. There's a heap of difference between lovin' a girl and makin' love to her. One's religion and the other's devilment. Can't you see that? Do I look like a man that you'd catch singin' melancholy hymn-tunes to a girl in bright red tights? Not me. This was just a piece of love-makin' I'd set out to do.

Six Cars of 'Em I Had

It seemed as if I was goin' to get my money's worth, from the changeableness of her. I sure do like 'em that way. I'd just as soon make love to a cigar-store Indian woman as to a girl that couldn't throw some variety into it to keep you guessin'. What else is love-makin' for? Kittie, she certainly had a changeable spirit.

We hadn't more than got set down to our table, over back in the corner, till she commenced on me. She'd hung her coat up, and pulled off her gloves and fluffed herself up some; and then she hitched her chair over toward me and leaned her head close, with her big blue eyes starin' right straight into mine. "Please tell me about Dreamland Ranch," says she.

I don't know—mebbe it was the bright lights; or mebbe it was the newness of it; or mebbe it was the sweet smell of her hair and the look of her pretty little flower-bud of a mouth; or mebbe it was somethin' else. Anyway, I lit in and told her a tale. I told it as good as I could too—and I'm somethin' of an artist with the bright paint when I start to put it on, if there's nobody listenin' that knows the facts. The stockyards lad, he was all absorbed with the other one. I forget how many miles of land I told her I had—but there was twenty thousand cow-critters on it—grades and full-bloods, and three or four big bands of horses spread round over the country, besides a big interest in the wool business on the next place to Dreamland; and it was all payin' me money faster than I could keep it counted, let alone spendin' it. With all the fancy touches I put in, me gettin' warmed up to it, I had myself most believin' in it. Kittie, she was plumb convinced. When I slacked up, on account of the first part of the supper comin' on, she fetched a deep breath and her little hand was tremblin' so she spilled some water out of her glass on the tablecloth.

"Oh, dear!" she says, real soft and sad, and her innocent face sort of clouded over with solemnness. "It sounds too good to be actually true in this dreadful world—one person having everything that makes life worth while. Why couldn't there be enough to go round?" And with that she commenced drawin' some kind of a picture with her fork beside her plate, broodin' over it, with her pretty head bent down and not even lookin' at her oysters.

"This dreadful world?" I says after her. "Why, what's the matter with it? It always struck me like a right good little old world."

She give me a long, steady, deep look. "Yes," she says, just above a whisper; "of course!" She started to dabble a little with her supper; but then she quit and put her fork down, proppin' her chin on her hands and studyin' me with that wide stare of hers. "Mr. Fortune," she says, real sudden, "how do you think life would seem to you on forty dollars a week?"

Whee! Murder! It brought me back with a slam. Me and my little thirty-five a month! It was sure comical.

"What?" says I. "You don't mean to tell me ——"

"Think of it!" says she. "How would it seem to you if you were getting only forty dollars a week to live on and had to buy your own clothes out of that?"

I tried to think of it, but I couldn't. The most I ever dragged down in my life was forty-five a month and my board, with free cartridges for my gun throwed in—and I had to herd sheep for that; so it hadn't lasted. Forty a week and buy my own clothes! And there was me settin' out to play the prince-boy with her. I had to laugh.

"Well, gee-whiz!" says I. "How do you ever manage?"

"It's awful!" says she. "It wouldn't be so bad if I had only myself; but there's my mother. She's been in the hospital for months and months, with doctors and nurses to pay for, and all that. I might amount to something on the stage if I had a little bit of a chance—don't you think so? But what chance have I got? Just none at all. Is it any wonder I get blue sometimes when I see how badly things are balanced up? But there!" She straightened herself up and give me a quick flash of a smile, dimplin' and colorin', swift as when the sun comes out from behind gray clouds. "Forget it!" says she. "I didn't mean to bother you with my troubles. Let's just enjoy ourselves." She commenced hummin' a scrap of a song and held out her glass to the stockyards lad; and he filled it up for her, real careful, out of a yellow bottle. "Here's to Dreamland!" says she. "May you never wake up!"

Well, wasn't it up to me then? I done the thing a man always does if he's got it on him, when he can't think of anything else—I stuck my hand in my pants pocket and

pulled out my roll and peeled off a few under the edge of the table. I didn't stop to count 'em; I just sneaked 'em over into her lap, done up in a wad.

"Here," I says; "you get a little somethin' for your mother with that—to helpmakethetimego."

She looked at it and then she looked at me, with her eyes gettin' wider and wider.

"Oh, Mr. Fortune!" says she in a poor, scared little whisper. "Oh, you mustn't do that. I can't let you."

"Shucks!" says I. "It's nothin'—just the price of one fat Dreamland steer. It's nothin'. You take it."

It Was One of Them Lightfoot Girlies

She shut her little hand round it and set there holdin' it a minute, keepin' her eyes on mine.

"If you only knew!" says she; and then, with a look on her face like a little kid's when you've got its feelin's all worked up, she made a sudden motion and stuffed it away somewhere inside the front of her clothes. "I will take it, Mr. Fortune," says she. "I won't try to thank you; I can't. I was getting really desperate. You'll never know what it means to me to have you behave so splendidly."

I was gettin' to feel real chesty.

"Shucks!" I says to her again. "It's nothin'. There's plenty more where that come from." I guess mebbe there was, too, if you went far enough back to look for it. "You just spend it freely," says I; and then I leaned over closer. "Say," I says, "I'm goin' to be in Chicago a week or so and I'm comin' to see the show every blessed night. You won't be mad? Mebbe we can figure out some way to give you a chance. You won't be mad?"

"Mad?" says she; and she reached out her little hand and laid it on my sleeve, light and gentle. "Mad!" she says. "Why, you dear boy! Of course you'll come! I'll never forgive you if you don't."

That's what she said to me, with her pretty face all lit up and shinin'. "Dear boy!" she'd called me. Wouldn't you think that would have give me the contented mind? It didn't then. A man's a funny critter—ain't he? Back a while, when I was settin' in my seat and watchin' the show, if anybody had told me I'd ever so much as look at one of 'em close up I'd have been plumb pleased—wouldn't I? But here she was dear-buyin' me—and me plumb dissatisfied. A man sort of likes to do his own love-makin'—don't he? You wouldn't hardly think it, but I begun to wonder how much there'd been in the little wad I'd give her.

"You always was that way, Billy," I says to myself. "Ain't you ever goin' to learn? The time to count a bunch of money is when it's still yours." "Yes," says I, "but you're just as bad as I am. Why didn't you make me think of it quicker? Now she's got it tucked away in her frock."

But I didn't have time to get real sad about it, because Kittie spoke up fretful. "Dear!" she says, with her face in a cross pucker; and when I looked up there was the sporty lad at the table over across from ours, with his eyeglass in his eye, studyin' us. Sadie, she was along with him, and she had her eye on us too, smilin' one of them cold, wise smiles. I don't mind bein' laughed at if a body will only laugh out hearty; but one of them kind of smiles can be meaner than a mess of rat poison. The sight of them two settin' there and overseein' us was enough to make a person hate his grandmother; but I couldn't do nothin' except turn round to Kittie.

"Say," I says to her, "them friends of yours is beginnin' to rasp my spirit. Tell me—you ain't fond of 'em—are you?"

She wrinkled up her little nose to show me what she thought of 'em.

"They're horrid!" says she. "They're common. I despise them."

"You and me both," says I. "Him especially. I'm real glad you feel that way about 'em, because I'm sure goin' to take a fall out of that boy if I get a chance. What does he do for a livin' anyway?"

"Bertie?" says she. "Do for a living!" The notion seemed to tickle her, because she set there and chuckled over it for a minute while she was foolin' with what she had on her plate, takin' little bird-mouthfuls of it. "What does Bertie do for a living?" says she. "The hardest work he ever did in his life you see him doing right now—trying to keep his eyeglass from falling out. That and cards—and he doesn't make a success of either. He's terribly unlucky at cards. I hope you don't play cards, Mister Billy?"

"Who? Me?" says I. "Why, yes, ma'am, I have—once in a while."

"Oh, but not to win money!" says she. "Surely not."

"Why, no, ma'am," says I. "Mostly to lose money. I'm some unlucky myself most generally. Your Bertie friend hasn't got anything on me that way."

She made a soft little sound with her tongue. "Please," says she, "please don't call him my friend. He isn't. I haven't any friends in that crowd. I haven't many friends at all; I don't want them if I have to take that sort." She'd changed again to a kind of sorrowful wishfulness, with her big eyes gettin' all misty. "But I appreciate a friend," says she, soft and low. "Oh, I do—more than I can tell you."

She sure was right good to look at and she was settin' right close. I forgot about Bertie and Sadie and Maudie and the stockyards lad, and the bright lights, and all the rest of it; and I reached over and got her hand again, cuddlin' it up with mine down between our chairs. "Well," says I, "you've got one now. Don't you go forgettin' that."

They certainly don't keep bunkhouse time in Chicago, do they? Out at the ranch the boys would be just about feedin' their horses and gettin' washed up for breakfast by the time we got done with our supper and put the ladies in a buggy and sent 'em home; and then me and the stockyards lad sifted up the road toward the hotel where I had my room. The mornin' was gettin' gray and I was rank sleepy and tired; and the other lad he had the hiccups real shrill. Did you ever notice how funny hiccups sound in a still street when the day's just startin' and there's no other sound to cinch your attention on to? It was right amusin' to me, dozin' along and listenin' to him, with neither one of us sayin' a word—till after a while I interrupted him.

"Say," says I, "that Kittie girl, she sure is ornamental, ain't she?"

He let off a hiccup that sounded like a firecracker in an empty rainbarrel. "Kik—quite pretty," says he, with his eyes half shut; and then nobody said another blessed thing till I was upstairs in my room, settin' on the edge of my bed with one boot off, kind of goin' over it in my mind.

"Well, Billy," I says, "what do you think of it by now? I hope you're satisfied." I didn't answer myself; all I done was to pull the other boot off and kick it over beside the bureau, keepin' my mouth shut. "Yes," I says, "you can act that way if you want to; but you know you've been a darn fool! How much money do you reckon you've got left?" "What's it to you?" says I. "It's my money—ain't it?" "I dare you to count it," I says, "I dare you to." "Shucks!" says I, and I dragged it out and ruffled it over. Ninety dollars there was. I'd gave her a hundred or better. "There, now!" I says. "What did I tell you? Billy, you ain't got a lick of sense." "But ain't she pretty?" says I, tryin' to duck away. "Pretty!" I sneers. "Pretty! What good's that goin' to do you now?" "Well, anyway," says I, "it'll be somethin' to tell the boys." "What?" I says. "Yes, and they'll believe you—won't they? They'll know mighty well it's nothin' but one of your lies. And that ain't the worst of it—how are you goin' to make good with the lady when you go back?" "Back?" says I. "I ain't goin' back any more. I was just havin' an evenin's entertainment. I'm through now; I'm goin' to Wyoming tomorrow." "No, you ain't," I says. "You know mighty well you ain't. You're goin' to stay in Chicago, and you're goin' to see her tomorrow night, and you're goin' to get worse balled up than ever; and then the first thing you know you'll have one of them breaches-of-promise lawsuits on your hands, and you'll have to cough up a mess of alimony. How'll you like that?" "That's easy," says I. "She can have half of Dreamland Ranch. Shut up now and put out the light—and let's go to bed. Somethin' will turn up—it always does."

Well, it did. It was along about noon the next day and I was settin' in the hotel, waitin' till I'd be a little bit hungrier for dinner, with my mind just amblin' round; and then in a minute who did I see but Bertie, standin' over there by the counter with his eyeglass in his eye, lookin' round the room! He'd been observin' me, I expect, because he come dawdlin' over toward me.

"Howdy-do?" he says, and lets himself droop down in the chair beside me. "We met last night, don't you know? Can't you place me?"

I had a notion to get up and go away from him, but I changed my mind.

"Sure," I says. "I've got you placed."

"Thanks," says he. "That's very kind of you, I'm sure. A charming girl you were with—don't you think so? I congratulate you really. Kittie is usually rather—aw—difficult with strangers, don't you know? You're a lucky dog!"

I didn't say anything to him; I was busy thinkin' about it. Difficult, was she? It tickled me, rememberin' back and wonderin' what one of the easy ones would be like! Bertie, he was loafin' in his big chair with his eyes on me; and pretty soon he spoke to me again.

"This part of the day is beastly dull," says he; "don't you find it so?"

"Somethin' horrid!" I says. "The people a person cares for in Chicago don't seem to begin to circulate round till the lamps are lit—do they?"

He didn't seem to sense that I might be referrin' to him. There was somethin' else on his mind too; I could tell it by the look in his eyes. If a catfish could look foxy that would be him.

"Very true," he says, sort of absentminded; and then this: "Do you ever play poker, Mr. Fortune?"

Let me tell you: There's a few words in the spellin'-book that'll always fetch me broad awake, and that's one of 'em—just like when a bunch of horses that's scattered round grazin' will lift their heads and stick up their ears all at once at a quick noise. Only I didn't let him see that my ears was stickin' up; all I done was just to lazy down against the cushions a little farther.

Poker, was it? I can think quick when that word's pronounced. It just comes natural. He wanted to play poker with me, did he? It didn't exactly surprise me none. I've been picked up that way millions of times by different strangers. I guess it must be my face. I've got one of them nice, mild, openwork faces that a sly man always thinks he can see clear through. I've had lots of fun with my face. I turned it round toward Bertie, so he could get a good look at the front of it.

"Poker," says I. "Why, I've played quarter-limit with some of the boys sometimes." I had, too, in between pay-days, when everybody was broke and things was humdrum in the bunkhouse. What was the use of tellin' him of the other times? "But that was Wyoming," I says. "I expect they don't play poker in Wyoming the way your sort plays it in Chicago."

The fox in him was croppin' out strong, though he was tryin' to cover it up with carelessness. He stopped to gape first, leanin' over with his elbows on his knees.

"Would you care to play a little to pass the time?" says he. "Just a little gentleman's game between us two."

A game of poker with two in it—and him the other one!

"Why, yes," says I; "I wouldn't mind. A gentleman's game with you would be great sport for a lonesome afternoon. Let's get the fixin's and go up to my room."

I expect you'd have been right amused, lookin' on. The cards they didn't cut much of a figure; it was just me and Bertie. The cards ain't so much in poker anyway—the other man is a heap more. I'd knew the kind of a game Bertie would play from his fixin' to skin me all by himself, so he wouldn't have to divide up with anybody; and he played it just exactly that way—watchin' his hands a card at a time, and countin' his chips and drillin' along safe. It wasn't the game he was playin' for—it was the winnin'. He was as keen for it as an old she-cat at a rathole, breathin' hard through his mouth the whole time. All I was scared about was that he'd be satisfied and quit before I could get him strung out. It wasn't interestin' a speck, except for what I had in my mind. He eased me out of twenty dollars, me lettin' him—layin' down to his mean little hands; and then the last time he got ten more by buckin' me on a flush I saw him fill for himself off the bottom of the deck. He'd begun it—hadn't he?

The next time I fixed him up a nice bunch of four jacks, with queens to me, and let him do the bettin', me tailin'

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She'd Hung Her Coat Up, and Pulled Off Her Gloves and Fluffed Herself Up Some

THE THIRD-TERM GHOST

By Albert Bushnell Hart

DECORATION BY HENRY J. SOLLEN

TO BE afraid of ghosts has become unfashionable, now that for a dime you can go to a vaudeville show and there see—or cease to see—a beautiful young female disappear and reappear at the end of a prestidigitator's wand. Thirty years ago there was a Kentuckian who believed in "harnts" so vividly that he could hardly get out of town, because he would not ride over a road on which he had once killed a man. He had never seen the "harnts" of any of his victims, but then he had always gone the other way. H. G. Wells tells an unconvincing tale of a ghost of his acquaintance who got out of the place where he belonged in order to play a practical joke on a human being and couldn't get back until the author obligingly released him. Nowadays psychical societies are unkind to ghosts, pursue them, investigate them—a thing no self-respecting ghost relishes—and often refuse to certify them, and an uncertified ghost might as well not exist at all.

Certain of those uncertified political ghosts still walk the earth and terrify otherwise stout-hearted voters. There is the ghost of "Un-Americanism," which particularly affects plans for centralizing responsibility in government. Thus commission government is un-American, though the earliest city charters in English North America practically created commissions, which saved all the trouble of election by filling their own vacancies. The referendum is also un-American; and the ghost majestically waves you back whenever you try to prove to him that the referendum in the United States is as old as the Revolution. Above all it is un-American, unthinkable and impious to change the customs of a century as to the terms of public officials. In Massachusetts that ghost compels the voters to go through the throes of a state election every year. Have not governors been elected annually since 1780? It would be disrespectful to our ancestors and destructive to popular government if the governor of Massachusetts, instead of being reelected twice—if he is a good governor and his party carries the election—should be elected for three years out of hand.

The Expressed Will of the Framers

THERE is a particularly active ghost who watches over the term and tenure of the president of the United States. He is always meandering up and down the crossing and blocking the road whenever anybody suggests that the fact that a man has been twice president of a bank is ordinarily the best reason why he should be chosen a third time. In vain do you ask the precise chapter and verse of Scripture in which there is an inhibition on the third term for the presidency. "No third term" is a political maxim, resembling the Monroe Doctrine, "No entangling alliances," "Put none but Americans on guard tonight," "Sixteen to One," and other mysterious unwritten laws of the Medes and the Persians which alter not.

When you approach the ghost and ask him for a copy of his birth certificate you put him in a quiver of distress at once; for nothing can be clearer than that the framers of the Constitution did not intend to limit a president to two terms, if the American people should want him to serve longer. This is the clearer because it was at one time proposed that he should have one term and not be reeligible; but all that was abandoned and the text of the Constitution expresses the purpose of its framers and of those who ratified it, that the president might have the opportunity for successive reëlection. Of course he might, since it was also the right of the two other classes of Federal elective officers, senators and members of the House of Representatives. The Federal convention could have settled the thing otherwise then and there, and could have thus relieved the editors and the readers of certain of our newspapers of much unhappiness, if they had so chosen. Instead, they left that question to the common-sense of candidates and electors.

Nor was this merely a negative act, a failure to see and provide against a future danger. The Fathers of the Constitution saw no danger in reëlection of officials, because that had been the practice for many years and so continued for many years longer. Before the Revolution year after year Jacob Wendell, Esquire, was chosen moderator of the town meeting of Boston; year after year Colonel George Washington was sent by the voters of Frederick to the Virginia Assembly. After the Revolution one man was chosen eighteen different times governor of Connecticut and another one elected ten times governor of Massachusetts. The principle of rotation in office, which has done so much to bring crude and irresponsible government upon us, was first set forth seven years after the Constitution had been set in motion. To be sure, nowadays if a man has been two years in the lower house of the state legislature his neighbors lay their wires to put him out and give somebody else a chance; but that is a system which makes the voters look upon office as a big pie cut into triangles, one narrow section of which is enough for any man.

That at the beginning of the present Federal Government there was no prejudice against a third term for anybody is shown by the repeated choosing of senators and representatives. Politicians know that the great legislative influence of certain Southern members of Congress is in considerable part due to the fact that they are kept there after they have acquired influence. Benton was the first senator to serve five terms, but that record has been reached by several senators of late years, particularly that great constructive statesman, Senator Stewart, of Nevada. Joshua R. Giddings was twenty-two years in the Senate—from 1839 to 1861. Uncle Joe Cannon has had no objections to second terms or third terms or tenth terms—in the Danville District. There are scores of members of Congress who have deprived themselves of a right to protest against a third term. Are the duties of representative or senator so superior to those of president, are they so much more dependent on experience, that what is right for them is wrong for a president?

It happens that in the whole history of the United States this question of a third term has been fairly faced by only four people: Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and Grant. Only two others, Madison and Monroe, have ever completed two full terms. Madison did not show first-class talent in the presidency, and had not the popularity that comes from broad statesmanlike measures carried through in the midst of obstacles. Monroe was a second-class man in all his political life and inferior in power and popularity to Clay, John Quincy Adams and Calhoun, who were in politics alongside of him. Jackson and Grant will be discussed later.

Lincoln and McKinley were both assassinated at the beginning of their second terms. Cleveland served two terms with an interval between them, and at the end his party for the time turned against him. Roosevelt is the only case of a vice-president coming to the place of the chief magistracy and then being reëlected. All the rest were one-term presidents, and only three of them, John Adams, John Quincy Adams and Harrison, were nominated for a second term following the first term. Fillmore was nominated in 1856 after having been out for four years.

Washington Silent as to Third Terms

THE four cases, therefore, which throw light on the third-term ghost are those of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and Grant. Fortunately we have plenty of evidence to show why none of those four was nominated for a third term. Washington very soon grew weary of the cares of the state and once made up his mind not to stand for even a second term. Hence he wrote to Madison on May 20, 1792: "Nothing but a conviction that my declining the chair of government would involve the country in disputes respecting the chief magistracy and the disagreeable consequence which might result therefrom . . . would in any wise induce me to relinquish the determination which I have formed"—namely, the determination not to accept a second term; and he besought his friend to "turn your thought to a valedictory address from me to the Republic." Jefferson, Hamilton and Randolph, then members of his cabinet, all urged him to keep on. Jefferson wanted Washington in order that Hamilton might not ruin the country, and Hamilton wanted Washington lest otherwise Jefferson should cause ruin.

When the end of the second term approached they were both out of the cabinet, but Hamilton still urged Washington to hold off on his withdrawal till the last possible moment. "If a storm gather, how can you retreat?" John Adams, who had his own reasons for thinking that two terms were long enough for Washington, nevertheless saw no constitutional objection to his being renominated, and wrote some months before the election: "After all, persuasion may overcome the disinclination of the chief to retire, but if it should come it would shorten his days I am sure." The farewell address of September, 1796, contains not a line to show that Washington thought a third term unsuitable. "I rejoice," he says, "that the state of your concerns . . . no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty." So far from holding that Washington must retire because a third term was unseemly, many legislatures and other public bodies sent him addresses expressing their regret. He retired because men of sixty-four then thought they were old; and he wanted to go back to Mount Vernon.

It was a foregone conclusion that Adams would run for a second term, and from that day to this the desire and effort to be reëlected once has always been thought a reasonable ambition for a president. Jefferson felt that desire, which he clouded in the statement that "the

unbounded calumnies of the Federal party have obliged me to throw myself on the verdict of my country." About the time of his reëlection, however, he expressed the idea that the "service for eight years with the power to remove at the end of the first four comes nearly to my principle as ascertained by experience, and it is in adherence to that that I am determined to withdraw at the end of my second term." He says that otherwise "reëlection through life shall become habitual and the election for life follow that."

Even Jefferson suggested that there might be "one circumstance that might engage my acquiescence in another election; to wit, such a division as to a successor as might bring in a monarchist"—by which term he undoubtedly meant a Federalist. That is to say, Jefferson would run for the third term if he lost confidence that Madison would be elected. Late in 1807 Jefferson let it be known that he would not run again, but one or the other house, or both houses, of seven states passed resolutions asking him to accept a third term. He wrote in February, 1808: "In respect to myself, I hope they will spare me." Undoubtedly Jefferson was tired of the office just as Washington had been, and from the time Madison's election was assured until the end of his term Jefferson nearly abdicated his office.

Madison was renominated for a second term without much difficulty, though it began to be suggested that no president ought to serve even two successive terms. Monroe received every electoral vote but one in 1820, and was not a candidate in 1824. John Quincy Adams, who was very near him, said that Monroe followed the precedent of Washington, Jefferson and Madison "perhaps without much cordiality." John Quincy Adams was himself defeated for a second term.

Andrew Jackson came into power in 1829 from outside of previous political organizations, and thought he saw the evils of government in even one reëlection, so that he formally asked Congress, December, 1830, to submit a Constitutional amendment limiting the presidency to a single term. Within seven weeks the Globe, which was the organ of the administration, announced: "We are permitted to say that if it should be the will of the nation to call on the president to serve a second term he will not decline the summons"; and from that time he was a candidate up to his reëlection. It can hardly be considered consistent that two years later he again recommended an amendment limiting the term to four or six years. There was some third-term talk about Jackson, but he appears to have made no effort to secure it.

Van Buren served one term and was then defeated. Tyler came in from the vice-presidency. It is said that he expected to serve throughout that term and then to be reëlected for two terms more; but he never got a nomination. Polk, in his letter of acceptance of the nomination, in 1844, declared that he would serve only one term and consistently stood by that principle, although it apparently would not have been difficult to renominate him.

After Jackson, nobody served out a full second term till Grant. The question then came up for the first time in a definite way, because a year and a half before the expiration of his second term a movement was on foot to renominate him. The Pennsylvania Republican Convention, a year before the convention, declared against a third term. On May 29, 1875, Grant declared in a public letter that he had never sought the office for a first or a second term. "Now for the third term I do not want it any more than I did the first. I would not write or utter a word to change the will of the people in expressing their choice. I would not accept the nomination if it were pending, unless it should come under circumstances not likely to arise." It looked for a time as though he might be nominated by the Democrats, but the rising tide of the Democratic party throughout the country made it necessary to nominate a candidate who had fewer opponents in his own party, and Hayes was the result.

Four years later conditions were very different. Hayes could not possibly be renominated and a strong candidate was necessary. Rhodes says, in his History of the United States: "Had Grant rounded out his military career by making a good president, it is almost certain that when the convention met he would have had a sufficient following to secure the nomination . . . on the first ballot." In the convention he had three hundred and six delegates who voted for him on every ballot to the end. It is not too much to say that had Grant's reputation been then what it is now, as we look back over his full career, he would have been nominated and would have made as good a president as did President Arthur, who actually held the office the next four years, after Garfield's assassination. The objection to Grant was summed up in the phrase "the man on horseback"—that is, the danger that a man should gain and retain the presidency for several terms because of previous military success.

Cleveland's case was peculiar. He was the only former president except Van Buren who was defeated and later on renominated; and some of his opponents in his own party thought the third nomination somehow a violation of party custom. The next president to whom the third-term question came was Theodore Roosevelt. Nominated for vice-president against his will by an astute enemy who wanted to get him out of New York politics, and played upon the genuine good-will of the Republican convention, he speedily became president because of a third presidential assassination. In due time he was renominated, practically without opposition; and on the night of his election publicly stated that he would not be a candidate for reëlection.

Visibly what he was thinking about was the end of the term for which he was just elected, and that pledge he kept without a flaw. It was the general opinion that without it, or with it, if he had so chosen, he might have been renominated by turning over his hand. There was then no third-term sentiment which would have blocked the way in his own party. He strongly and generously gave his support to Mr. Taft, when presumably the same support thrown to Hughes would have brought about the election of the New York man. Clearly Theodore Roosevelt was not considering the possibility of a renomination after being out but a term. The year 1912 lay outside that declaration against a second nomination for the presidency.

When you have thrown the historical searchlight on the third-term ghost there is not much left of him. The only president who ever strongly advocated a single term of

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THE JINGO

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

XV

AT FOUR o'clock in the morning the telephone bell rang in the king's palace; and old Amyah, awakened from a sound slumber, after closing the windows in the great hall to keep out the rain which was not there, was oppressed by a vague sense that there was something else he ought to do, and finally plucked enough intelligence out of his feeble beard to reflect that maybe he ought to answer the telephone, which had been ringing insistently all the while.

Tedoyah, however, was downstairs and had the receiver off the hook before old Amyah could remember where the 'phone was located.

"Hello! What is it?" he crisply asked, thrilling with the joy of facing an emergency.

"This is Dottersis, at the First National Bank," advised the father of the famous ballplayer. "I wish to speak with the king. The matter is urgent."

"Tell me and save time then," ordered the boy with a touch of pride in that answer. "I am Prince Tedoyah."

"Wagons—the new, big ones with the light running gear—have been driving away from the public granary, filled with grain, since midnight," answered the night watchman of the bank. "I had intended to tell you in the morning; but they are using all eight of the distributing doors, and they're taking so much away that I thought best to disturb you."

"You are quite right," approved Tedoyah. "Who is giving out the grain?"

"That I cannot tell, prince. I am not permitted to leave the bank."

"How much do you think they have taken away?"

"I have counted seventy wagonloads in the last hour."

Teddy softly whistled.

"In which direction are they going?"

"Most of them over the bridge."

A slender figure in a pink negligee glided into the big hall.

"What is it, Teddy?" asked Bezzanna in a flutter of anxiety. "War?"

He held up his unoccupied hand commandingly, big with grave questions of state.

"Are they using much light?" he asked.

"You Know What the War's About, Don't You? Bezzanna Refused to Marry Him"

"I have never seen the granaries so ablaze with it. They are using the new protected lamps, which make it seem like day."

Further questions eliciting no additional information of value, Tedoyah cautioned the watchman not to call up any one else and turned to remove the arms of Bezzanna gently from about his shoulders.

"What is it?" she asked him, frantic with both anxiety and curiosity.

"War!" he bassoed, straightening his shoulders; and kissing her he ran upstairs and awakened the king and hurried on to rap at Jimmy's door.

"Fire?" demanded the king, appearing in his doorway with a bottle of chemical fire extinguisher in each hand.

"War!" deeply answered Teddy from down the hall. "Come on over into Jimmy's room."

There being no response to Teddy's persistent knocking, he and the king marched through Jimmy's sitting room and into his sleeping apartment, where they pulled that heavy sleeper out of bed.

"Who's the party on?" demanded Jimmy, rubbing his eyes and wondering why his right arm and shoulder ached. "Oh, yes; I pitched two innings this afternoon and got a Charley horse. Haven't you fellows gone to bed yet? It certainly must be nearly midnight."

They led him to the open window and showed him the first streak of gray in the eastern sky.

"War!" Teddy solemnly informed him; and Bezzanna, crouching outside the door with her feet tucked tightly under her, shivered with excitement and the chill of the dawn.

The horrible thing of which she had heard all her life was coming to pass—and it was all on her account! She had thought it would be romantic to have it happen because of her; but, now that the thing was here, she felt so miserable and guilty, and generally worthless and in the way, that only one thing held her from waking up her aunt Gee-Gee and having her cry out in that sympathetic woman's arms. The one thing was that she had to hear the rest.

"It's an inconvenient hour to start a war," commented Jimmy, refusing to be properly astonished, but making a swift and rapid collection of his clothing, nevertheless. "Where's the army?"

"There isn't any yet that I know of," confessed Teddy.

Jimmy threw his clothes on the floor.

"Then there isn't any war," he decided. "It takes at least two armies to make a war. Let's all sit down and unravel this."

"I hope you can," blurted the exasperated king. "If I've asked Teddy once I've asked him forty times, from my door to this window, to explain himself, and he only has one word. Stop it! If you say it again, Teddy, I'll spank you, big as you are."

"I'll bet the Gold Developing and Refining Company against a burnt match that I'm right," insisted Teddy doggedly; and at last he was indignant enough to tell them his news—quite clearly, once he was started.

"It's war all right," agreed Jimmy, considering the matter thoughtfully. "I guess we'd better have the

Department G boys stay here from tonight on. You can turn that old semi-detached left wing into a barracks without much trouble."

"Do you think there are enough of them?" inquired the king dubiously.

"I could loan half of them to the prince," responded Jimmy confidently. "How much of an army do you suppose Onalyon can raise?"

"Twenty thousand," estimated the king.

"The more the merrier," stated Jimmy. "When our army gets through the prince won't have anybody to talk to on the way home. This wheat affair means more than a mere securing of food supplies. It's a blow at the financial credit of the Government. It's a run on the bank."

"I don't quite understand that," worried the king.

"It's a simple enough affair," replied Jimmy. "By ten o'clock this morning everybody in Isola will know that the people, instigated by the prince, are turning in their cash wheat certificates and demanding their wheat; and they'll be so afraid that it will be all gone before they get theirs that they'll come with everything, from a six-donkey wagon to the baby's toy pail, to cart it away; for they know as well as we do that you have certificates out for five times as much wheat as there is in the granary."

"That's the trouble with a currency system based on something you can eat," fretted the king. "I've often tried to figure out a way to change it."

"It doesn't make much difference," sighed Jimmy. "No sort of money's good in a panic. When people get that intermittent fever they draw their cash all out of the bank and take it home to have the rats eat their paper and the burglars steal their coin."

A horrible idea dawned on the king.

"Why, this will paralyze business!" he declared.

"That's what it's designed to do," explained Jimmy calmly. "If the prince can only stir up the belief that the Government is broke and can't make its money good he can have ninety-five per cent of the men in Isola hitting it up for the south side of the river, with a spear in one hand and an oath of allegiance in the other."

"Inflated currency," mused the king. "I'm going to be game enough, of course, to stick with a plan I sanctioned; but it looks to me as if we were up against it, with your scheme of increased wealth. When one-fifth of our currency is turned in and the wheat taken out the other four-fifths won't be worth much."

"You couldn't buy a dried-up gumdrop with a bushel basket of it," cheerfully responded Jimmy.

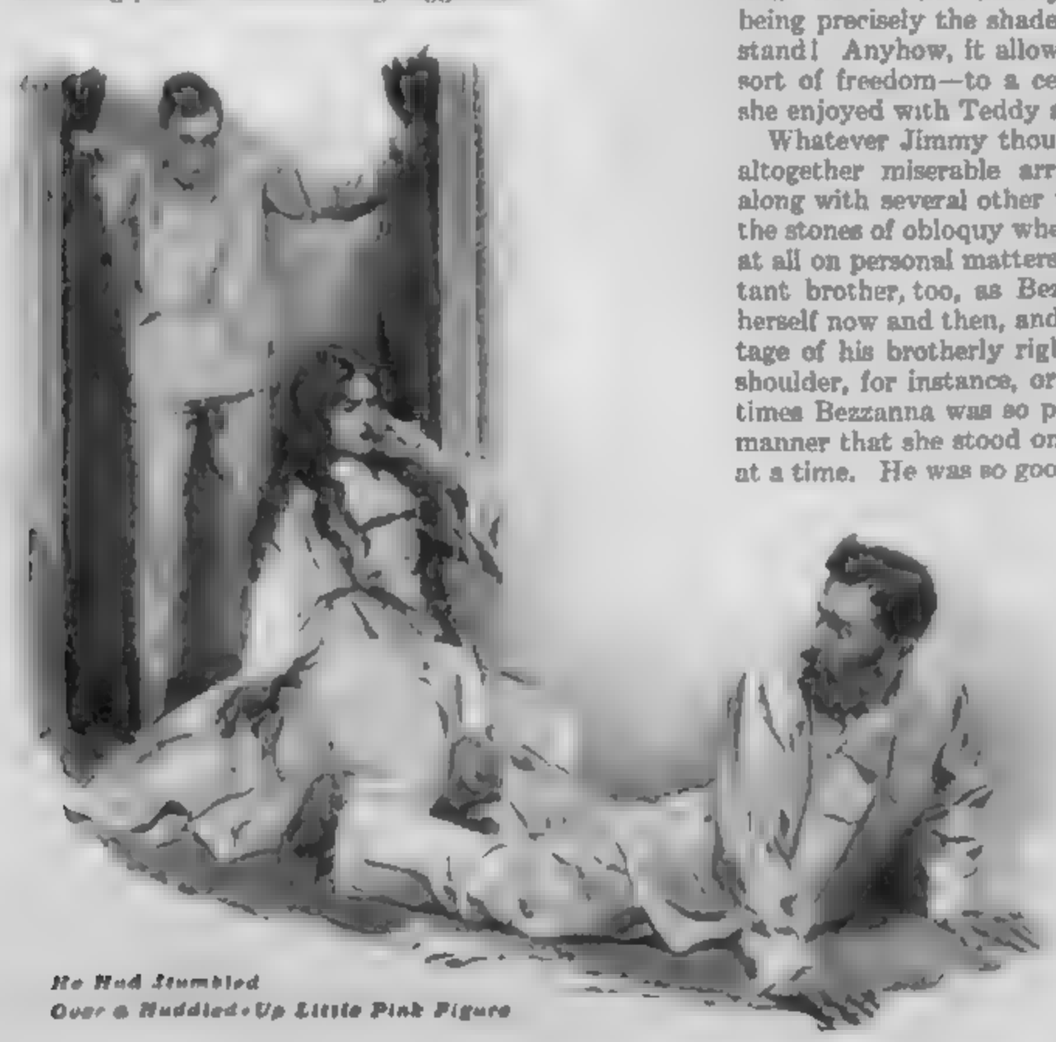
"Then what are we to do?" urged the king, and waited anxiously for Jimmy's reply. "The first thing, of course, is to declare martial law and forbid the removal of wheat."

"The minute you repudiate payment you're gone forever. It's better to let them break you. A man can go broke forty times and keep his credit A-1 if he makes his debts good afterward; but if he puts his property in his wife's name and then goes bankrupt he'd better hold back enough to live on the rest of his life, for he couldn't get credit from a newspaper carrier to the end of the week."

"Then what are we to do?" persisted the king, aghast at any interruption to the fascinating game of business.

"Go to bed," advised Jimmy. "Let them collect their wheat. Order them to do it. Send down your own people to help. I hope they take it all."

The king paled at that daring suggestion.



He Had Stumbled Over a Huddled-Up Little Pink Figure

"That's bankruptcy," he urged, unable to get away from that appalling idea. "We can't sell a cake of soap."

"Nonsense," Jimmy consoled him. "They'll waste a little of that wheat in hasty handling, but they can't eat any more than the normal quantity and they won't burn it. We'll have it all back as soon as we lick the prince, and then they'll charge him up with all the trouble. In America the loser always bears the blame."

The king studied over that bit of comforting psychology, and a slow smile of satisfaction sat upon his features.

"Let's go to bed," he suggested, rising and yawning. "We have to see about the installment of our big power plant for the Electric Light and Street Railroad Companies tomorrow. By George!" and he suddenly sat down again—"the waterfalls are on Onalyon's private land—and now I suppose the negotiations are blocked. Onalyon was bound to have fifty-one per cent of the stock, anyhow, and now he'll insist upon it."

"We'll let him have it," calmly conceded Jimmy. "If I couldn't frame up a strictly legitimate business method of jerking the control away from a rank amateur like Onion I'd go out of business and get me a wife who would take in washing."

"Good night," laughed the king, and passed out of the door. He made a violent effort and sprawled halfway across the corridor, for he had stumbled over a huddled-up little pink figure which, with its head in the angle formed by the door and the jamb, had been fast asleep.

"Golly Moses!" exclaimed Bezzanna, leaning back against the doorjamb in fright; and then, seeing that it was only Teddy and the king, she scrambled to her feet, shivering, and remembered things. "Isn't there going to be any war?"

"I think so if we can get Onalyon to set the date," smiled the king.

"You may go along if you'll be good," offered Teddy.

"Cross your heart?" she demanded.

"Cross my heart! Hope to die!" he laughingly assured her. "Come on, Old Scout!" and stooping down he clasped his wrist, and he and the king made a basket of hands, on which Bezzanna nestled with a sigh of content, slipping an arm round the neck of each brother.

They galloped back through the corridors at the fire-alarm speed she so hilariously enjoyed and dumped her unceremoniously in at her door; then, one by one, the lights in the palace went out.

XVI

"JIMMY, dear, you're a wonder!" observed the Princess Bezzanna, resting her hand affectionately on his shoulder and leaning over to watch him put the finishing touches, decorations, inscriptions and number on the drawing of a street car.

She had settled thoroughly her relations with Jimmy: the sea and the storm had brought her another good, kind, lovable brother, one of whom any girl might be justly proud. It was all very comfortable and nice since she had found this out, and it allowed her to act toward him just as she should feel. Of course she never went so far as to kiss him—he was not exactly her brother, you know, there being precisely the shade of difference—well, you understand! Anyhow, it allowed her a great deal of the same sort of freedom—to a certain extent, you know—which she enjoyed with Teddy and the king.

Whatever Jimmy thought about this comfortable and altogether miserable arrangement he kept to himself, along with several other thoughts upon which he heaped the stones of obloquy whenever he found himself thinking at all on personal matters. He was rather a cold and distant brother, too, as Bezzanna carefully complained to herself now and then, and never took the slightest advantage of his brotherly rights—never put his hand on her shoulder, for instance, or anything like that; and sometimes Bezzanna was so piqued with him for his reserved manner that she stood on her dignity with him for hours at a time. He was so good and so kind, however, so filled with grave thoughtfulness and consideration for her that she could not be out of sorts with him long, and always made amends by some sweet little token of her sisterly regard. He never repulsed her, anyhow; though, to tell the truth, he never gave any particular manifestations of joy over her affectionate touches. Sometimes he seemed pale and distressed when she came near him; and at such times she was particularly affectionate with him, trying to comfort him for whatever secret sorrow it was that he had—possibly homesickness. She worried, also, because she thought he was working too hard. He was always so tearingly busy nowadays and never had time to play with her, or to sit long hours and chat as he had at first. One thing he would always talk about, however, she had found—his work.

"She Gets No Soap!"

"Did you hear me?" she insisted, shaking the shoulder of the arm which held his pen and laughing at the funny jiggle which that process made on the paper. "I said you are a wonder!"

"I know it," he calmly admitted, raising the paper to study that jiggle dispassionately and figure if he could not work it into the striping design. "Whole families used to come for miles just to look at me."

"Silly!" she chided him, pulling his ear and pausing to consider the hair at the back of his neck, which always betrayed an inclination to curl up into a drake's tail. Having assisted that inclination with her two shell-pink forefingers, she resumed her annoyance. "Truly, Jimmy, I don't see how anybody ever got to know so much."

"I had an American education," Jimmy advised her, beginning to lay out a cross section of the car. "I left high school at a tender age, but not in time to escape the multiplication table or the Latin class—carrying with me, however, such a love of the natural sciences that there were acid-holes in all my clothes. I worked in the offices of a lawyer, a doctor, a real-estate dealer and a grafting promoter, and amused myself by learning the business thoroughly in each case. I took a job in a department store, but quit when I found myself selecting a red necktie for my own use. I traveled with a medicine show one season. I served brief but handy apprenticeships as a lightning-rod salesman, an insurance solicitor, and a district organizer for a fussy, purple-robed, fraternal-benefit society. I took a correspondence course in mechanical drawing, went into a model shop, a cash-register works and a steel-bridge concern; and finally settled down with the Eureka Machinery Company, which is the biggest plant of its kind in the world, where we manufacture everything from a screwdriver to a forty-ton lathe.

"Now hold still, Betsy. You asked for this and you have to have it. In the Eureka shops I became foreman, office manager, junior partner and foreign salesman; meantime I developed a streak as a boy orator and was elected by an overwhelming majority to my state legislature, from which I escaped without arrest or even scandal."

She surveyed him with wondering and admiring eyes.

"But where did you learn to play baseball?" she was anxious to know.

"I didn't," he replied. "No American kid learns to play baseball. He's born with a knowledge of the game and is allowed to backstop until he is big enough to swing a bat."

She sighed ecstatically.

"I wish I could go to America!" she said wistfully.

That was the hardest thing to resist of anything she had ever said; but Jimmy gulped it down without swearing that he'd give his eyes to take her there, and measured the proper height for the handstraps on his cross section. He wanted plenty of handstraps in his street cars, and he hoped to see every one of them supporting the weight of an angry human being.

The king came in and, smiling fondly upon the two, drew Bezzanna's hand out of Jimmy's pocket, where she was resting her wrist, and turned her about-face for the door.

"Your class is waiting," he told her.

"I'm going to graduate that class of old-maid schoolteachers," she declared wearily. "They know so much American now that they correct my grammar; and they lift their eyebrows every time I use a bit of slang."

"I thought you had cut that out," remarked Jimmy with a laugh.

"I have," she stoutly asserted. "I gave it a pat on the curly head and kissed it goodby months ago; but, just the same, I keep a nice little fluff of it tucked in my sleeve for emergency use. When you're in a hurry it's really the only way you can put things across."

"I wouldn't take any more medicine for it if I were you, Betsy Ann," Jimmy advised her. "Slang is chronic; and nobody who catches it ever becomes entirely cured."

Old Hira Edas, the man who had invented the oarlock, his eyes bleared red from working nights and his face shining through the oil with the glow of creative delight, approached them, hugging a heavy box from the top of which protruded a long metal funnel.

"Well, how's she working, Thomas A. Edison?" inquired Jimmy, clearing a space on his workbench for the box and reaching for a little lever at the side; but Betsy Ann peremptorily stopped him.

"Don't you dare!" she cried. "If you start that phonograph, and it's actually working, I'll never get away from here until I wear out all the records—and I've only time to slip in the back way and change my frock."

"I don't see why!" protested Jimmy, surveying her with an approval in which there was no possible flaw. "I think it is charming!"

"That's why!" she informed him. "If I were to wear this pet little house frock of mine into that classroom every one of those purring spinsters would have a cheap one just like it before tomorrow night."

Jimmy considerately waited until she was out of hearing before he tested the phonograph, pointed out the latest flaw in its construction and sent Thomas Alva away with it, determined to conquer the thing or die.

"Well, what's the latest news?" asked Jimmy of the king, who had already climbed on a tall stool and locked his fingers round his knee, in Bezzanna's favorite pose.

"The wheat's all gone," replied the king, smiling. "Old Polecon brought away the last load in the granary this morning."

"Full of gossip, I suppose?" guessed Jimmy.

"Quivering with it," chuckled the king. "I don't suppose that, outside of yourself and Bezzanna and Teddy, and the rest of the family, and the boys in the factory here, and the Royal Park team, and the bunch of devil-may-care jokers over in Department G, I have a stancher supporter in the kingdom than old Polecon."

Jimmy laughed softly.

"That Department G gang is the pride of my heart!" he observed. "I selected every man in there because he had a sense of humor. There isn't a roughneck in the department who wouldn't consider it a good joke on himself to have his leg sawed off."

"I like the thing you call a sense of humor," mused the king, with jovial little wrinkles at the corners of his eyes.

"It takes a sense of humor to appreciate it," explained Jimmy seriously. "A sense of humor is the thing which keeps a tragedy from becoming serious. An Englishman can see a joke if it's explained to him; a Frenchman if it's nasty; an Italian if it's cruel; a German if it's on somebody else; but the American is the only man on earth who can really enjoy a joke on himself. The American sense of humor is the bubble on the cup of courage."

"The Star-Spangled Banner!" sang the king in friendly derision, and doffed his cap to the ten-foot American flag draped above Jimmy's workbench.

"Oh, long may she wave!" finished the rich voice of Jimmy, who followed the king's salute with one of his own. "The opening exercises having now been concluded, what did our spy have to say?"

"Polecon is worried to death," replied the king. "He tells me that the panic is already in full sway. Onalyon began it by refusing our money at his department store; and he is issuing credit slips in exchange for wheat to be used as currency. Onalyon has told the people that I have gone mad with commercial greed, and I think he believes it. He declares that I have taken, with your assistance, the lion's share of every enterprise for myself, and am planning to drain the resources of Isola to make myself rich.

"I don't see how people can be such fools, Jimmy. We are making them richer in luxuries, enjoyments, largeness of life, opportunities and actual wealth, by a hundred fold, than they could ever hope to be without this five centuries of progress which you have given us in less than a single year; and yet it was possible to persuade these people that I am robbing them!" And he crimsoned with indignation.

"Double tut!" chided Jimmy. "People like to be persuaded at least once into every fool belief in the world, so they can know how it feels; but they always come back to the right thing. What else did Polecon have on his mind?"

"The prince's new currency system for one thing. Onalyon, it seems, intends to consolidate all the manufacturing enterprises of Isola into one big company, and to issue one-dollar, interest-bearing shares that will take the place of our present currency."

"I needed a laugh this morning," responded Jimmy. "I wish we could afford to let him make an ass of himself trying to harness a currency of fluctuating value. I've been in the Central American countries at a period when people never asked the prices of commodities when they went marketing, but the price of money; and every time they saw an American dollar—which is worth a hundred cents any place and all the time—they hid it and squatted over the spot with a gun. What else frets Polecon?"

"The worst is yet to come," laughed the king. "The fine old codger is half wild because I'm not defending myself against anything Onalyon does, and because I'm not raising an army."

"Don't he see that we can't spare the time?" demanded Jimmy; then he closed his eyes to snicker. "I'll bet Onalyon is more worried about that than Polecon."

"He is," chuckled the king. "Just while I was talking with Polecon I had a telephone message from Huppylac, who urged me with tears in his voice to defend myself, assuring me that war was really imminent. I'm sure the message was inspired by Onalyon, for his family and that of old Huppylac have been sworn friends for two hundred years."

"Of course the message is from Onalyon," decided Jimmy with a nod of approbation. "Onalyon doesn't want to hit you behind your back. He's a good sport."

"I like him," heartily agreed the king. "He is a splendid and most lovable fellow." He hesitated a moment, but it was difficult for him to keep anything from his trusted prime minister. "There was a time when I was anxious to have him marry Bezzanna, but now I am glad ——" He broke off sharply. "You know what the war's about, don't you? Bezzanna refused to marry him."

"Oh, Yes; I Pitched Two Innings This Afternoon and Got a Charley Horse"

In spite of the fact that Jimmy had positively no trace of interest in Bezzanna's marital affairs, his heart gave an unruly jump. He took off his coat and carefully rolled up his sleeves.

"Why?" Jimmy asked.

"Because Onalyon is so unlike you and Teddy and myself, she explains," laughed the king. "Secretly she is very much worried about this war, and has developed a conscience at such an alarming rate that I am concerned about her. Really, however, she has done precisely what I wish in the political way, though she believes I say that merely out of kindness. Onalyon, fine fellow as he is, inherits too many traits, including cruelty, from that misguided artist, Xantobah, to be quite safe."

"He is the most dangerous type of man in the world," declared Jimmy soberly. "He is plausible, without being practical."

One of the foremen came in.

"That shipment from warehouse number six is ready for delivery to the Grand Bazar Department Store," he stated with the anxiety of a man so thoroughly identified with his responsibilities that he feels entitled to take liberties. "Shall we send it out, under the circumstances? Prince Onalyon's manager telephones that he is sending up wheat to pay for it."

"Not on your life!" declared Jimmy emphatically. "Send back that wheat the minute it gets here and tell Onalyon's bazar, also, that it can't have that shipment even for cash."

"Thanks," said the foreman gratefully, happy in the task of delivering anybody an ultimatum.

"What are you going to do?" inquired the king, smiling his approval of whatever it was.

"Teach Isola a lesson that she won't forget in a hurry!" announced Jimmy savagely. "She has forgotten how rich she is."

"Good!" applauded the king. "I am strong for your idea—but what is it?"

Jimmy smashed his fist triumphantly on his workbench. "She gets no soap!"

XVII

ALL night long old Amyah, worried into a condition of painfully alert wakefulness, pottered about the great hall, keeping hot broth on the fire and warm capes ready for instant use against the night air of the late fall, and looking out of the great glazed windows toward the valley a thousand times. Meanwhile he alternated between the telephone and the window, wringing his bloodless hands as if to keep them warm.

The windows never gave him any satisfaction, for the darkness remained as placidly secretive as the moon herself; but the telephone was more helpful. Its bells had been replaced with an experimental red electric light; and shortly after midnight the vivid glow first called the old man's attention. It was Dottersis, the night watchman at the First National Bank, who called.

"I must speak with the king or Jimmy," he demanded.

"Impossible," replied Amyah. "No one is to be awakened unless there is an actual invasion of the palace grounds."

"This is serious, however," insisted Dottersis.

"No one is to be awakened," repeated Amyah firmly.

"Then carry him this message. Men with spears are passing over the bridge to the south side of the river—large numbers of them; and other bodies of armed men are joining them from the south valley."

"It is true then!" trembled old Amyah. "I would not believe that an army could be raised against the king."

"Believe anything that is foolish, since merchants refuse good money!" growled Dottersis. "Will you tell the king or Jimmy what I have said?"

"In the morning," worried Amyah. "Is there anything else you have to tell them?"

"Not now," answered Dottersis; "but I shall tell you everything I see from my windows."

"Do!" begged old Amyah. "You cannot call me too often. Night is so lonely."

He paused, wrung his hands and looked toward the great stairway which ran upward into yawning blackness. Surely the king or Jimmy or Teddy should know at once this startling news. Held back by his strict instructions, but prompted by his devotion, he put his foot upon the lower step and stood motionless fully five minutes, struggling within himself; but obedience conquered, and in great agitation he ran to the window and peered down into the valley as if, through all that dimly lighted distance, his old eyes could see the gathering hosts which menaced his king. The light of the telephone flushed and the peremptory voice of a sharp-tongued old man said:

"Hello, palace one!"

"Yes, sir," quavered Amyah.

"Who is this at the 'phone?"

"Amyah, sir."

"Tell the king I wish to speak with him."

"It is impossible, sir."

"The matter is imperative."

"The king is not to be awakened, sir."

"This is so important that you must disobey orders. This is Huppylac. Do as I bid you."

"I dare not for any one," responded Amyah, a feeble trace of satisfaction thrilling his old soul that he could disobey a noble. "I can only take your message and deliver it in the morning."

"It will be too late."

"I have my orders, sir."

"Tell him this, then," snapped Huppylac. "A detachment of one thousand men, brought together by my order and armed by me, is just leaving my estate to join the army of Prince Onalyon."

"Yes, sir," faintly answered Amyah, aghast at this information. Why, he had known Huppylac for sixty years.

"Tell him," went on the harsh voice of Huppylac, "that I am sending him this message because I do not wish him to be taken unawares; but that, as he has had ample

(Continued on Page 40)

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 18, 1912

What Will Progressives Do?

"VOTE as you shoot!" used to be the sapient advice given to Republicans. We are hoping they will vote as they think. In those states that furnish the backbone of Republicanism, whenever the members of that party have had a fair chance to express themselves at primary elections they have rejected Mr. Taft and the school of politics he stands for by majorities ranging from two to one to twenty to one.

The Old Guard, however, at this writing, is still imagining that the President's nomination may be forced by a combination of bosses.

A great majority of free Republicans having declared they do not believe in what the President stands for, the bosses propose to arrange that they shall vote for him nevertheless. Will they?

What, except principles, should attach a plain voter who isn't seeking office to a party? If the party repudiates his principles, what reasonable cause of attachment is left? In a give-and-take, compromising world there is usually practical virtue in submitting to the will of a majority; but if a great majority can be compelled to submit, through party attachment, to the will of a small minority that controls certain political machinery, we are a long way off from democratic government. To find North Dakota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Nebraska, or even Pennsylvania, voting for Mr. Taft next November would be a discouraging sign of the times.

Such a showing would mean that Progressives are not yet ready to throw off boss domination.

The Single Tax in Missouri

"AFTER 1914 there shall be no taxes on personal property, no poll tax, no license tax on merchants, manufacturers or upon any occupation that does not require police regulation. In 1914 improvements upon land shall be exempt from taxation to the extent of one-fourth of their value and an additional one-fourth each two years thereafter until, in 1920, all improvements upon land shall be exempt from taxation."

Such is the proposal which the Equitable Taxation League lays before the people of Missouri in the form of a constitutional amendment, to be voted upon next November. The argument is simple: Personal property and improvements upon real estate are the result of individual effort. The possessor acquired them through his personal exertions or, if he inherited them, somebody else acquired them through personal exertion.

Missouri wants people to exert themselves. It wants them to lay by money, put up better dwellings, barns, factories, office buildings, warehouses. It should encourage them to add as much as possible to the state's total wealth through their own efforts. Hence it should not tax the fruit of such efforts.

And revenue—when these things are exempt from taxation? Why, it will be raised by levying all taxes upon land values, exclusive of improvements. Nobody made the land. Bountiful Nature provided it. And land values, exclusive of improvements, result from the increase of population rather than from anybody's individual effort. A certain plot of ground, vacant and unproductive, is worth a million dollars in the market simply because half a million people live close to it.

That is what the sponsors of Missouri's constitutional amendment propose to tax.

The Taxation League's proposal involves something of a revolution, and the time allowed for carrying it into effect may be rather short. A very big and complex vested interest has been built up on the "unearned increment" in city real estate. To unbuild it without disaster needs much care and patience.

Ulster's Discontent

IRELAND never had a finer leader than Grattan. Under his leadership the island came nearer to being a free, united country than at any time since the Poynings Law of Henry VII. Himself a Protestant, and at a time when Catholics were crushed under religious persecution and civil disabilities—when no Catholic could vote or own land or hold a mortgage on land; when any son of a Catholic by renouncing his father's religion might claim the father's whole estate—Grattan began with the creed that "the Irish Protestant can never be free until the Irish Catholic has ceased to be a slave." For a time national feeling overbore religious differences, and great days for Ireland ensued.

Ulster's rabid opposition to home rule—more than a century later—stands in dismal contrast. It is difficult for Americans to understand the furious resentment in England and a part of Ireland against a proposition that seems to us so natural and inevitable—namely, that a given locality be permitted to govern itself in local affairs. We do not consider ourselves "dismembered" because California levies her own taxes and makes her own health regulations.

There would be no more talk of "dismembering the empire" by home rule in Ireland than by home rule in Canada and South Africa, if long abuse had not engendered that jealous rancor the oppressor always feels toward his victim. It may not be logical to hate people whom you have wronged, but it is natural.

The other day John Redmond very appropriately reminded the people of Ulster of "the glories of their ancestors, the Protestant patriots of Grattan's Parliament"—who took the lead for a united Ireland.

Illiterate Immigrants

SINCE the Spanish-American War we have received two and a quarter million immigrants who were unable to read or write in any language, nearly all of whom undoubtedly were unable to speak English. Their only means of communication was the spoken word in their mother tongue. Naturally these immigrants tend to congregate in foreign-speaking, foreign-thinking communities. Wholly dependent for information upon a fellow countryman's word of mouth, they are especially liable to exploitation.

Illiteracy shuts them out from most opportunities for bettering their condition. Inevitably they work for the lowest pay; and, coming in such great numbers, there is no doubt they tend to depress the general level of wages in the industries they enter.

It is quite true, as urged by those who oppose a literary test in our immigration laws, that character is more important than education; but the point has no practical relevancy, because it is plainly impossible to frame any statutory test for character. If there is to be any restriction upon immigration it should bar out the least desirable; and no candid person will deny that, by and large, the illiterate immigrant is less desirable than the literate. His illiteracy raises a strong presumption that he has been badly conditioned socially and politically. It handicaps him tremendously in comprehending American conditions and purposes.

We shall, as a matter of course, bar known criminals, the insane and paupers. If there is to be any finer discrimination, as regards immigration from European countries, the literacy test ought to be adopted.

State Sovereignty

TREMENDOUS solicitude for state rights is expressed in Congress—especially in the Senate—whenever it is proposed that the Federal Government compel just compensation to injured railroad employees, or check the exploitation of child workers, or stop the manufacture of poisonous phosphorus-matches. However, we do not recall that much impassioned senatorial eloquence has been spilled over the simple proposition that a state be permitted to control the liquor traffic within its own borders, or to prevent, if it chooses, competition between prison labor and free labor. No state, however strongly the people may favor prohibition, is permitted to exclude liquor that comes in by interstate traffic. A number of states have taken intelligent action to prevent prison contract labor from competing with free labor. Such states at once become convenient dumping-grounds for prison-labor contractors in other states. Bills before Congress propose to remedy both these conditions, and to give states actual sovereignty in protecting their citizens against what a majority of them regard as grave social injury. We are rather anxious to hear from some of the valiant champions of state rights—when some extensive property interest is in question—upon those bills.

Parcels Post Abroad

PURSUANT to a Senate resolution, the State Department has gathered reports on the operation of the parcels post from thirty-four nations which pretty nearly cover the earth, excluding the United States. The reports include "specific information as to whether shopkeepers in small towns claim that the parcels post militates against them and in favor of the large department or city store." The reports disclose hostility to the parcels post on the part of country merchants in only one country—Peru. In a great majority of cases reports say the country retailer is benefited. English country retailers some years ago protested when it was proposed that the post-office do a "collection-delivery" business—transporting the parcel and collecting the bill for it; but the bald statement sometimes heard that parcels post has vastly injured country retailers in England and Germany is unsupported by evidence. True, our conditions of retailing are not just like those in any other country; but are they so radically different that what is beneficial elsewhere would be ruinous in the United States?

Real Versus Bogus Efficiency

WE HAVE been genuinely interested in President Taft's several recommendations—backed by strong evidence—for economy in the Government service; but no doubt the President knows perfectly well that no permanent good will come of those recommendations unless the Government service is purged of politics. Somewhere round the post-office you will find a formidable placard headed in blood-red type—Warning Against Activity in Politics by Federal Officers and Employees! The postmaster who hung it up was appointed on the recommendation of a senator or representative exactly because he had been active in politics. He knows very well that if his party, or his faction of his party, is defeated he will be turned out when his term expires, or before. He knows the post-office offers him no permanent employment and that, whatever his record may be, he has not the slightest chance of advancement. The better positions and larger salaries will not go to those who have performed valuable service in the department, but to those who have performed valuable service in politics. So it is in other departments.

Imagine a railroad saying to its employee:

"You can have this job, but there's no telling when you may be turned out of it; and, no matter how faithfully you work, we will never give you a better job!"

There are the recommendations for economy and efficiency; there are the solemn warnings against political activity; also, there are the Southern Republican organizations, manned mostly by Federal employees.

Talk of efficiency and economy in the Government service will be fruitless and farcical until the service is absolutely taken out of politics.

False Alarms

WE MIGHT doubt the press reports that a thriving little mid-Western city was panic-stricken upon discovering that it contained a leper, if we did not remember the recent and exceedingly scandalous case of another leper, who was hustled from place to place as though he were a dynamite bomb on the point of exploding.

Every literate person ought to know that leprosy in a civilized country is one of the least dangerous of diseases. Probably a leper could walk down Broadway at midday with less danger to public health than occurs every time a consumptive spits in a street car. Our total danger from leprosy is to that from tuberculosis about as one to a trillion. Indeed, in those countries of low civilization where the disease persists, lepers are by no means the worst off among the population. Frequently they live in perfect comfort to a ripe age. Leprosy may have been dangerous when the treatment of it consisted in howling "unclean" and in hurling rocks. When men ceased stoning lepers and began studying them the danger disappeared.

Of course leprosy is un-American, while tuberculosis is not. We have panics over the one and considerable stolidity over the other. The temptation to draw analogies is obvious. Anarchy in the United States, for example, is one of the least dangerous of mental dissipations. One little thing like the administrative emasculation of the pure-food law does more harm in a few years than anarchy is likely to do in a century. The one is un-American; the other is not. We have a fit over the one and accept the other with considerable complacency.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Darling of D. D. Destiny

ARIZONA, it appears, plumes herself on the selection of Henry Fountain Ashurst for one of her first batch of United States senators; but Arizona is herewith ardently invited to go to. Arizona had nothing to do with it, except in a confirmatory manner. Henry Fountain Ashurst was selected for United States senator by Destiny—by Darius Diogenes Destiny, Esquire, and none other; and I can prove it.

So can Henry Fountain Ashurst prove it, and I let his proof stand for mine. Henry says: "It was destiny. When I was ten years old, as though by inspiration, I took my pencil in hand and wrote, one day at school, on the fly-leaf of my blue-backed speller, these prophetic words: 'Henry Fountain Ashurst, United States senator from the state of Arizona!' I have been a candidate for the office ever since."

Of course, when D. D. Destiny takes a hand, and a man is a candidate from the mature age of ten years for a senatorship, there is but a modicum to it; nothing, in fact. And we observe Senator Ashurst, of Arizona, far up on the voting list; far up on the payroll; far away on the extreme left of the chamber—but there!

It seems, too, that Destiny is quite a picker when setting his attention to the job. So far, about all we know of Henry Fountain in Washington is that he swathes himself in the longest frock coat that has appeared in the upper forum of the Congress since the days of Charles Warren Fairbanks, and wears a stern and rockbound look, which the picture faithfully portrays. However, we shall learn—we shall indubitably learn; for when the Honorable W. O. Geary introduced Henry Fountain to an audience of fellow citizens a time agone Geary pictured Henry in this deathless phrase: "I am proud to introduce to you the war eagle of the San Francisco crags; the silver-tongued sunbeam of the Painted Desert!" Inasmuch as the United States Senate has been lamentably shy of war eagles or any crags whatsoever, to say nothing of the San Francisco brand of the same, and has not had a silver-tongued sunbeam of the Painted Desert to its name, it is certain Destiny operated to the great advantage of all concerned, including the men who set the type for the Congressional Record.

Moreover, in addition to being the war eagle and the silver-tongued sunbeam, Henry is also the Cowboy Senator, thus sitting in with three of a kind that are strong enough to demolish any two pairs in the senatorial game when it comes to titles. And all and sundry safely may expect him to come marching to the front in the near future, and not only let the war eagle scream and the silver-tongued sunbeam—quite a Nature-fake, that—glister, but produce these effects simultaneously with the rattle of his spurs, the shuffle of his chaps and the swinging of his lariat.

He Has a Record of Never Having Been Defeated for Office

Those Sunbeams With Silver Tongues

HE CAN do it. Do not be under any misapprehension about that. I quote you a few sentences from a nice notice he gave the Democratic party when he was thanking the Arizona legislature for carrying out the designs of Destiny. The war eagle was eagling about the coming back of the Democrats, which he did in these following silver-tongued sunbeams:

"It is coming to untwist the choking grasp which the railroad companies have upon the throat of commerce; it is coming to drive from public office those who have betrayed the people; and as it comes it shakes the very earth with its lively tread. In its ranks are the dust-begrimed toilers who make their sad appeal. In its ranks are human sympathy and human love, and the women of this land who, in the silence of self-abnegation, suffer while they serve."

Senator Ellison DuRant Smith, of South Carolina, will sit up and take hasty notice when he reads that. But hark! The Cowboy Senator was only beginning. Let the glories of this sink into your stodgy soul:

"It hears the prayers of the oppressed and sounds the bugle-note of the courageous and the strong. Those whose natural rights have been denied to them so long that they have even begun to doubt the justice of this world are thrilled with the joy of the deliverance it will bring. The guilty grafters are trembling before it. It is coming to answer the voices of God's angry workmen, who demand a change so they shall have the 'right to live, by no man's leave, beneath the law'; and as it comes it is sounding forth a trumpet that shall never call retreat!"

Small wonder the Democratic party is all perked up after such a flattering testimonial of merit, especially when put forth by a silver-tongued sunbeam, of whom—or which—very few are now operating in our somewhat stupid midst.

And I violate no Arizona confidence when I say that Henry Fountain Ashurst wasn't extending himself much when he issued those burning words. He can go farther than that, and has. Indeed, it seems certain that he will have all Democratic orators gazing at him in shocked surprise when he gets ready to show what he can do along the line of silver-tonguing. There were occasions in his campaign for the senatorial nomination when he made this quoted excerpt sound like a section from a brief in a patent case.

Ashurst was almost born in Arizona. As the story goes, his family was on the way from California to that country when Henry appeared at Winnemucca, Nevada. However, Henry came right along as soon as possible, and has lived in Arizona ever since. His father was one of the pioneers of Coconino County. At school Henry picked not a few flowers from the garden of rhetoric, and as he grew up he gathered bouquets and Easter displays. He developed into a large and impressive man, and also developed into the best all-round handshaker in the Southwest. He has been orating since he was a child and handshaking simultaneously; and he has a record—which is a record—of never having been defeated for office. He was admitted to the bar on motion before he was twenty-one, and at twenty-one he was elected a member of the territorial assembly.

He was a cowboy, a deputy sheriff and a bookkeeper before he became a statesman. When asked to write something about himself for the legislative handbook he stated he was the youngest legislator in either branch and probably the youngest man who ever occupied a seat in any legislature in the West. Continuing, he remarked:

"Though far from self-assertive, Mr. Ashurst has taken a keen interest in the politics of his county; and his nomination for office, despite his contrary wishes, was but a testimonial of the appreciation felt by his party for his work." Adam Littlepage never turned out anything neater than that.

He was speaker of the House for one term, at twenty-four, and served for a time as county attorney of Coconino County. He made the canvass of the state for senator and was successful; and his election by the legislature and taking his seat at Washington followed as matters of course. He studied law at the University of Michigan one summer, and in 1904 was active in promoting the presidential canvass of William Randolph Hearst.

Radical But Not Too Radical

ALL the candidates for nomination for United States senator in Arizona were radical, but Henry Fountain out-radicaled them. His theory was that, if the people want to be radical, far be it from him not to help the cause along, and he gave them what they wanted apparently, for he won. Nothing in the initiative, referendum or recall had any terrors for him. He was out to win and he decided the way to win was to be advanced. He was right. However, he is not so all-fired radical when you come right down to it. He knows the value of the faithful "but." He balances his radical outbursts with plenty of "but, then, on the other hand." There was that time when he was talking to a labor meeting:

"The day has arrived in this country when the downtrodden workingman must resort to force to obtain his rights!" he shouted; and there were loud and enthusiastic cheers. "But," he continued, holding up a warning hand, "I would not counsel violence."

He is a man of great courage and has a good fighting record. He is now but thirty-six, and he has arrived in Washington with ideas about the judiciary that may well cause the wearers of the ermine to shiver when he gets up to speak. He knows his constituency and he gives them what they want, catering especially to the cowboys and the miners. He has frequently said his bark is worse than his bite—which is probably true—and will be developed as time goes on; but it is sincerely to be hoped that he will bark some—if a war eagle and a silver-tongued sunbeam can bark—before he gets too conventional. The Senate of the United States is in the doldrums. A cowboy senator who can bark is needed, and apparently one is at hand.

Asking Too Much

FRED C. KELLY was stopped by a panhandler at a certain street corner in Washington, to hear a tale of woe. Kelly gave the teller a quarter.

A month later the same man stopped him at the same place and told him the same tale of woe.

"Nix," said Kelly; "it is only a month ago that you stopped and told me that story and I gave you a quarter."

"A month ago?" asked the panhandler.

"Yes," replied Kelly firmly.

"Well," said the panhandler, "you don't expect me to live on a quarter any longer than that—do you?"

An Expert Grafter

A WESTERN MAN who had been in politics applied for a job in a nursery. He knew all about setting out trees and spraying them, and a lot of other essential things.

"Do you know anything about grafting?" asked the boss.

"Well," replied the applicant, "I was county commissioner the year we let so many contracts for bridges!"

One Step Further

JUDGE CALEB NORRIS served in the latest constitutional convention in Ohio.

One day they brought up a proposition to abolish coroners. The judge is a jurist of the old school.

"Abolish coroners!" he shouted. "Well, then, let's go further and abolish the dead!"

THE PROPHET WHO SLIPPED

Old Reliable Dines at the Sirdar's, Recovers an Heirloom and Fails to Land the Catfish

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

Zack Foster Effendi Dined in Lonely Grandeur

"Lordy! Cun'l, You Oughter Seed What a Big Catfish Dat Wus!"

DUSK came on feverish, throbbing dusk—that went gasping and panting through the sandy vacancies of Khartum. A dazzle clung to the twin minarets of the mosque and struck the Sirdar's palace, lighting the Star-and-Crescent banner that floated beside the Union Jack. Below, it darkened upon many a mud-built hovel from which languid creatures crept and began to stir amid the wide silences of empty streets.

The Blue Nile pulsed against the bank, choking with the rich red silt from Abyssinia which would turn to wheat and cotton for children of the Nile in Lower Egypt. This had been his duty for so many thousand years that the ancient river pursued his drudgery in the changeless, patient way of the East. His thick waters rolled in eddies, against which the lateen sail of a lone noggur made no headway. The winds came puffy and uncertain, hot as the breath of a panting beast that had staggered across the desert, where there was never a drop of water or a veil of mist, or yet the sheen of leaf or green of growing things. The foremost winds halted at the river—came to a trembling stop. The lateen sail shivered and the noggur dropped backward with the current. Starving winds behind pushed the others onward, as famished cattle thrust their leaders from the drinking pool. Hot gusps blew into the faces of three white men who strolled along the embankment beside the river—Lyttleton Bey, McDonald Bimbashi and Colonel Spottiswoode, of Vicksburg, Mississippi. A black shadow followed the planter three steps behind Zack Foster Effendi, in southern dress of white linens and Panama hat that had once belonged to the boss. Zack had his own body-servant and a broad grin; his shifty eyes were taking in both sides of the road and showing their whites—like a balky mule.

Donkey-boys belabored their animals into a trot and stopped eagerly before them. Lyttleton, the older, heavier and tawnier of the British officers, shook his head. "*Imshi! Imshi!* Begone!" he said, not unkindly but finally, as one must speak to donkey-boys. The officers wore dinner coats and soft white shirts, starch being unknown in the Sudan. While his British friends talked of cotton prospects in the far Gezira, the American found himself more interested in the awakening life of this desert capital. He walked between a double row of trees that overhung the broad white road which ran parallel with the river. To his right were houses of sun-dried brick and some of wood, gazing out from palmy groves and irrigated gardens over their mudwalls, across the road into the river. These houses were British-built and modern, according to the Khartum idea; to the American they were less fascinating than Father Nile himself.

Robed and turbaned Arabs dotted the embankment, with here and there some European official glad to lay aside his helmet for a straw hat when the sun went down. A Sudani girl squatted beside the water, flat-faced and black, with tribal gashes on her cheeks—a naked girl, except for her necklace and that transparent kirtle of loose strings which dangled like a portière from the cord at her waist. Glistening and unabashed, she watched these foreign men.

Khartum was waking; throughout the day men had slumbered on the roadway, dozed on the sidewalks, drowsed against the shade of low walls, slept like rag dummies with dirty turbans wound round their heads. Flies swarmed and buzzed and tickled their callous feet. Now they sat up and blinked. Date-sellers nodded beside their shallow baskets until twilight set them to sorting out their wares. A group of porters and donkey-boys gathered round two Berberines who played a game with bits of broken stone upon a checkerboard marked in the sand. A sakieh boy stopped to watch them; his oxen stopped, his wheel stopped, and the trickle of water ceased to flow. All day long—every day—through all the ages, the Nile wheel on the river's brink has clicked, clicked, clicked; round and round the oxen trudge, inconceivably slow, while the boy clings to the end of a scarcely moving pole.

Zack grinned. "Look yonder, Cun'l; you reckin dat boy thinks he's ridin' on a flyin' jinny?"

Through the lassitude of tepid hours this wheel turned round; its water jars rose from the river—slow—slow—slow—and emptied themselves into a trough; the stream disappeared under a mudwall into a garden where greedy soil drank it up. The boy roused himself, beat the oxen and started them jerkily on again. The jars rose rapidly and water gurgled as it hastened to feed the palms.

Old, old women, naked to the waist, with skins of wrinkled rubber, plodded to and from the river bearing jars upon their heads, a never-ending file that began with the dawn of time. A camel sprawled awkwardly and laid its long neck like a suction hose to the river. Other camels knelt, with square iron tanks across their backs, while Egyptian drivers filled them for the soldiers.

Colonel Spottiswoode tried to see everything, but did not observe the pairs of keen black eyes that were watching Zack. Zack did not see them, but the eyes saw and the lips of desert men muttered to one another.

Behind his black Effendi, Said shuffled along, craving the world's pardon for living in it; nevertheless, his furtive glance conveyed a message of pride to every faithful Mussulman. One very old man, in dingy burnoose and turban, stood close; he reached out and touched the hem of Zack's coattail. Zack wheeled, clutched the gold pieces in his pocket and hurried to the Colonel's heels. The seller of dates understood; the sakieh boy understood; two tall, black Nigerines, who had come from Sheik Tabira at Beni Yeb, they understood best of all. With folded arms, they saw the Great Teacher pass. It was only the foreign unbelievers who could never understand.

Three sauntering unbelievers turned in at a white-latticed gate in a yellow mudwall and passed down a feathery avenue of what might have been huge asparagus plants. Arab servants at the gate rose, salaamed, then dropped on their haunches again. Their own servants stopped. McDonald beckoned to Zack to follow. Old Reliable tilted his nose high in the air and marched in; Said nodded triumphantly. The two Nigerines moved over and stood carelessly near the gate.

African stars looked down upon a table brilliantly set in sandy spaces of the night; white lamps of Heaven shone through a lacery of palms—those street lights in the City of Jewels which is the capital of the Country of Delight. With the calm of eternity they gazed at evanescent candles flickering upon the stranger-people's board. Silver glittered; crystal sparkled; soft-footed Nubians moved like phantoms across the hush of Eastern rugs. Dinner had almost ended, a dinner of men—eight men—who spoke in low-toned monosyllables; men who felt the somber oppressiveness of Africa. The Nubians began placing queer-shaped glasses among the candles, glasses filled with party-colored liqueurs. Cigarette boxes and matches appeared; men negligently shoved back their chairs and the meditative columns of smoke arose; some curled among the shadows and some floated upward through the shine.

Zack Foster Effendi dined in lonely grandeur at a table apart with a servant of his own. Zack dined diligently. Said slunk down the darkened avenue and peeped to see what his master was about. Then he scurried back and reported to other Arabs beyond the gates. "He breaks no bread with the unbeliever. He eats alone. May Allah burn my eyes if I speak not the truth!"

"One Sultry Night Two Weeks Afterward I Was Awakened by a Hand That Closed My Mouth"

At his second reconnaissance Said led one of the Nigerines from the street, so that all doubters might be convinced. "Behold!" whispered the Nigerine. "He drinks from the wine-cup forbidden by the Prophet."

"It is true; yet the wine doth turn to milk within his mouth—which proves the holy one." Every Mussulman knew that Zack's wine was being changed to milk in his throat, but they were kind enough not to tell Zack.

Young McDonald waited for a pause. "My dear Colonel Spottiswoode, will you call the black man and let him tell General Durham how he got three hundred Nigerine tenants for McGregor, on Beni Yeb plantation?"

General Durham—Acting Sirdar—blue-eyed, grizzled, ribbed with whalebone and covered with suntanned leather—General Durham smiled. "Yes, Colonel Spottiswoode, that was an exploit worthy to be mentioned in the dispatches."

The American planter glanced over his shoulder at Zack. It needed only a glance, for Zack was watching the white folks' table, listening and hoping.

"Zack, come here."

"Yas, suh; yas, suh." Zack wiped his mouth with great care before he came and bent over the corner of the table between Colonel Spottiswoode and that hatchet-faced white man.

"Zack, this is the Sirdar—we would call him Governor at home. He wants to hear how you put those negroes to work at Beni Yeb."

"You mean dem niggers on Cun'l McGregor's place?"

"Yes—where we were last week."

Zack did not even grin; it was too slight an achievement. "Lordy! Cun'l; 'twarn't nothin' at all and not much o' dat. 'Twarn't like hustlin' for cotton pickers 'mong dem Vicksburg niggers. I wuz jes' walkin' 'bout on dat big ole san'-bar back o' de house an' met up wid dem niggers. At fus' dey conduc' deyselves mighty discontemptuous, but dat wuz befo' dey knowed reel good who I wuz. Dey talked some kind o' jabber-talk what didn't have no heads or no tails—neither one. D'rec'ly dat white feller what lived wid 'em, he come out an' axed me what wuz I doin' dar. He wuz de onlies' one what knowed how to talk. I spoke him right back dat I wuz jes' walkin' 'bout; 'twarn't no law 'ginst walkin' 'bout, wuz it? He spoke pow'ful sudden: 'Whar did you come fum?' Jes' quick as I specify 'Vicksburg, Missippi,' dat made him easy in his min'. Den he 'quired what for I come to dat camp. Dat ole one-eyed nigger didn't 'low me to splain nothin'. He jes' put in his mouth.

"Ev'ybody stop an' listen to what he say; I knowed he must be some kind o' overseer. Him and dat white feller dey kep' 'sputin' an' 'sputin', up an' down, till dat white feller axed me wuz I de one dey wuz spectin'. I tol' him I reckin so. He spressed dem words to de one-eyed nigger, an' dat one-eyed nigger nodded, jes' same as to say: 'I tol' you so!' Den he say somethin' else to de white feller, an' de white feller axed me wuz I de Great Teacher. I tol' him I warn't no sech great teacher ez all dat, but I spec' I could teach some, bein' as I had come a mighty fur ways to teach. Jes' as soon as de white man tell dat to de one-eyed nigger dey talked a mighty heap in dat jabber, back an' fo'th, up one side an' down de yudder. Dem niggers shore made a big 'miration. 'Twarn t no sense in nothin' dey said. Dat white feller he got so mad he stomped back to his tent an' lef' me 'mong all dem niggers. Dey capered roun' scan'lous, rubbed san' on deir faces an' butted dey heads 'ginst de groun'. I got right fidgety seein' 'em stick knives in deyselves. Next mawnin', bein' as dey wuz huntin' for a home, an' dat gen'leman on de plantation wanted a lot o' hoe hands, I jes' fotch 'em along."

Zack's enthusiasm dwindled as he talked, for that hatchet-faced man at the head of the table refused to smile. The experienced dervish fighter never missed a word; he listened rigidly, as if it were a military report. Zack kept glancing at the Colonel and blundered through to the end. Colonel Spottiswoode thought the Britisher could not understand negro humor; but General Durham did understand; he understood better than Zack, better than Colonel Spottiswoode, more clearly than any of his guests, except Lyttleton. Lyttleton, who had been through the Khalifah campaign—getting his spearthrust and promotion at Omdurman—sat at the far end of the table watching his superior officer. To both of these men the phrases "Expected One" and "Great Teacher" were slogans of dread which had lighted many a torch and hurled many a spear in the Sudan. Durham's mustache lowered above a pair of thin lips that looked like a gash across a block of granite.

Colonel Spottiswoode felt that Zack's story had gone wrong and attempted to help out. "When we left Beni Yeb, old Tabira and his Nigerines crowded to the landing; if we had not already got on board the boat we might have had trouble in bringing Zack away. They waved their hands and shouted that they would follow—Lyttleton, wasn't that what they said?"

Lyttleton only nodded, and Durham nodded too.

The inexperienced McDonald thought of nothing except the help he would have in getting labor for their cotton experiment at Wadi Okar. That was his part of the show and he attended to it. Every Briton always attends to his own part of the show.

Zack felt that he had been poured back into the jug, so he retired to his own table and nobody laughed as he went. McDonald spoke up inopportunely: "General, you agree that he will be of great service on Wadi Okar?"

"Possibly, sir; possibly, if he can set those Shilluks and Dinkas to work. What about the Nigerines—if they go to Wadi Okar?"

They Straightened Out the Knotted Links of Brass

McDonald answered promptly: "They won't come; it's a month's journey."

Durham shook his head. "Doesn't matter. Tabira's tribe has spent more than twenty years on this pilgrimage to Mecca. I fancy a few months more will not stop him."

McDonald hadn't thought of that—it had not occurred to Colonel Spottiswoode; but the possibility was in the mind of Lyttleton. The men at the table resumed their talk, two and two, in undertones.

General Durham turned to the Italian at his left—Count di Favara, adventurer, ex-officer of the Foreign Legion in Algiers, refugee from the defeat in Abyssinia, who had served with the British at Majuba Hill.

"Favara," asked the General, "you tried some Chinese labor in the Niger basin, at—I forget the name of the place?"

Di Favara—darker than an Arab, with his black beard trimmed to a point and a marvelous command of many languages—Di Favara leaned forward, smiling and said.

"My dear Governor, the place is of no consequence."

Di Favara had a keen dramatic instinct which focused all attention upon himself. "We were trying to build a railroad around a certain waterfall—bare rock, much blasting. White men shriveled under the heat and natives ran away from the work. We contracted with the Chinese Six Companies for three thousand coolies. Work? They were very devils for work! We needed devils; we were moving red-hot stones in hell. Chinamen died like flies sunstroke, fever, reptiles and insects. We had agreed to ship every Chinese body home for burial. They did the embalming, put the bodies in coffins; and we stacked them on the river, where a boat came twice a week. More Chinamen died; others worked madly ahead of death. We were succeeding; we were building; death did not matter—until three Chinamen went fishing. Never before had any coolie taken a holiday. Two miles below our landing-place a little river tumbled into the big one; there, among the rocks, they found the bodies of their friends—some of their friends. As for the others—the crocodiles were said to be very, very fat! Those fishermen rushed back and spread the news. Every coolie stopped. That work is stopped to this day. Nobody will ever complete it. They held a meeting; we tried to pacify them. The frenzied demons would listen to nothing. At daylight three thousand yellow men, without food, guides or arms, marched out of camp, headed toward the sunrise. That mob started from middle Africa and went shouting on their way to China."

Di Favara stopped; it was Colonel Spottiswoode who inquired: "What became of them?"

The Italian shrugged his shoulders: "Who knows? That was nine years ago. Last summer I was in Zanzibar. The Sultan has a lone Chinese slave that his traders captured in a *razzia* while sacking the village of a savage tribe. This coolie was pointed out to me—a solitary yellow man working placidly in a garden. *Madonna mia!* What tales that man could tell!"

The Italian lighted another cigarette and let the imagination of his hearers run riot with those Chinese in the jungle.

Colonel Spottiswoode stared at the man with the black beard. Nobody moved until Durham's even voice asked another question: "Yes, I heard of that, but never believed it to be true. Did you know a man named Vinizzi—Balthazar Vinizzi?"

Favara made a queer gesture of Latin assent: "Yes; oh, yes. Vinizzi was everywhere—a bold man, Balthazar, but not good—not good." Even in Favara's code there were things which men should not do. Vinizzi had left nothing undone.

The British governor stirred the crushed ice in his *crème de menthe*. "Pardon my curiosity about Vinizzi. Did you ever hear that he had a necklace of interlaced rings for which our Government has been searching—an old Indian heirloom called the Tangle of Badar Khan, or the Seven-and-Seventy Rings?" Durham was no diplomat. His blunt question startled the suave Italian.

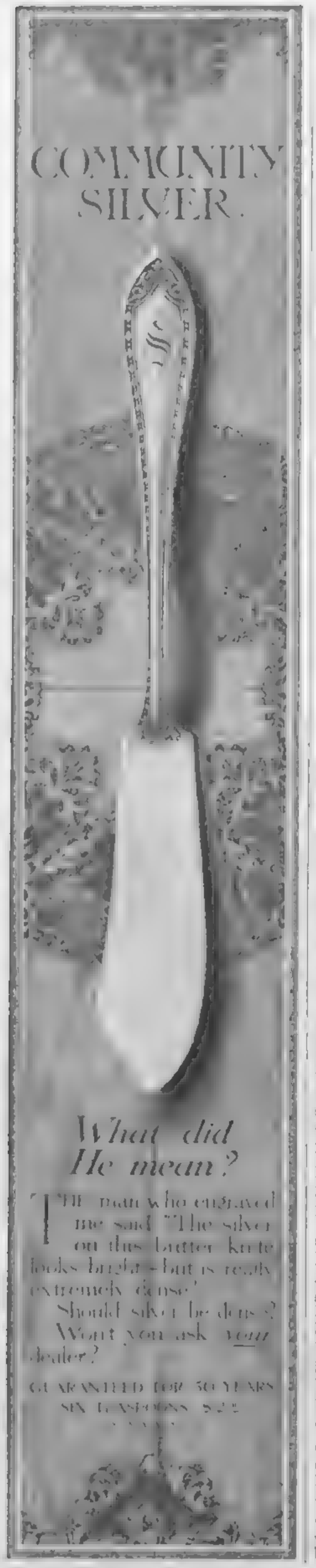
Favara glanced up quickly, then down again. Then he leaned both elbows on the table and replied: "*Ebbene*, I will tell you. Why not? Vinizzi had that necklace while we were together in the Congo. It was of no value, but perilous to keep. Vinizzi delighted to do dangerous things."

Colonel Spottiswoode looked from one man to the other with intense curiosity, which General Durham gratified. "We never learned the history of this heirloom, except that the hill people of India said it had been a Mohammedan emblem, captured centuries ago by Badar Khan. It descended in the family of a certain prince from whom it was looted during our troubles. When peace came this prince made a special stipulation that we should return his trinket. That was easy. An Englishman had the thing in Algiers. When we sent for it the Englishman had disappeared. People said he was murdered. Others said no—that he had traveled south into the Kabail country. Then we heard that Seven-and-Seventy Rings was in the hands of a man named Balthazar Vinizzi in the Belgian Congo. Favara, what became of Vinizzi?"

This was the second awkward question that General Durham had asked. For a moment the Italian held his tongue, then he laughed airily. "Why not? It is among friends. That night is three years gone. Vinizzi is dead. I think it was Yambio who killed him. Poor Balthazar! - but I shall tell you."

Durham the unimaginative sat rigidly upright in his chair; everybody else leaned forward and the Italian began:

"Vinizzi commanded the post; I served under him. He had a sergeant named Yambio; nobody knew where



Yambio came from; it would have been unpleasant to inquire—that is the way of the Congo. But imagine him—the color of old ivory, the length of my arm taller than I, half robed, half bare, a giant fighting his Carthaginian galley against the Romans. Yambio might have been a prince—perhaps a pirate. We found him a marvel in controlling those blacks; he spoke their language and was a born soldier. He made me his friend. One day Yambio asked permission to bring his favorite wife to the post—a young girl from the Barcine desert. Vinizzi granted the unfortunate permission. Early one morning the young wife came—a mere child, smiling, very happy and beautiful. Vinizzi and two of his boon companions caught one glimpse of her, which was enough. Men must be amused in the Congo. He ordered me to take Yambio with a detachment and proceed in all haste to the frontier—two days' journey. Yambio did not protest; Allah had willed it so. He went with me, but was very silent.

"Four days later we returned. His girl wife was not in Yambio's hut. He heard a gruesome story—how she had been taken screaming to Vinizzi's quarters. His blacks could tell him all—all in their own tongue. Yambio went straight to headquarters. There they were, Vinizzi and his cronies, sitting round a table, reckless with wine. Yambio demanded his wife. Vinizzi pointed to an inner room. 'She is there!' he said. That was all. She was there, lying on the floor—not yet dead—but worse than dead. Yambio gathered the limp creature in his arms and strode out to the jungle. She died that night. Yambio buried her and went back to Vinizzi. How he looked, blocking that door, with arms folded, glaring at those men who sat about the table and sneered. Yambio spoke, very, very slowly: 'Allah is just; and Allah sees the sorrow you have put upon his servant.' That is all he said—I remember every syllable. He went about his duties and the post was quiet.

"One sultry night two weeks afterward I was awakened by a hand that closed my mouth—'Be still; you shall meet no harm!' Yambio himself bound and gagged me, then set a guard upon me in the forest. I heard no shots; there were none—the knife is more deadly; and the knife is silent. I heard a scream; just one—short, sharp—the shriek of poor Balthazar! It was not like him to cry aloud. What could Yambio have done to extort a scream? I do not know. Then fire came, all at once—burst from every native *tukul* and from the quarters. At morning there was no army post—only the ashes of a place accursed. Yambio conducted me to the seacoast. So I left the Congo. It could have happened only in this land."

Colonel Spottiswoode breathed hard; the Italian was speaking truly. The stark white moon had sunk behind the house and only the stars looked down, stars that were used to looking down upon what happened in Africa. Silence—silence except for that maddening, persistent click, click, click of the waterwheel beside the Nile. Colonel Spottiswoode knew that oxen were trudging round and round, that water flowed, the boy slept; that all things went on just the same in Africa. He glanced at the Italian and shivered. Those men who had served long in the Sudan, face to face with its uncompromising necessities, had blunted the keen edge of their imaginations. Durham pursued the practical idea that was uppermost in his mind: "Favara, do you know what became of the Tangle?"

Favara spread out his palms with an almost imperceptible gesture of ignorance. "No; nor what became of anything. Yambio spoke no word upon our long journey to the coast. We climbed together to the ship's deck; he touched my hand, then kissed his own, after the fashion of his people. Turning, he sprang overboard headlong—and never reappeared. *E finito.*"

When Favara said calmly, "It is finished!" he nodded to the Nubian waiter, who refilled his brandy glass; and silence fell again—thick, overburdened silence, through which they heard the sakieh's clicking beside the river.

Durham persisted: "I have a reason. This necklace has lately been heard of in Omdurman; a crippled beggar is said to have it—a holy man, called El Hadj Nejuma."

To which Lyttleton added quickly: "That's the man whose hands and feet were cut off by the Khalifah? I've seen him."

Colonel Spottiswoode spoke up: "He should be easy to find. Couldn't you send over and get it? It's just across the river."

Durham smiled. "My dear Colonel Spottiswoode, it might as well be just across the Milky Way. No Mohammedan would tell us of it—there's no human way to locate that necklace!"

"Perhaps it may turn up," the Colonel suggested. "I should like to hear more about it."

"Turn up? Oh, yes; it may turn up—around the neck of some holy man—perhaps a Mahdi, who will have ten thousand dervishes flashing their spears beside him. That's what these sacred relics mean. You are planning to visit Omdurman tomorrow? Look at the people, look at the place, smell it; but more than that, feel it—feel the sullen mystery of its heat-mad people—and then tell me whether you would want to have them roused."

. . . . . .

The next afternoon Colonel Spottiswoode and McDonald, with Zack and Said, took the little toy tramcar that clatters to the ferry and crossed into Omdurman, that mud-and-dung city to which the Khalifah enjoined a pilgrimage, forbidding the age-old pilgrimage to Mecca. It was a city of pillage and massacre and mysterious death. In its narrow alleys the artisans worked; across its scorching spaces the fluttering robes moved swiftly. It was a holy city of unholy odors and stagnant wells; a labyrinth where anything might happen; a city that bore a terrible reputation, even for Africa!

Before dusk fell again upon Khartum the American had returned and hurried to General Durham's house. He passed through the garden where they had dined the previous night; in daylight it seemed dingy and glary. The General sat inside at his desk.

"General, I beg your pardon for interrupting you, but have you seen my negro, old man Zack, who was here last night?"

"No; what's the matter? Is he gone?"

"He is missing and we can't find him."

"Can't find him? Where did you see him last?"

"In Omdurman. The Arabs crowded round him and we got separated. I thought he would come back to the hotel—or here."

The British General sprang up, clapped his hands and shouted "*Wahid!*" An Egyptian orderly appeared; the General gave sharp orders in Arabic. Then he sent for an Irish sergeant. "If anything is wrong we can't depend upon these Mohammedans—especially where it touches their religion." So he ordered Sergeant Flynn to find the negro.

Having dispatched his men to the four corners of two cities, he turned to Colonel Spottiswoode. "How did it happen? Give me the details."

The American could not comprehend why such a hullabaloo should be stirred. "We were passing through an alley where men squatted on the ground making camel-saddles, with frames like sawbucks. Zack and I watched them for a while, then started to the corner of a wide roadway and saw a train of camels ridden by naked negroes—great, big fellows. Zack must have taken it for a circus parade and lagged behind to look."

"Suspicious?" remarked the General curtly.

"Oh, no; our negroes always do that on circus day; we've got to let 'em go. McDonald and I both noticed that the crowd of Arabs began to get bigger where we were. Zack was in the thickest. Not one of them spoke a word that I could hear, but they were all watching Zack. I took my eyes off of him for a moment to look at the caravans from Darfur and Kordofan. When I glanced back again his helmet had disappeared and the servant, Said, was missing. McDonald and I tried to find out which way he had gone; a very respectable-looking Arab directed us to a crooked alley. We went that way and got lost."

"That man sent you wrong intentionally."

"Yes, I think he deliberately misled us. Anyhow, the negro could not be found. We spent two hours searching for him; and then we supposed he had come back here. His servant was with him and he couldn't get lost."

"He's not lost; nobody gets lost here—accidentally. Answer me, Colonel Spottiswoode," the veteran demanded; "what do you know about that black? Where did he come from?"

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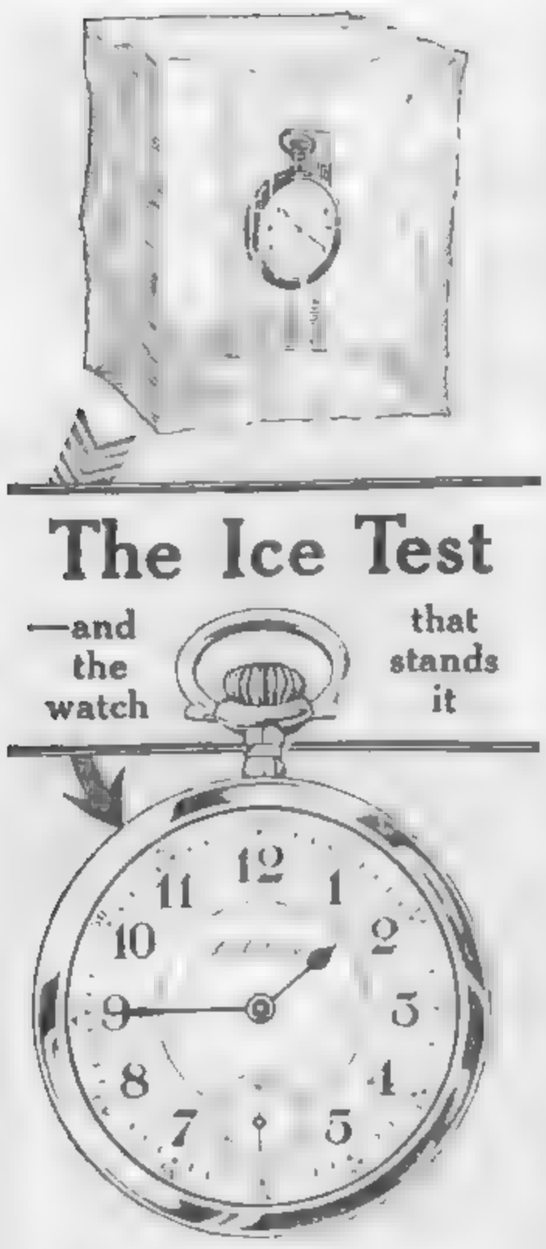

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(96)

"Where did he come from? He's just a common, ordinary negro came from 'most anywhere. I don't know."

"Mohammedan, of course?"

"Mohammedan? No: we have no Mohammedan negroes."

"Of what religion is he?"

"Baptist, I suppose—Methodist, maybe."

"You don't mean to say he's a Christian—a negro Christian?"

"Zack's not enough Christian to hurt."

"Where did you get him?"

"Just picked him up."

"Where?"

"At home, rambling around. He's a faithful negro and knows my ways that's why I brought him along."

"How is it he has his own servant and ——"

In spite of General Durham's seriousness the American planter could not restrain a laugh. This was a novel sidelight on the British attitude. "He has a servant, yes. That measly Arab keeps him out of trouble. I had no more than left New York before I found that I must wait on Zack instead of having him wait on me—so I appointed Said as a sort of guardian."

"Keep him out of trouble?"

"He's such a fool; and he went blundering around until I was afraid he might get hurt."

Durham walked up and down the room unconvinced. "He's getting us into trouble. I don't like that affair at Beni Yeb. There's a madness in this Sudan sun that addles the brains of men. Two of Tabira's Nigerines have already followed him to Khartum. Do you know what that means? I do. No doubt they were in that crowd at Omdurman, spreading news among the people. Suppose your negro should take it into his head to start a row? There'll be plenty of madmen ready to hail him as a Prophet."

Colonel Spottiswoode laughed outright, then stopped short. "General Durham, you don't seem to understand negroes."

"And you don't understand Mohammedans."

"But that old negro is as harmless as a baby."

"So was Mohammed Achmet. Yet he raised a war and built an empire that killed from five to eight millions of people."

"Raised a war? Zack never could raise anything but cotton—and mighty little of that."

"We shall see—we shall see! Unless he has been safely hid, my men will find him within an hour."

. . . . . .

Zack Foster Effendi was not safely hid and he did not wait for anybody to find him. He found himself in less time than an hour. "Whar's de Cun'l?" Both men heard that voice outside the gate. Old Reliable strode in with his helmet in his hand, wiping his face with a red handkerchief. Said dropped on his haunches at the gate as if nothing had happened. Glances were exchanged between lowered eyes; the date-sellers did not look up from their baskets. The two Nigerines stood contemplating the river.

General Durham fastened his eyes upon Old Reliable's sweaty black face that seemed to conceal nothing; but the British had learned that they never saw beneath the skins of these people. The negro burst out in wrath:

"Cun'l, dem niggers got me cut off fum you-all over yonder. You tole me to keep side-an'-side wid you-all, an' I wuz doin' it; but when dem camels come along I jes' nacherly looked at 'em a minute; an' de fus' thing I knowed dere was sech a crowd I couldn't git nowhar. You-all was gone, an' I hollers to dis nigger Said: 'Which way did de Cun'l go?' And 'peared like he couldn't understan' nothin' till a big yaller feller come up an' p'inted us de wrong way. Dut crowd kep' shovin' an' shovin' till us got wedged in one o' dem crookety alleys an' couldn't go neither way."

"Why didn't you come home?"

"Couldn't come nowhar, Cun'l; whole passel o' dem folks jes' crowded roun' an' p'inted at me."

"What did they say?" demanded General Durham so abruptly that Zack jerked for breath.

"Lordy, mister! couldn't nobody tell what dem niggers wuz sayin'. Dey jes' jabber, jabber, jabber—all at de same time. I tried to shove through 'em an' git back to de big road, but 'twarn't no use. Dey kep' pushin' an' crowdin' an' shovin' till dey got me furder an' furder fum whar de Cun'l was at. 'Peared to me like some of 'em wanted to crowd me plumb down to de

"We don't mind the maid's day out. Do we?"

"NOT a bit. It's a picnic, with Campbell's Soups in the house.

"To start with, you have just the soup you want; and just as good as I could make it. You don't wait a minute for it either. Then think how many other ways I use

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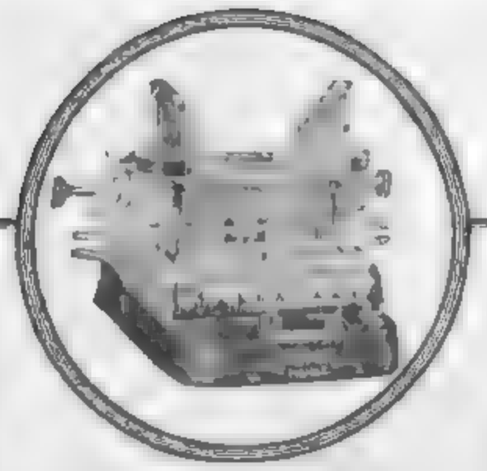

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I am of legal age.

Name [illegible]

Address [illegible]

Name [illegible]

fur end o' de street. An' d'rec'ly one ole man, in a long blue nightshirt an' a big head-hankcher, he step out an' lif' up his han'; den all of 'em shet up whilst he makes 'em a speech. An' he bowed to me mighty nice. He was sholy one polite ole man. He must ha' been tellin' 'em to git out o' my way an' lemme go back. About dat time another ole cripple feller—pow'ful dirty—he hobbles up; an' ev'ybody kep' mighty still whilst he throws dis here thing roun' my neck. Den dey all hollered. 'Tain't nothin' 'cept a bunch o' skeeter-bar rings—an' rusty at dat. Huh!"

Zack drew something from his pocket and dropped it disgustedly on the table—a tangle of brass rings, which might have belonged to a low-class dancing girl.

"Dat's de time when dey all commenced to kneel down an' butt deir heads 'ginst de groun'."

"Knelt down and butted their heads against the ground, eh?" repeated General Durham with emphasis.

"Yas, suh, Guv'nor—yas, suh. Dat's de Gawd's troof! Dey shore done it for a fac', an' blocked de road so nobody couldn't pass. Dat ole cripple man he sot 'em plumb crazy."

"Old crippled man, you say? What did he look like?"

"He look mighty cur'ous. Never had no hands, nor yit no feet—all of 'em cut smack off; but dat nigger shore did scramble mightily on his nubbins. Ev'ybody stood out de way an' shet up when he commenced to talk."

"El Hadj Nejuma!" Durham exclaimed. Then he snatched up the tangle of brass which Zack had tossed upon the table. "By the nine gods, Spottiswoode, look! Look at this! The Seven-and-Seventy Rings of Badar Khan!"

Even Colonel Spottiswoode began to catch the infection of his excitement. They leaned over the table, put their heads together and straightened out the knotted links of brass. It took shape as a necklace, curiously wrought, an interlacing of many-sized rings. Zack shuffled round from one side of the table to the other; neither of the white men looked up. Lyttleton and McDonald hurried in; they had heard of Zack's disappearance, but, seeing him standing there, they transferred their curiosity to the recovered heirloom. Other officers arrived, many of them—some in khaki, some in linens—just as the disquieting news had found them. Zack, in the Sirdar's rooms, was far less thrilling than a possible Prophet at large, hidden in Omdurman; so they crowded to the table and paid no attention to him.

"Huh! Now ain't dat jes' like white folks?—makin' all dat humbug over some skeeter-bar rings! Huh!" There being nobody to talk with, Old Reliable straggled off—like a camel that has slipped his hobble-string. Down the avenue he strolled, looking back now and then to see if the white folks were going to call him. Every Arab at the gate rose promptly and salaamed, which tickled Zack into good humor again. So he went out smilingly and sat down upon the riverbank to watch the Gippy soldiers who were loading donkeys on a barge. Zack loved to see those yellow negroes work, but he sniffed in contempt at their uniforms.

General Durham was taking counsel of his officers and friends. "Lyttleton, what do you think? Shall we let this negro stay in the Sudan and take a chance? Or had we better ask Colonel Spottiswoode to send him home?"

If Lyttleton had been a Roman general he would have done as Fabius did. "You know, Governor, I always advise the safer course—take no chances with these people. This black man seems to get them excited."

"Gentlemen, I beg your pardon." Colonel Spottiswoode arose and spoke most earnestly. "I regret this annoyance. Of course I cannot understand the Sudan, but I do know that this old negro will never make trouble for anybody except himself—or me. He's forgot all about that necklace; and ——"

"What's that?" Every officer wheeled and faced toward the gate. Outside a cry uprose—a wild excited cry from many Arab throats. For a moment Lyttleton and the General looked at each other, sickened with memories of what that cry had meant. Sergeant Flynn, the redheaded Irishman, came running in. As he passed Moriarity he grinned—"Hell to pay!"—then froze his face and saluted the General.

"What is it, Flynn?"

"That bloomin' naygur, sor. They're makin' a row over him."

In the first rush, side by side with General Durham, the American planter passed the gate. Not a servant waited on his haunches—all gone. The embankment was thronged with batlike Arabs darting here and there. From afar off in the native quarters came the patter of bare feet, the flutter of rags and the muttering of voices. Donkey-boys left their beasts; date-sellers forsook their baskets; the sakieh had stopped. Everybody crowded along the riverbank. Zack was not in sight.

In sturdy bounds Colonel Spottiswoode crossed the road and forced an opening into the crowd, following the direction of every eye. Men ran along the edge of the water and shouted. One boy came swimming back with Old Reliable's helmet. The Colonel saw five heads bobbing up and down in the thick red water. One of those heads was Zack's. Four brawny brown men struggled around him, battling with the current. A Gippy threw them a rope from the barge. Four near-naked Arabs dragged Zack up the slippery bank, dripping, muddy, hatless and enraged.

"Zack! What the devil are you doing?"

Old Reliable took his helmet from the proud boy and carefully smoothed out the ribbons. "Huh! I come putty nigh fallin' in de water. Lordy! Cun'l, you oughter seed what a big catfish dat wuz! An' he got away—right yonder."

"What is that? What is that?" demanded Lyttleton.

"How was it, Zack—all this row?"

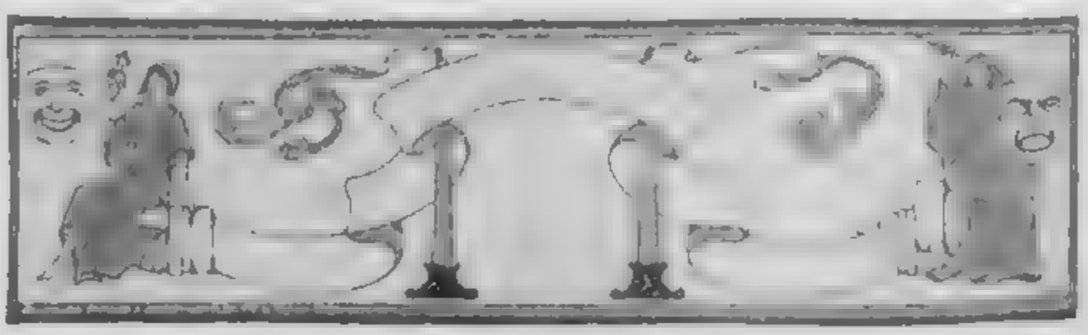
"Cun'l, I warn't meddlin' wid nobody—warn't payin' 'em no min'; jes' settin' dar watchin' dat boy tryin' to ketch a fish. D'rec'ly he made a big holler an' I seen him rastlin' wid a fish longer'n he wuz. Cose I couldn't set still den. I jumped down de bank an' made one grab at dat fish; an, bein' he was so slippery an' de bank so slippery, I nacherly went right on in. Dese niggers ain't got no sense; dey oughter lemme 'lone—I kin swim; but dey hopped in an' hopped in, an' kep' ahoppin' in. Dey jes' grabbed holt o' my arms an' laigs, till I couldn't swim nowhar. Dat's what made de humbug. Lordy! Cun'l, dat shore was one big ole catfish!"

Lyttleton said nothing—nothing whatever. He watched those Arab faces and caught the relaxing temper of the mob. Durham stood like an iron man until Lyttleton touched his arm. "Come, General. It's all over. Don't you see they're beginning to smile?"

The mass of Arabs began to melt away—singly, in groups of twos and threes. The two Nigerines looked amazed; they stood apart and whispered. Of the others, some shook their heads, some even laughed and showed their teeth.

"Cun'l, I don't ax you to believe me widout you seen it—but dat catfish wuz more longer dan what I is!"

Before Colonel Spottiswoode drove him from the river to get some dry clothes Zack stopped for one last, long, regretful look at the bubbly waters where the prize catfish had disappeared.



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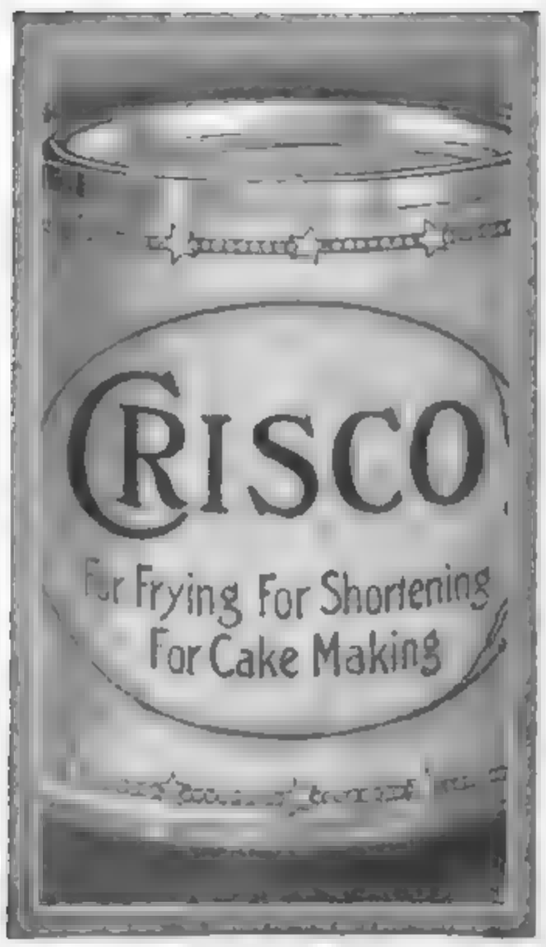

The best way to use Crisco

WOMEN everywhere have been writing us about the remarkable results which they are getting with Crisco. In order that every user of Crisco may be just as successful, we give the few concise directions which may be needed.

Do not keep Crisco in a refrigerator. The best results are secured when it is kept at the ordinary temperature of a room. Then it will be firm, neither too soft nor too hard, but of just the proper consistency to work into flour.

For cake-making

When using Crisco instead of butter, use a little more. Then add just enough sweet to the fat which is used in butter to give it added flavor. Use the same care in measuring that you would with butter.

For making pastry.

When used where you would lard, use one-fifth less. Have the Crisco at room temperature and it will mix readily. If Crisco is used when it is hard, there is danger of using more than is necessary. Try chopping it in with a knife and see what good results you secure.

For deep frying

Heat the Crisco until a bread crumb will become golden brown as follows:
60 seconds—doughnuts, fritters, etc.
40 " croquettes, fishballs, etc.
20 " [illegible]
Seconds can be counted thus: one hundred and one, one hundred and two, etc. After being used for frying, Crisco should be strained through cheese cloth; then it can be re-used two and three times as often as lard.

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Should your results not be wholly satisfactory, try varying your way of using Crisco. Crisco has been tested so exhaustively that it reasonably can be said that unsatisfactory results will not be the fault of the product.
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BUSINESS HELPS

"I USED to keep pretty sharp after all my department heads in the matter of little economies," said a Broadway merchant to me the other day. "It seemed to me that in big things no one could do better; but I thought I kept seeing little ways in which leaks could be stopped and money saved. I always told them to talk back freely if they thought I was wrong; and sometimes one of them showed me I was mistaken, and that he, with his fuller local knowledge of his department, was in the right. He was a sensible chap—took everything in just the right spirit, whether he thought criticism was called for or not; and I let him know that I always wanted his full opinion in return. One day, when I had pointed out something that needed to be done differently, he said: 'I'll change it at once.' And, being a man of few words, I thought that was all he was going to say; but as I turned away he added, with a trifle of hesitation and almost the ghost of a smile: 'If you really want me to give my own ideas I can show something in your own office by which you are making a bigger loss than this.'

"I was interested and swung right back at him with a question. It had always seemed to me that my office was managed just about right; so I felt sort of nettled; and I guess I must have showed it, for he drew back into himself again with:

"'I know it's not in my department.'

"'Out with it!' I said. 'You've got a good idea or you wouldn't have spoken.'

"'Well, I try to make men do things in the shortest possible time—and I'd apply that rule to your office.'

"I almost spluttered, for I was very much surprised. You see, I had been so proud of the way my office men—right there under my own eyes—did their work.

"'Just what do you mean?' I said."

A Leak in the Private Office

"'Yesterday I sat there for half an hour waiting to see you—you sent word I should wait.' I saw that glimmer of a smile again, and I knew he was thinking that if I had had a perfectly good office system I wouldn't have had that lost time; but there he was wrong, for that's a kind of lost time that can't always be avoided.

"'I was near one of your highest-priced men; he was dictating and I couldn't help hearing a good deal he was saying. And he was using too many words—was too long-winded; and I knew what I should say if one of our own men spent twice the time at a job that he ought. I thought: "He's wasting valuable time, and there's going to be more time spent in typing out the needlessly long letters; and there'll be bigger sheets of paper and more pencils, and more wear and tear on the typewriters."'

"'Hold on! Hold on!' I said; and I had to grin when I realized that the man who was handing me this line of talk was about the very last one that I should have expected to have opinions as to letter writing. Why, his reports, when he had to make any in writing, were about the limit in brevity—they weren't writing at all! Then it struck me all at once just how foolish I had been, for I saw in a flash that his reports were really models—always clear and courteous; and I had never appreciated them!

"I began to look into the matter of letter writing at once by going over the letter copies of the different men, and I saw that most of them were really very much too long. The ease of dictating is apt to get men into the talk habit; a man is likely to take a good many words to say a thing if he just talks along—just turns the faucet and lets the words run. So I called the men together—all who had letters to write—and gave a little talk on the subject, pointing out the heavy and constant loss of time and money—just as the department head had handed it out to me—and urging more care. I said strongly that all curtness must be avoided—that there must be no falling off in politeness; but explained that, by getting the habit of it, conciseness could be cultivated to the very considerable advantage of the house. And I also pointed out that brevity and conciseness, without bluntness or discourtesy, would make us more popular with the people receiving our letters; for no one wants to read letters of four hundred words when fifty or a hundred words would cover the matter; no one wants to wade through two pages when one page would be enough."

"And the result?" I asked.

"Fine!" he said. "Of course there are temperamental differences in men, and some can't help using more words than others, especially if they are past their young years before they are called upon to brace up; but any man who is at all worth while can brace up. Though I pay special attention to explaining the ideas to the younger men, I keep it fresh in the minds of all; and I am proud of the higher average of both brevity and excellence in the letters that go out of my office; for brevity, with the right kind of man, means forcefulness too."

. . . . . .

Recently a big Western corporation, in an effort to economize on office time, ordered its clerical force to cut their letters short by omitting "Dear sir" and "Yours very truly"; but rudeness and the refusal to live up to accepted civilized standards of intercourse can never make for good economy. It spoils the man who uses rude forms and it annoys the man to whom they are addressed. How vastly better to aim at the systematic cultivation of brevity! I know a man in Philadelphia whose rise has been rapid and phenomenal; his letters are not only models of brevity but at the same time always are sure to contain—even the shortest—some happy phrase or apt turn of words that makes the recipients read them with pleasure.

In the filing of letters a big New York house has instituted a clever scheme. Like all up-to-date houses, it long since did away with the old-fashioned letter-copying books and, instead, has all letters written in duplicate, with carbon paper, after which the copy goes into the file along with the letter it answers. The total of letters is great from half a dozen different departments, but there is a necessary office policy in filing everything in one file—a huge file, of many sections, through any initial of which it takes a long time to look. It occurred one day to a clever office man that the work of reference would be very greatly simplified by having the copies made on paper of different colors for the different departments—white for one, gray for another, blue for another, and so on. Then, with the knowledge of which department had cognizance of the particular subject, the seeker for filed correspondence, turning to the A's or B's or R's, would need only to look for the particular color of that department to find what letters were sent and, attached to them, what letters were received.

A Simplified Filing System

"It would be too risky to try," said the office manager to me, "if it were to depend upon the stenographer's changing from color to color, for there would certainly be mistakes in choosing the right copy paper; and letters would be practically lost if filed under the wrong color, because the seeker would not look under the wrong ones. Therefore the departments do not interchange stenographers and each stenographer is supplied with only one color of paper for copies; or, if a girl is ever transferred for a day or a week, it is seen to that for that time she is given only the right color of the temporary department. The whole thing works out thoroughly well, for our business requires a great deal of looking up of past correspondence; and now it is greatly simplified and much money is actually saved by saving time."

For economy in the sending of letters at least one device has been invented that actually seals and stamps envelopes and records the number of stamps used. Envelopes, with letters inclosed, ready to be sealed and stamped, are fed into the machine which moistens the flap and presses it tight; then moistens and attaches a stamp; then records the fact that a stamp has been used, and then places the envelope on a receiving board and stacks it with other envelopes, ready for delivery to the post-office! Through such a machine it is possible to run thousands of letters an hour instead of having them stuck and stamped more or less carelessly, and with the absorption of much time, by office girls or boys.

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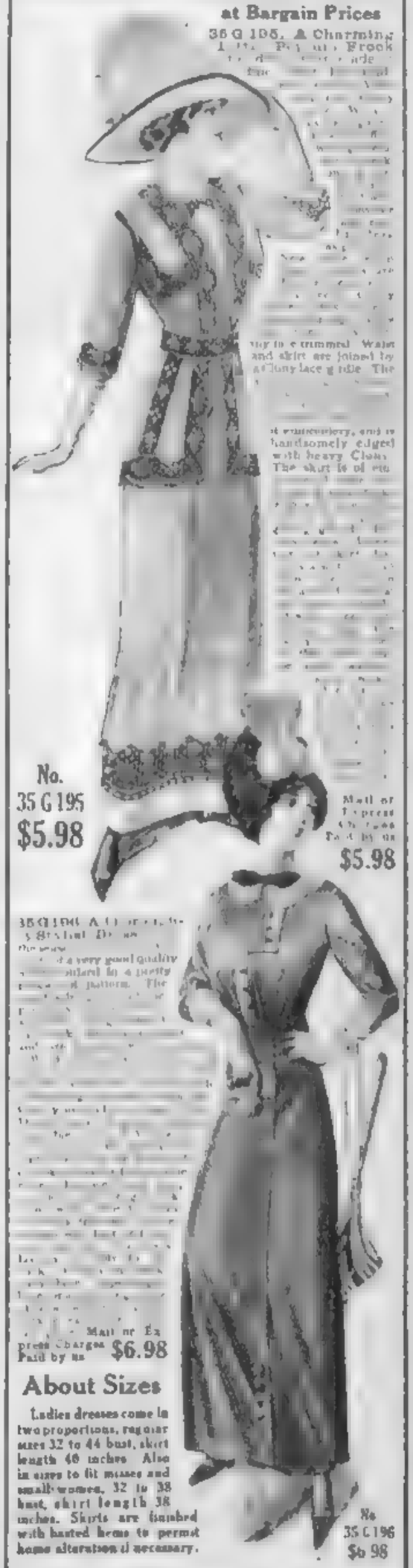
at Bargain Prices



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The Diamond Rubber Company

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We Could build them Cheaper, *But we Won't*
We Would build them Better, *But we Can't*

Speed is the great point aimed at with any such machine, for speed is important in establishments that mail myriads of letters daily; but also it is intended to do away with any waste of postage stamps—a little leak that has made big totals in many an office. It is so easy to take a stamp; and it seems so tiny a thing that when stamps are on tap they disappear much faster than the business needs demand! Many large houses have established the custom of having every letter stamped by just one individual—a thoroughly trusted one, and perhaps, as in one large place I have in mind, a man past his prime, but of undiminished loyalty, who has become almost a pensioner. He watches every stamp like a watchdog. "I can hardly pry a stamp out of him myself!" said the head of the concern. And the house, with an increasing correspondence, spends very considerably less than it used to do for this single item. No time was lost by putting the whole matter of stamping and mailing in his hands.

Another big house I knew of, angered by stamp losses, has put up the belligerent notice: "No stamps issued without a requisition!" which is not only needlessly offensive—and it is always good policy not to offend one's office staff if it can be avoided—but points out a cumbersome and time-losing system.

Wasted Office Supplies

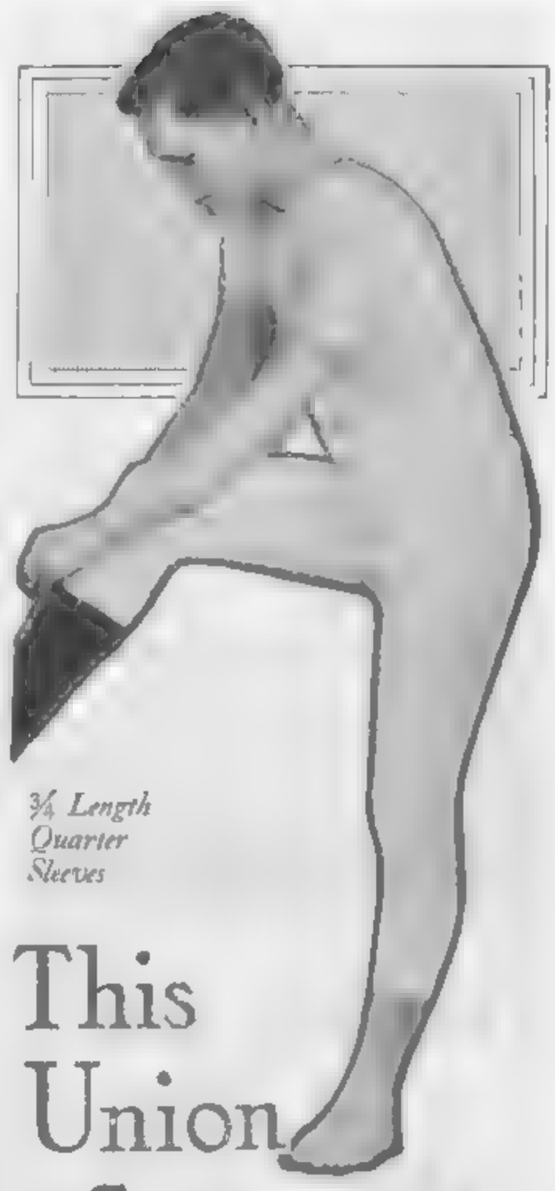
Every large office feels the need at times of sending out circular letters that should, if possible, have the appearance of being written individually to the recipients.

It is difficult, however, to prepare printed sheets, or multipled sheets, upon which addresses can be so placed as to seem an original part of the letter; the intent being, of course, to save the time and expense of typewriting thousands of letters. Numerous have been the more or less successful attempts to fill this need in a quick and economical way; and now an inventor has made a machine by which complete letters are printed at one stroke, from a set-up form, right through a typewriter ribbon that is eight inches wide—turning off, therefore, from a set-up form, actually typewritten letters, to which names and addresses may be added, through ribbons of the same color, on regular typewriters. Nor is it only financial economy that is arrived at, but it is possible at any time to turn out a great mass of circular but apparently individual letters on extremely short notice, this time element being of special importance when circumstances unexpectedly arise calling for rush action in getting letters off.

It is becoming more and more customary to watch closely the cost and waste of general office supplies. "It used to be," said a merchant to me, "when concerns were smaller and office forces smaller, that there was little to save in such things compared with the advantages of having the few members of the staff feel as if they were part of the house. There are times when there is a distinct advantage to a house in the feeling that comes to an employee who writes a personal letter on the company's paper. He feels a sense of pride in setting himself before a friend as a part of the house—he is proud of thus letting it be seen that he is a part of the great establishment of A——, B—— & Company, but in the larger offices that have become so common such a line of permitted waste would be a heavy tax on a concern, and the leak must be stopped. For my own part, I have a system of requisition for any needed supplies, stamps included; and the stockkeeper keeps a record of what is furnished to each desk. As each man knows that it is merely a part of the regular office policy, applied to every one, there can be no personal feeling in the matter—or if there is the man isn't the right kind.

"But the important thing to watch is not only how many supplies are used but how much work is done. A deskman or manager or typewriter may use more than the average of supplies because of doing much more than the average of work; and, on the other hand, the use of few supplies may point to laziness rather than thrift.

"Any employee who keeps savings up keeps expenses down, but he mustn't keep them down by skimping work. After all, you see, it isn't merely a matter of records but a matter of the personal equation and of judgment in looking over each man's work for a considerable period."



¾ Length Quarter Sleeves

This Union Suit can't—

—bind in the crotch!

An exclusive Superior feature, "the lap without the gap," has banished forever all union suit discomforts. This is a seat that *can't* "draw" or "bind" in the crotch because it has no buttons to prevent free movement. Yet it

—can't gap in the seat

—because the seat *interlocks* like the ends of a collar. It adjusts itself *instantly* to every position, *always* stays shut and *always* sets snug and smooth. Another exclusive Superior feature—

—gives double wear where the wear is hardest!

This is a *reinforced crotch* that takes all strain off the front buttons, crotch and leg seams, and makes *impossible* the ripping, tearing and stretching so common there. And the Superior *always fits perfectly!* Its fabric is so elastic it gives entire freedom of action, yet never loses its figure-knit design. Cuffs and ankles are fashioned so they *never* "creep." And there is a Superior size for *every* man.

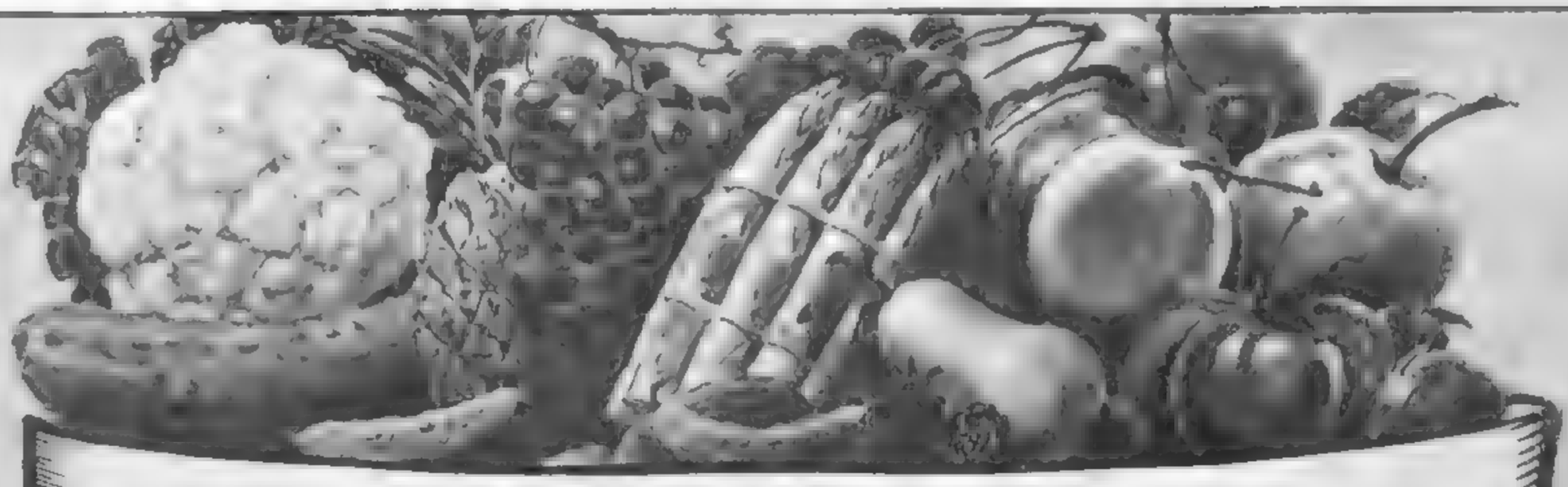
All sizes, styles and fabrics $1 to $5. In Canada $1.50 to $7.

Most good dealers have it—Get it today for Summer comfort.

THE SUPERIOR UNDERWEAR CO.
Dept. I, PIQUA, OHIO

Superior
THE PERFECT UNION SUIT

Write now for handsome free book of styles and fabric samples.



The Housewife's Harvest

Preserve Your Vegetables for Winter Use

When the snow flurries and the frost bites! Then you will look backward to your garden (or to your market) and will wish *many* times that you had thought to "jar" your vegetables when they were so plentiful and so cheap. You will sigh for the "good things" that "*went to waste*"—and think of what might have been! Learn now the *secret* of jarring vegetables and fruit in the sanitary, all-glass, wide-necked, green-tinted, spring-tightened

ATLAS E-Z SEAL JARS

(Get one free from your grocer)

It is "Easy" You may make your winter table more tempting and more healthful—you may save much worry and trouble of "provisioning" the household—you may fare better and reduce the "cost of living." Just make good use of the Atlas E-Z Seal Jar.

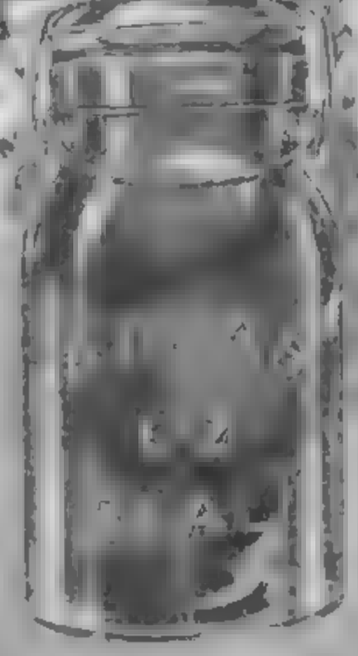
Any woman may use this jar. It is easy—it is *safe*—the all-glass jar made of green-tinted glass to keep out the light.

It has a glass cap—no metal touches the fruit. It has a strong wire spring which seals and unseals by the *touch* of a finger—no twisting and turning.

Home "Jarring" "Canning" was the old way. It has gone out of fashion with all "tinny" things for preserving, because they are unsanitary.

The old narrow-mouthed, metal-topped, wrist-twisted jars have gone, too. The women of today have learned an easier, safer, better and cheaper way—the Atlas E-Z Seal Jar.

Try this jar—test it and see how far superior it is in every way to every other jar. You may do this without *cost*. See coupon below.



"By its fruit you may know it"

VOLUNTARY TESTIMONIALS

Mrs. Nathan Voor, Thorndike, Me.
"[illegible] E-Z Seal Jars are the most sanitary fruit jars I have ever used."

Mrs. W. H. Sharer, Collingswood, N. J.
"I would not do without them. Nothing ever spoils in them."

Mrs. C. A. Rodgers, Newburgh, N. Y.
"The E-Z Seal Jars excel all others for convenience and good results."

Mrs. F. K. Haines, Los Angeles, Cal.
"We always use E-Z Seal Jars. They are the only reliable jars."

Mrs. J. F. Sykes, Hastings, Minn.
"I highly prize your jars and book of recipes."

Better and Cheaper Living

The "high cost of living" is troubling most housewives. The grocer's winter prices are about as follows:

1 doz. Quarts	String Beans	$2.65
1 " "	Peas	2.10
1 " "	Asparagus	2.85
1 " "	Tomatoes	1.90
1 " "	Lima Beans	1.90
1 " "	Corn	1.65
		$13.05
Six doz. Quart E-Z Seal Jars cost—say		5.40
Actual cash saving (first year) between 72 quarts of "store goods" and 72 quarts of "home-jarred" goods		$7.65

Thereafter your jars cost nothing and your yearly saving is $11.05, less the small cost of preserving. And vegetables from your own garden (or market) jarred in your own home are so much better than any you may buy. Many women are doing their own jarring—why not YOU?

Get Your Free Jar and Your Free Book

Write us now while this subject is in your mind for our FREE Book of Recipes and Instructions. It will save you many mistakes in preserving and much useless labor. Take this coupon on the corner of the page to your grocer and get your FREE "Atlas" jar. Get the Booklet from *us* and the Jar from the *grocer*. Try these jars and you will never use any other than these!

HAZEL-ATLAS GLASS CO.
Wheeling, W. Va.

1-Qt. E-Z Seal Jar FREE

Please note—in order to secure free jar this coupon must be presented to your dealer before September 1st, 1912, with blank spaces properly filled out.

HAZEL-ATLAS GLASS CO.,
Wheeling, W. Va.

This is to certify that I have this day received one "Atlas" E-Z Seal Jar Free of all cost and without any obligation on my part. This is the first coupon presented by any member of my family.

Name _____

Address _____

TO THE DEALER—Present this to jobber from whom you recieved E-Z Seal Jars. All coupons must be signed by you and returned before November 1st, 1912.

DEALER'S CERTIFICATE. This is to certify that I gave away one "Atlas" E-Z Seal Jar to the person whose signature appears above.

Dealer's Name _____

Address _____

A·B·Kirschbaum & Co.

"Yungfelo" Reg U.S. Pat Off. Clothes

The store which sells "*Yungfelo*" clothes occupies a position of sweeping advantage: for that is the store which can command the cream of young men's trade of its locality.

"*Yungfelo*" clothes are the real thing. They have THE style. The models are originals. Their authenticity is instantly accepted. The chap in touch with "*Yungfelo*" creations won't be taken in by spurious styles.

"*Yungfelo*" clothes have THE quality, too. They are *hand-tailored*, in our Young Men's Shops, and superbly finished. Every detail is worked out in the same way—and as carefully—as exclusive custom-tailoring. The Fabrics are ALL WOOL, laboratory-tested and guaranteed.

The prices are low: beginning with a $15 grade in the "Chappie" model; and then ranging from $18 to $35 for a wide variety of fine fabrics, including our famous "True Blue" Serge.

See the "Reggy" (as illustrated) at $22! An unsurpassable value!

Look for the Kirschbaum label on clothes at better class stores. Your guaranty of hand tailoring and all wool.

Art Calendar Free

From oil paintings, showing American tourists in the fashionable clothes for summer, visiting places of interest in Rome. Sent free on mention of "The Post."

A. B. Kirschbaum & Co.

The House With the All-Wool Policy

PHILADELPHIA	NEW YORK	BOSTON
Telephone	Telephone	Telephone
Lexington 1040	Chelsea 1547, Chelsea 3652	Oxford 1...

CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Copyrighted 1912 by A. B. Kirschbaum & Co.

"Yungfelo" "REGGY"

$22 Special

Fabrics—... worsteds ... cheviots in a wonderful assortment of ... and colors. Anything a man wants, ... right.

Coat—... shaped to waist, invisible watch pocket in breast pocket, extra cash pocket in facing.

Vest—Two buttons show above cool-opening, side buckles, ... smooth-fitting back; reverse or coated to match cloth.

Trousers—Medium full over hips; narrow at bottoms; concealed hip pockets; watch guard in velvet watch pocket, fancy hangers; button and hole on hip pocket; tunnel belt loops.

The Senator's Secretary

"HOW does it look?" a Taft manager was asked.

"Not very good," he replied. "Not very good. Still, we may nominate our man yet; but," he continued earnestly, "the White House is the hardest state we've got to carry!"

And that is the truth. It is about as difficult to rally anybody round Mr. Taft as it would be to rally a group of enthusiasts round a strawstack. Nearly everything about Taft's support is perfunctory, spiritless, dead. His campaign is as dismal as an outdoor uplift meeting on a rainy night.

Those who have watched Mr. Taft's career in the White House have never ceased to wonder at his ineptitude. He seems never to have fitted into the job. His Presidency has been one continuous string of inept occurrences, all of which have reacted. He has been hopeless—from a party viewpoint—from the very first.

There has been complaint that he has not kept promises of a political nature or fulfilled promises made for him. Probably the complaint is well grounded. It is useless to cite all the instances here, but it may be interesting to tell of a few little things that are typical and that show why Taft commands no enthusiasm.

Take, for example, the episode of the Massachusetts fishermen. When the fight over passing the reciprocity measure was on, urgently supported by Mr. Taft, a dozen or so fishermen from Massachusetts went to Washington to protest before the House and Senate committees against the fish provisions in the measure. These men were all Republicans. So were their fathers. They were fishermen—not dealers in fish, but men who go out in the boats and get the fish—hardy, intelligent men who believed their rights, as they saw them, were not being conserved by their party and by their President, and who wanted their say in the premises.

A Government official, who is one of the Taft managers and is loyally for Mr. Taft, knows most of these men. He sailed with them when he was a boy and he has kept in touch with them. He likes them and they like him. When they got to Washington he hunted them up and looked after them. He gave them a little dinner, took them to the theater, drove them about the city, showed them the sights and was as agreeable as he could be. A day or so after they came he suggested that he would like to take them up to see the President.

"What's the use?" asked one of the fishermen. "The President is against us and we have nothing to say to him."

The Fate of the Fishermen

"But there's no harm in going up and having a talk with him," urged the Taft friend. "He's a good fellow and he'll be glad to see you; and maybe you can tell him something he doesn't know about the fish situation."

The fishermen caucused on the proposition and finally voted they didn't care to go. The Taft official was not discouraged. He continued his attentions to the fishermen, showed them a good time; and the night before they left he broached the subject again.

"Come on, boys," he said; "let's go up and see the President. You ought to pay your respects to him anyhow; and I know he will welcome you and listen to your side of this story. Come on!"

The fishermen caucused again. They decided, inasmuch as their friend put it so strongly, they would go to the White House, call on the President and, as it had been said he wanted to hear their side of the fish story, tell him what effect they thought reciprocity would have on their industry.

The official was much elated. He hurried away and made arrangements for the reception of the fishermen at the White House. He persuaded the President to give them a special audience—by explaining how politically important the fishing vote is in certain districts in Massachusetts.

At the appointed hour he proudly escorted them to the White House. Presently the President came into the room where the fishermen were waiting. They had protested that they had no common ground on which to meet the President, but finally decided to go to the White House because of the assurance of their friend, the Taft official, that the President would be glad to listen to them and really wanted to see them.

The Taft official ranged up his fishermen in line and presented them to the President, who shook hands with each of them. After this ceremony, before any one could say a word, the President stepped back and said: "Of course I am glad to see you men, but really there was no need of your coming here. My mind is made up about this question and nothing you can say will change it. So any discussion would be useless. Glad to have met you. Good night!" And he walked out. You have one guess as to how those fishermen and their friends voted in the Massachusetts primaries and for whom they worked.

Then there was the case of the Western business man, who is important—very important—in politics. The President had written to him some time before and asked him to come to Washington for consultation. He wrote back he was very busy and couldn't possibly come until after a certain big matter was settled. The President replied that it was important for him to see the Western man, and asked whether he couldn't make the sacrifice and come anyhow. The Western man wrote back that it was impossible then, but he would come as soon as he could, though his affairs made it almost impossible for him to leave home.

The President told him to come at the earliest possible moment. The big matter in which he was interested came to a head and he wired he would be in Washington on a certain Friday for luncheon, but must leave on the afternoon train and hurry back to his business, as he could hardly afford to spare the time and was coming only because the President was so insistent.

An Open Secret

He came and went to the White House. The President greeted him warmly, told him how good it was of him to come and took him in to luncheon, where the talk was to be held. Just as they sat down at the table Miss Taft and four or five girl friends came in. The President had places at the table prepared for them. The girls sat down and the Western business man and the President chatted with the girls for an hour and a half. Then the President rose, excused himself and left for an automobile ride; and the Western business man hasn't seen him since! He left on the afternoon train for home in a frame of mind that cannot be described adequately in the public prints.

Another man, of tremendous moment to the President politically—practically master of many delegates in one of the biggest states—wrote to Washington that he would like to talk over matters with the President. The reply came that the President was just going away for a few days, but on his return he would communicate with the leader and have him at the White House for the conference. The President went away on his trip and came back. The man who is of tremendous importance to the President has never heard a word from him since that time!

There was a judgeship in question. A man of power and influence in the district was asked by the President to write to him fully and freely, giving his estimate of the various candidates. The man wrote. He took up the candidates one by one, discussed them freely and frankly—not from the viewpoint of politics or of the effect on the politics of his state and judicial district. In other words, he gave what he thought was confidential information.

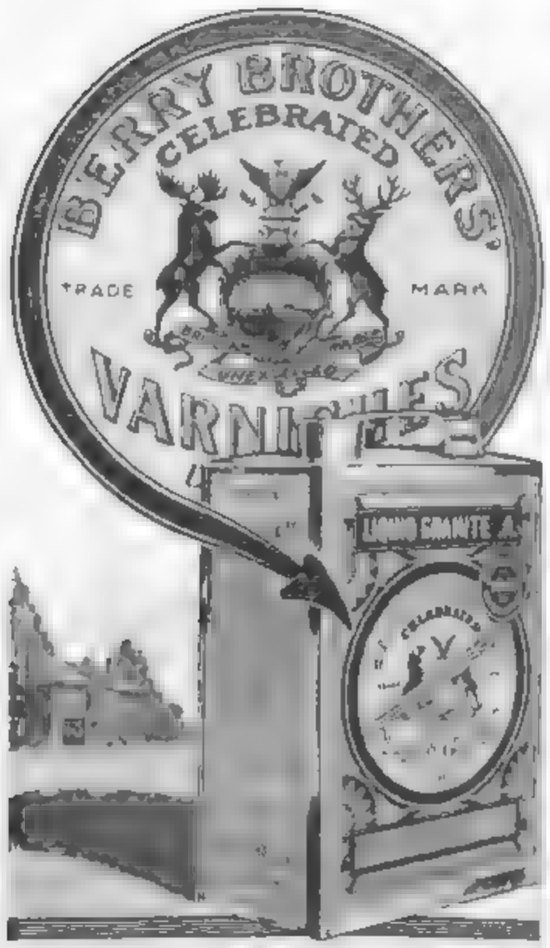
One day he was amazed to find a part of one of his letters quoted in the Washington correspondence of an opposition newspaper printed in his state.

He took the first train and hurried to Washington.

"How about it?" he asked, showing the copy of the paper. "How does it come that my letters are in print?"

"Why," said Mr. Hilles, "that is a public matter and your letters—under our rules—must go in the files relating to that matter; but," he added soothingly, "nobody but senators and congressmen have access to those files."

"Nobody but senators and congressmen! Oh, somebody give me air!" yelled the letter writer. "Nobody but senators and congressmen! Of course not—why



"B-E-R-R-Y"
Spells "Good" In Varnishes

"Berry Brothers" is one of the names that the last half-century has written large in the history of American business.

Probably you learned to know it in your childhood.

Perhaps you were the happy owner of a famous "Berry Wagon"—obtained through your dealer, just as your own children can today.

The name still stands pre-eminent. The well-known label is still your surest protection in varnish buying.

Whether you use varnish in a small or large way, it is important that you accept this protection.

Tell your painter, architect or dealer that it *must* be "Berry Brothers"—and thus be assured of ultimate economy and satisfaction.

"How can I get one of these wagons?"
Write for a free copy of Denslow's book of colored drawings, "Around the World in a Berry Wagon" With it we tell how children can get one of the famous Berry Wagons through any dealer

Here are the five leading varnishes in the Berry Brothers Line that will meet all your needs:

Liquid Granite:—For finishing floors in the most durable manner possible.

Luxeberry Wood Finish:—For the finest rubbed or polished finish on interior wood work.

Elastic Interior Finish:—For interior wood-work exposed to severe wear [illegible]

Elastic Outside Finish:—For all surfaces, such as front doors, that are exposed to the weather

Luxeberry Spar Varnish:—For yachts, boats, canoes and other marine uses, outside or inside.

Any dealer or painter can supply Berry Brothers Varnishes. If you have any difficulty in finding them write us and get the name of a dealer who believes in Berry Brothers standard of quality. Send for free booklet: "Choosing Your Varnish Maker"

BERRY BROTHERS, Limited
Established 1858
Factories: Detroit, Mich.; Walkerville, Ont.

should anybody else have access to those files? That is amply sufficient. Don't you know that one of the senators from my state is my foe and your foe and Taft's foe, and that you have been giving him this ammunition to use against you and against me—the most steadfast friend you have in the state?"

It was even so. Whenever that senator wants to have a little fun he calls in the correspondent of the opposition paper and gives him a few paragraphs of the personal letters from the Taft friend out in his state. These paragraphs are promptly printed, to the greater glorification of the senator and to the intense disgust of the letter writer—a hefty man politically in his state.

Once a Republican national committeeman journeyed to Washington with a list of names in his pocket. There were eleven or twelve or maybe nine—at least quite a number—names on the list. All were candidates for an important Federal office in the national committeeman's state. That state, too, is a Republican state; and the influence and vote of that national committeeman are needed and were needed at the time by the President, for the national committee will be a most important factor in naming the next Republican candidate for president.

The national committeeman went to the White House by appointment. His business was to advise with the President about the place—to discuss the various candidates and to offer suggestions. He knew in the case of each candidate just what the political effect of the appointment would be. He saw the President and produced his list. They went over the names together. The national committeeman explained carefully the political strength and weakness of each candidate, told the President just what each man stood for and what could be expected of him, and canvassed the situation in all its details. He made no recommendations. At the conclusion of the talk the national committeeman said: "Now, Mr. President, I have told you all about these men. There are so many of them—nine or ten. I make no recommendations. I only say that the appointment of any one of these men, except this particular one, will be acceptable to me."

He pointed out one man who was obnoxious not only to him but to his friends. Whom did Taft appoint? It is too easy! The one man out of the number available to whom the national committeeman and his friends objected!

Instances of this political helplessness of the President can be multiplied for columns. There are scores of similar stories. It is a fact that any man of ordinary political acumen, elected President of the United States and taking office at noon on March fourth of a given year, could so sew up a renomination for the office by the thirtieth day of April following that no political power in the country could take it away from him—provided he himself did nothing to make his nomination impossible—provided only he kept in the middle of the road and executed the laws. Mr. Taft could have done the same thing.

Instead, he has done few things politically that have helped and has done many things that have hurt! He is relying on the Southern delegates to help renominate him—and Theodore Roosevelt is in the field! The bulk of the Southern delegates are either officeholders or elected by officeholders! Mr. Taft as President of the United States, instead of selecting his own Federal officeholders in the South, mostly reappointed the men originally appointed by Roosevelt—because he is not partisan and wanted to show it!

And yet with Roosevelt in the field, Taft thinks these men will be loyal to him as delegates!

Why So Proud?

TWO men sat on a pier, fishing. One had a bite and in the excitement he fell into the water. The other man watched him struggle, but did nothing to aid him.

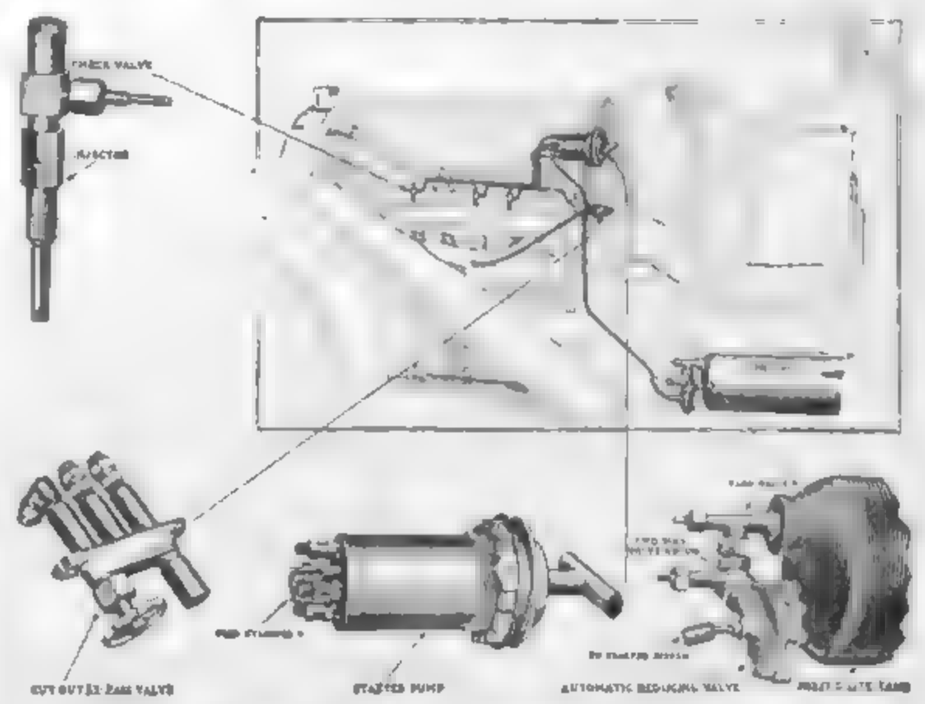
"I can't swim!" shouted the man in the water. He went under, and when he came up he shouted again: "I can't swim!"

The man on the pier watched him with languid interest.

The man in the water sank again. When he came up he gasped: "I can't swim!"

"Well, my friend," commented the man on the pier, "this is a queer time to be boasting of it!"

Prest-O-Starter
The Sensation of 1912



Safe—Sure—Efficient—Economical

For Four Cylinders $20 **For Six Cylinders $25**

The simplest, best and safest Starter you can find at any price.

Thousands of America's best cars are being equipped with this Starter by leading manufacturers who have carefully investigated **all** starting systems.

Prest-O-Starter has been tested and proven absolutely safe.

Besides its elimination of tiresome, dangerous cranking the acetylene gas keeps cylinders free from carbon.

Easily and quickly installed by any mechanic—full directions for equipping any multi-cylinder car.

Considering its worth and its price, you cannot afford to be without it on your car.

The entire Prest-O-Lite organization stands behind this Starter. Any of our 15,000 exchange agencies will give you full information, or you may write for our literature explaining all features.

Insist Upon Prest-O-Lite

When you buy your car.

350,000 experienced motorists use it—practically every **good** car is equipped with it

The Prest-O-Lite Tank, besides providing the best, the greatest quantity, the surest and safest light you can get, opens the way to the Prest-O-Starter, the ideal starting system.

One tank provides both light and power.

Prest-O-Lite service covers practically every city, town and village in the country where automobiles are used.

Don't be misled with an imitation—something "just as good." No other lighting and starting system can equal the practical service of Prest-O-Lite. Insist upon it.

Study the Illustration

It explains thoroughly the simplicity of the Prest-O-Starter.

The entire system can be quickly and easily installed on any multi cylinder car in a few hours.

For months our factories have been pushed to the limit in supplying this system to leading motor car manufacturers.

We could not make Prest-O-Starters fast enough to provide them to dealers.

With increased facilities we are now able to offer them at retail—the demand is sure to exceed what we can supply.

Get in touch with your dealer today. Get an order in at once if you want prompt delivery.

The Prest-O-Lite Company manufactures Prest-O-Lite Gas Tanks for Automobiles and Motorcycles, the Prest-O-Starter, Prest-O-Tire Tubes, Prest-O-Tire Tanks, the Prest-O-Liter, Prest-O-Carbon Remover and the Prest-O-Welder. Ask for information on any or all of them.

The Prest-O-Lite Company
210 E. South St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Exchange Agencies Everywhere

With a Victor or Victor-Vi
of these great artists

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world
you wish to hear and demonstrate to you th

Victor-Victrolas $15 to $200. Victors $10 to $100.
Easy terms can be arranged with your dealer if desired.

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.,

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

ctrola you bring every one right into your home

will gladly play any music .e wonderful Victor-Victrola

J. S. A.

Always use Victor Records played with Victor Needles—there is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

Victor Steel Needles, 6 cents per 100. Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100 (can be repointed and used eight times.)

YOUR Wrist

may be the next

(X-Ray photograph of the wrist of a Detroit man who twice suffered from this common automobile accident. Now he has a DISCO)

It's no child's play to crank a car—you have to take a good grip. On the down thrust, splut!—a back fire—a sharp, cruel kick of the crank—crack!—a throb of agonizing pain—and you have joined the ranks of the sufferers from what physicians call "Chauffeur's Fracture."

Probabilities are you'll never crank your car with that arm again.

In the meantime—instead of waiting for the accident—why not forestall it? Accident Insurance can pay the doctor, but it can't kill pain or give you a wrist as good as the old one. Avoid all risk by installing -this week—a

DISCO

THE Self Starter

Press a button and start your car from the seat—every time. There are now 35,000 DISCO Starters in successful use.

No more risk—not even a skinned knuckle—no more cranking—no more slopping around in the mud—no more grouches. Doesn't it sound good to you? DISCO does it and does it every time—it is perfectly simple and simply perfect—has only 12 parts; weighs only 4 pounds, and can be installed in less than three hours.

You Can Put a DISCO on ANY Car—OLD or NEW

The DISCO is the only Self Starter using our patented two-way "Starter" Spark Plugs, enabling us to equip Fords, Buicks and other cars not having petcocks as easily as any others.

Just Out—The DISCO Lighter

Press a button and light your lights from the seat. Turn the gas on, off or down without leaving your place. Sells for $15 complete, including special burners, special coil, all wiring and tubing

Isn't it worth while to mail this coupon TODAY and learn all about these twin motor comforts?

IGNITION STARTER CO.
726 Dodge Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Large Manufacturers of Starting, Lighting and Ignition Systems

Eastern Distributors
THE ARISTOS CO., 254 West 54th St., New York

IGNITION STARTER CO.
726 Dodge Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Please send particulars of DISCO Starter and DISCO Lighter.

(Name) _____

(Address)

OUT-OF-DOORS

Big Bags of Game

IT IS one of the cruel conditions of human existence that everything we want to do is something we know we ought not to do. All Americans would like to make big bags of game but feel they ought not to do so. Lucky, indeed, that faunal naturalist who may shoot in the name of science, with no limit but the sky!

What are the ethics regarding bag limits in this and other countries? Americans have a constitutional right to bear arms and to kill something—if they can find anything to kill; but great judicial authorities are of the belief that conditions change the applicability of the Constitution in these days. In any case we must arrive at some sort of dividing line in the ethics of shooting.

For almost two generations in America it has been thought unsportsmanlike to kill all the game one could kill. It is tacitly understood today, at least, that the game belongs to all the people. To kill too much is thought unfair in any one individual. The old idea that the wilderness was open to all was a very beautiful notion so long as we had a wilderness. The course of civilization has voided that notion—for America, at least. Today not only sporting sentiment but state laws set a limit on a daily bag of game. In some states where game once swarmed, the legal bag limit is now as low as six birds in any one day. Where once one might kill a hundred ducks in a day if he liked, perhaps today legally he may kill only fifteen birds. In this case the thoughtful sportsman very often does that wholly practical if not admirable thing of "shooting on his pusher's license," which, of course, is both unsportsmanlike and illegal.

Now just across the pond from us lies Great Britain, inhabited by a race that has always called itself the greatest aggregation of sportsmen in all the world. Some of the most ruthless butchers of big game and wildfowl we ever had in this country—in days when our game was abundant enough to invite them hither—were Englishmen. Let us not find fault with that, since it is in the past and since a good many of us are no better in our own methods; but let us endeavor to get at the mental attitude that, in the British sportsman's code, justifies this sort of thing.

We arrive at once at that sharp dividing line in ethics: In this country, though we have our ruthless shooters, it is not considered gentlemanly to shoot in excess. On the contrary, in England there is not the slightest feeling against this; and the man who kills most is rated as the best sportsman. Many of their men best entitled to the description of noblemen and gentlemen are among the very ones who have made the biggest bags and have gloried therein! In this country no gentleman would kill four or five hundred birds a day if he could. In Great Britain that is precisely what he would do if he could, and both sporting and social sentiment would uphold him in it.

Poultry-Shooting in England

Of course this difference in sentiment regarding sport must have some reason. That reason lies in social conditions and in the system of land tenures. Americans shoot wild game. Englishmen, to a very considerable extent, shoot swift-flying poultry. In the one case there is no restoration of the supply. In the other, there is continual restocking and preservation. In the one country the poor man can have—or once could have—sport at small expense. In the other, sport is the privilege of the rich—and only a few of those. The American visiting England is shocked or at least deeply impressed by this difference in sporting ethics. In that country the correct thing is to kill as big a bag as you can—pile it up, count it, record it and sell it. In this country our gentlemen have never sold game. In our markets game is now very scarce and high-priced. In European markets it is more abundant than in America—a much younger country and one where excess in shooting has always been discouraged. These facts bring us face to face with the future, which does not look pleasant to all of us who have seen better days in sport. The only way in which we could retain the old American days of open shooting, and the old American ethics of decency in sport, would have been to command the sun of civilization to stand still.

What have been some of the big bags of American and of English game? It would have been considered perhaps a trifle egotistic, if not worse, for an American sportsman to keep a daily record of his shooting and its results. On the contrary, that has been held to be a desirable thing among English sportsmen for generations back. The gamebook of the English country estate is something almost as sacred as the family portraits, if not the family Bible. Therefore, though we cannot give American figures where there are no American records to support them, we can go back for more than a century and determine with perfect accuracy the results obtained by English sportsmen in the field. The figures will seem surprising to American readers

Colonel Peter Hawker was one of the most esteemed of the old-time figures in English field sports. He represented typically the ethics of his country and his time. Peter was strictly out for the stuff, and he did not care who knew that, then or later. According to himself he rarely ever missed a shot, and sometimes made a run of forty straight kills with the muzzleloader and black powder. When he wiped out a whole covey at a single shot he was entirely content. In his mind punt shooting on wildfowl was strictly legitimate—a thing that is forbidden by law in this country. His gamebook states that on January 27, 1838, he had "most glorious sport—forty-nine geese and two such splendid wild swans that one weighed twenty pounds all but two ounces. I had only four shots—the first, a single swan a long way off; the second, at ten swans, an immense distance; the third shot, twenty geese, and sacked all; the fourth, twenty-nine geese, and sacked every bird. Never was there more satisfactory day to finish a week!"

Lord De Grey's Big Killing

It goes without saying that if any American sportsman had Colonel Peter in his ancestry he certainly would turn his face to the wall—especially since Peter once rigged his punt on wheels and took it afield with the amiable intent of wiping out whole coveys of partridges sitting on the ground.

Colonel Peter, however, must have been a good shot and a hardy sort of chap, for he walked to most of his shooting. In fifty-one years he killed seventeen thousand seven hundred and fifty-three head of game. Let us not be too much horrified over this. There are many Americans who in half that time have killed five times that much game, and still would classify themselves as "amateur" sportsmen. We have many market shooters who have surpassed Colonel Peter's records by very many thousands in much less time than he required. I know one market shooter who shipped five thousand mallards from one Minnesota lake in one fall; and I know of two "amateur" sportsmen who were credited with shipping twenty-five hundred wild mallard ducks in one spring from their private preserves—which last proceeding would, in England, have been called eminently proper, but was not so rated in this country.

Perhaps the great idol in English field sports is Lord De Grey. This gentleman, to keep his skill at top notch, was always wont, in the closed-season time of the year, to keep up his exercise with the gun, pitching it rapidly to the shoulder many hundreds of times daily, and aiming at imaginary objects. De Grey is said to be the only sportsman in the world who ever killed six partridges out of one drive, with three guns—two in front, two overhead, and two after the flight had passed him. That performance has been equaled by many men using the deadly American repeating shotgun, and I myself have seen six quail killed out of one bevy rise by an expert with the repeating shotgun.

In twenty-nine years—at which time his record was taken and one does not know how much shooting he has done since then—De Grey had killed over three hundred thousand head of game.

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A STRAIGHT feed tube always holds some ink, even when the pen is upright.

And when the heat of the body—98 degrees—reaches the pen in your vest pocket, the air in the pen gets heated and expands up through the inky feed tube. This expanding air pushes the ink up and out under the pen point; daubs it over the writing end of pen—and *all over your fingers* when you remove cap to write.

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grips your pocket like a bull dog, but slinks into its kennel when you want to write.

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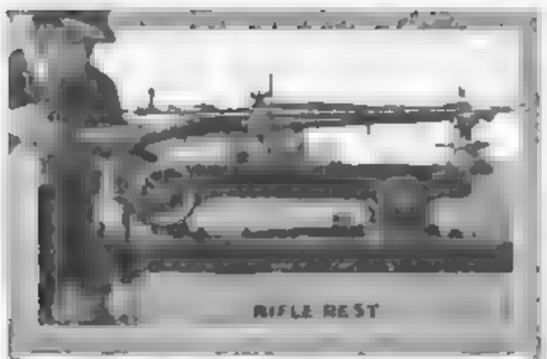

Do You Shoot?

Then, here's meat for you.

Read the award of the National Rifle Association below.

Our Nation's reputation for marksmanship depends on the N. R. A. team sent to the Olympic Games and the Pan American Tournament in the Argentine.

The test was held in March under U. S. Army supervision and measuring. At 350 metres and 600 metres, 200 rounds of each competing ammunition were fired from five service rifles rigidly held in concrete and steel rests. At the shorter range

(US) AMMUNITION

beat its nearest competitor more than 5%, and at the longer range (the harder test) by more than 20%. It beat the average of the other contestants more than 25%. Here is the award:

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION
of AMERICA

Washington, D. C., March 29, 1912.

United States Cartridge Co.
Lowell, Mass.

Gentlemen: I beg to hand you herewith the official bulletin showing the results of the ammunition test held at the rifle range, Wimbrop, Maryland, on March 25, 1912:

Mean radii average variation in inches of 100 shots. Distance 300 metres—328 yards

U. S.	Winchester	Frankford Arsenal
2.55	2.69	3.14
	Peters	R. A.—U. M. C.
	3.29	3.22

Mean radii average variation in inches of 100 shots. Distance 600 metres—656 yards

U. S.	Frankford Arsenal	Winchester
3.46	4.87	4.90
	R. A.—U. M. C.	Peters
	5.13	5.61

The committee in charge passed the following resolutions:

That the test having demonstrated the superiority of the United States Cartridge Co.'s ammunition which was found most accurate at both ranges the same is accepted for the use of the International Teams.

(Signed) Albert S. Jones, Sec'y.

This was a scientific, mechanical test of accuracy. All the rifles were aimed at exactly the same point all the time. All the targets were placed at the same point. The only variation was in the cartridges themselves, and **U. S. Ammunition** again demonstrated its unequaled precision. It hits where you aim.

In similar tests held under U. S. Army supervision **U. S. Ammunition** has won more often than all other brands put together. Yet **U. S. Ammunition** and **The Black Shells** cost you no more than the other kind

Send for Historical Booklet "American Marksmanship."

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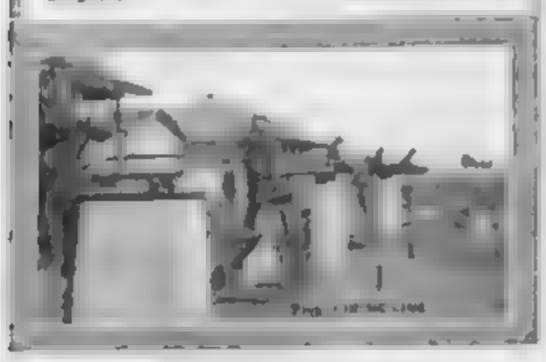

It is difficult to compare gun records one man with another or one year with another. Hawker, in his lifetime, killed only 7035 partridges, against 111,190 that fell to De Grey's gun in twenty-nine years; but in the latter's lifetime the custom of driving partridges, instead of walking them up with dog and gun, had become far more prevalent. Indeed, though we are accustomed to think of England as the wellspring of pointers and setters, as a matter of fact, those breeds are falling more and more into disuse in England. Driving will bring more birds to the gun; but a very few days of driving will render the whole stock of game on an estate too wild to lie to the dog. Hence, according to English ethics, the dog is not useful.

In the old dog-and-gun days there flourished a fine English gentleman, Lord Malmesbury, 1798 to 1840, who did most of his shooting in and round his own estate, and did not lend himself to house parties as a skilled shot. The Malmesbury gamebook informs us that he killed, in 3645 days of shooting, 38,475 head of game. To do this he walked 36,200 miles. In his whole life he missed just 16,766 shots. As he shot a muzzleloader at all sorts of game—partridges, snipe, ducks, grouse, and so on—he must have been a grand shot and considerable of a fellow in his day, for his average is better than half his birds. His record is of extreme interest, and will make many an American shooter of the first rank wish he had kept a gamebook of his own, so that he could actually tell, without any Ananias brand, just what his percentage of skill was over a term of years. The old Englishman's record would be a hard one for the best of us to beat; for even today, with all our improvements in guns and ammunition, the fieldshot who kills half his birds, taking all sportsmanlike chances of the field, is rated in the first class. Some of us Americans may have run a dozen or two dozen straight on quail many a time, better than half that many on ruffed grouse in cover, two or three times that many straight on grouse in the open, as many on ducks over decoys, or twice as many on snipe of a warm day. We have plenty of men who have done these things and can do them again. I knew of one man—who, by-the-way, was an Englishman, naturalized here—who was backed once to kill fifty quail straight with a fourteen-gauge muzzleloader, and who did kill forty-eight out of the fifty. None the less, one is inclined to think that the Malmesbury gamebook is that of a very consistent fieldshot indeed.

Lord Walsingham's Record

Another Englishman, Lord Walsingham, is rated as a sort of a demigod in English sport, because, in one day, to his own gun, he killed ten hundred and seventy driven grouse. He used fifteen hundred cartridges to make this bag, and shot four breechloading guns, all cylinder bores, the load being number five shot, with no more than three and one-eighth drams to back it. It is not likely that a larger individual bag will be made soon in one day. The man who made it in America could not sit in our House of Lords; yet, discounting certain criticism, Lord Walsingham says: "An idea has been started that the man who sells his game is no sportsman. I fail to see how this in any way affects the question; but the facts may speak for themselves. In round numbers, out of two thousand grouse bagged in the season of 1888 on my twenty-two hundred acres, five hundred were given away to friends and fifteen hundred sent to market." At the prices which fifteen hundred head of grouse or partridges would bring in this country, the English sportsman would not be obliged to marry an American heiress if he could pull off only an occasional good day in the field.

Hawker and Malmesbury did all their shooting in Great Britain. De Grey's gamebook shows that he hunted in Africa and India; and he is credited with ninety-seven pig—whether killed with buckshot or ridden with the spear one cannot say. When it comes to Indian and African records, we Americans may safely offer in evidence that of Colonel Roosevelt—or, rather, the National Museum. Colonel Roosevelt did not shoot for financial gain, however, whereas many of England's most distinguished sportsmen have been nothing better than African ivory hunters.

In the late days of American sport, the "side hunt" has been decried quite as

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If you want to know what a staunch car the Mitchell is, take a ride in one that has seen hard service; a Mitchell 6 cylinder, 48 H.-P. car, that cost new $1750. Look it over; listen to the motor; run it slowly; then "pick up" quickly.

It may outwardly show lots of wear; but you'll find the vitals sound; you'll see that the engine, transmission, axles, steering gear—the things that mean service and safety—are all right. You'll appreciate the comfort of the 125-inch wheel base; it does make a lot of difference.

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The Mitchell 60 H.-P., 6 cylinder, 7 passengers,	**$2250**
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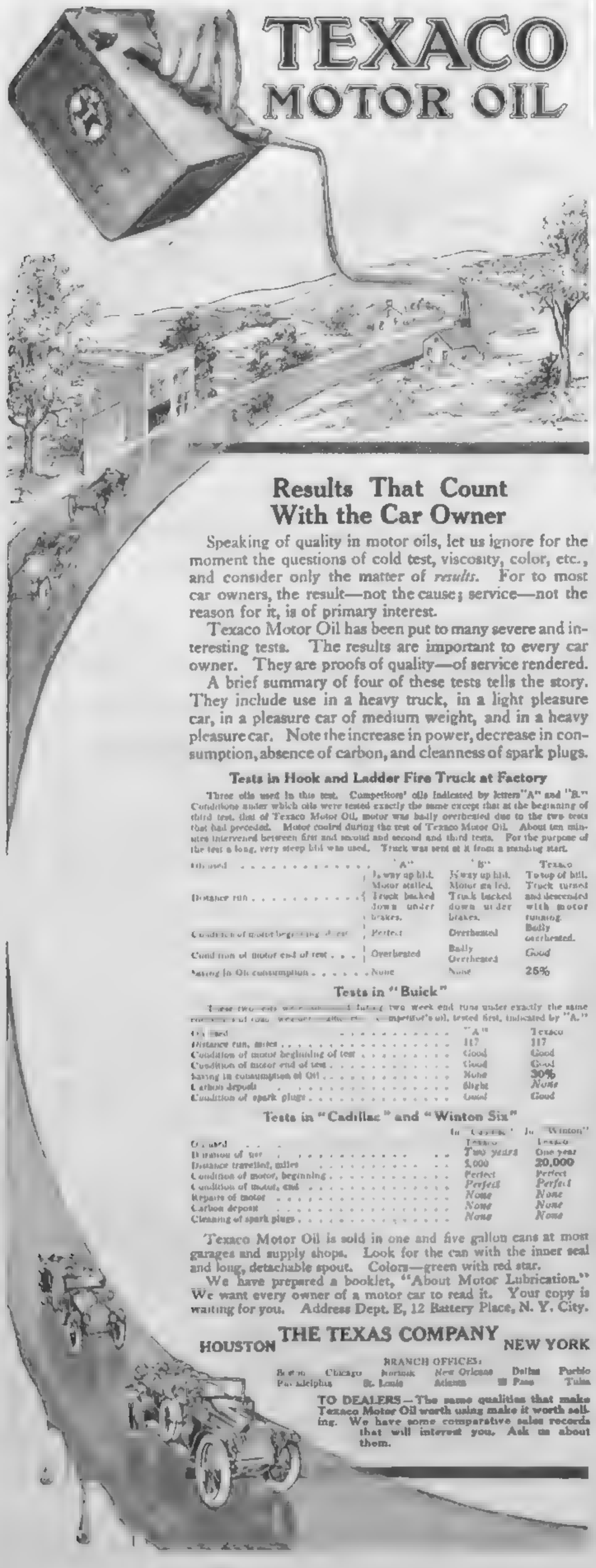

Results That Count With the Car Owner

Speaking of quality in motor oils, let us ignore for the moment the questions of cold test, viscosity, color, etc., and consider only the matter of *results*. For to most car owners, the result—not the cause; service—not the reason for it, is of primary interest.

Texaco Motor Oil has been put to many severe and interesting tests. The results are important to every car owner. They are proofs of quality—of service rendered.

A brief summary of four of these tests tells the story. They include use in a heavy truck, in a light pleasure car, in a pleasure car of medium weight, and in a heavy pleasure car. Note the increase in power, decrease in consumption, absence of carbon, and cleanness of spark plugs.

Tests in Hook and Ladder Fire Truck at Factory

Three oils used in this test. Competitors' oils indicated by letters "A" and "B." Conditions under which oils were tested exactly the same except that at the beginning of third test, that of Texaco Motor Oil, motor was badly overheated due to the two tests that had preceded. Motor cooled during the test of Texaco Motor Oil. About ten minutes intervened between first and second and second and third tests. For the purpose of the test a long, very steep hill was used. Truck was sent at it from a standing start.

Oil used	"A"	"B"	Texaco
Distance run	¾ way up hill. Motor stalled. Truck backed down under brakes.	¾ way up hill. Motor stalled. Truck backed down under brakes.	To top of hill. Truck turned and descended with motor running.
Condition of motor beginning of test	Perfect	Overheated	Badly overheated.
Condition of motor end of test	Overheated	Badly Overheated	Good
Saving in Oil consumption	None	None	25%

Tests in "Buick"

Three two-mile week end runs under exactly the same conditions. Competitor's oil, tested first, indicated by "A."

Oil used	"A"	Texaco
Distance run, miles	117	117
Condition of motor beginning of test	Good	Good
Condition of motor end of test	Good	Good
Saving in consumption of Oil	None	30%
Carbon deposit	Slight	None
Condition of spark plugs	Good	Good

Tests in "Cadillac" and "Winton Six"

	In "Cadillac" Texaco	In "Winton" Texaco
Oil used		
Duration of test	Two years	One year
Distance travelled, miles	5,000	20,000
Condition of motor, beginning	Perfect	Perfect
Condition of motor, end	Perfect	Perfect
Repairs of motor	None	None
Carbon deposit	None	None
Cleaning of spark plugs	None	None

Texaco Motor Oil is sold in one and five gallon cans at most garages and supply shops. Look for the can with the inner seal and long, detachable spout. Colors—green with red star.

We have prepared a booklet, "About Motor Lubrication." We want every owner of a motor car to read it. Your copy is waiting for you. Address Dept. E, 12 Battery Place, N. Y. City.

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TO DEALERS—The same qualities that make Texaco Motor Oil worth using make it worth selling. We have some comparative sales records that will interest you. Ask us about them.

sternly as the excessive bag of game. In England, competitions in skill were more often between individuals. Thus, in 1823, Mr. William Coke defeated Lord Kennedy in a two days' match on grouse with one hundred and seventy-three brace, to the two dogs, to one hundred and thirty-two brace of his rival. In 1850 Mr. Osbaldeston shot a match against Mr. Crawford—also a two days' race. On the first day each killed eighty brace; but on the next, Mr. Crawford had a hundred and two brace against thirty brace of his opponent, and so won. In these matches, though the records are not specific, we learn that Mr. Coke on one day killed one hundred and eighty birds in three hundred and twenty-seven shots.

It is easy to see why good shooting estates in Great Britain bring such fabulous figures. It takes about fifteen acres of short-grass country to range a single steer, but in Great Britain you can produce about a grouse to the acre. Of course if there were not careful restocking the shooting would soon go to pieces. Thus, in 1872, Sir Frederick Milbank and friends killed, on his twelve-thousand-acre moor at Wemmergill, 17,064 grouse in forty-one days' driving. Lord De Grey once killed two hundred and forty partridges in one drive on the estate of Baron de Hirsch, in Hungary—and in one drive in England one day he killed one hundred and twenty-eight partridges; but, in one day, Sir Frederick Milbank killed three hundred and sixty-four brace—seven hundred and twenty-eight birds—a most enviable record according to English ethics. He used only two and three-fourths drams of powder and seven-eighths of an ounce of number six shot, using three guns. In one drive he killed ninety-five brace of grouse. These things must make De Grey and Walsingham feel rather sad, because Sir Frederick goes on to remark, with pardonable pride:

"I observe the biggest drive Lord Walsingham records this year is ninety-three birds in, I think, twenty-one minutes; whereas my record was 190 birds in twenty-three minutes, and in two previous drives 142 and 124 birds. My eight drives on August twenty amounted to 728 birds, an average of ninety-one birds to each. I may mention that, in reality, on that day there were only five and a half guns, as Lord Rivers had traveled from London during the night and only arrived on the moor at two o'clock; consequently his bag was only 150 birds. The other bags, including my own, were: August 20—890, 826, 224, 252; 21st—429, 288, 146, 120, 224—five guns; 27th—376, 281, 285, 196, 298, 246—six guns. I have taken the above out of my gamebook."

Rimington Wilson's Bag

We have yet other records available, thanks to the enterprise of the editor of an English sportsman's journal, who is able to do for his countrymen what cannot be done for us Americans—to wit, give chapter and verse on big bags and big averages. Thus we learn that on September 8, 1876, the Maharajah Duleep Singh bagged with his own gun seven hundred and eighty partridges. As to records of shooting parties, Mr. Rimington Wilson, on the moors near Sheffield, August 20, 1893, had nine guns that killed 2648 grouse. Lord Ashburton, on November 4, 1897, had six guns that accounted for 1458 partridges. Suppose you had to carry all those home in your little game sack with fringes on the edge! You would soon learn to take the English system in shooting parties, where each man is expected to have his men, or his men and dogs, gather the birds he kills at his stand, count them and lay them in a row for the pony man to come and collect them in his panniers. The men are expected to re-count the game when they deliver it at the house.

We cannot discount the fact that the European system of sport is productive of results, not only in Great Britain but on the Continent.

What is the average of American skill in the field as against that of the best English shots? Some friends who have shot driven pheasants declare them rather easy to kill, and say that English drive-shooting does not compare in difficulty with pass-shooting on ducks in this country. One would think the monotony of mere slaughter would pall. There must, of course, be a certain similarity in flight of the birds continually coming on; and continual practice on it would, without question, develop almost a mechanical skill, just as our professional trapshooters become

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You have been through the mill, in hunting for a smoke to satisfy you. Give others the benefit of your experience. Tell them of the tests—the *comparisons* with "Edgeworth." Tell them how you came to swear by it.

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Its whiteness pleases the eye, its fineness delights the touch, its softness refreshes the skin, and its fragrance holds first place with a host of discriminating men and women.

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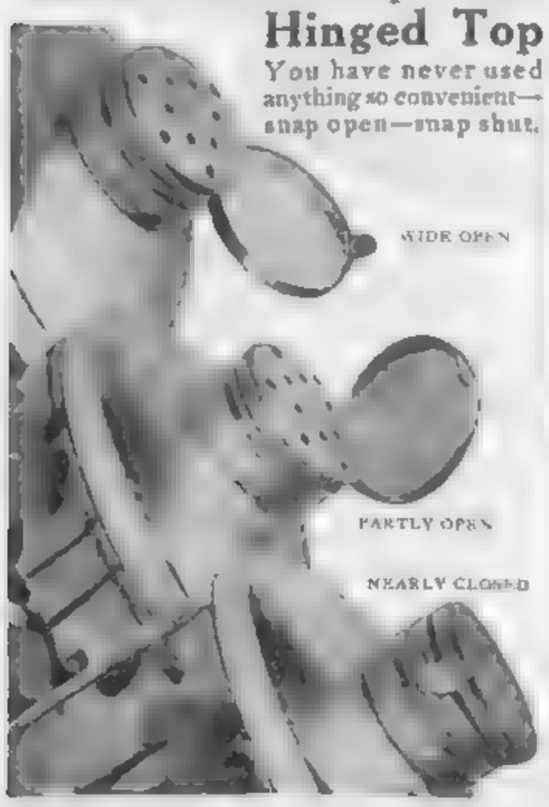

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This is not a flimsy, highly decorated advertising novelty, but an article of real value—one that you would willingly pay a dollar or more for at a jeweler's—at least a good many women have told us so. It has a Hinged-cover, Concentrating Mirror, and a French Powder Puff. The little mirror, alone, makes the Vanity Box indispensable to every woman.

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differentiated shooting machines. When the American team of trapshooters visited Great Britain they found nothing worthy the name of competition in their own particular game. The Englishmen said they were not beaten "fairly," because they did not have the same kind of guns as the Americans had.

Placed on a stand in a heavy English drive, the American shooter would for some time, no doubt, find it difficult to hold his own with his specialized English cousins.

All comparisons of individual records are difficult to make with justice, because conditions so continually vary. Lord Walsingham, in spite of his skill, thinks thirty birds to the hundred shot on a drive is good work. Mr. Stuart-Wortley calls three out of five very good indeed. Once, back in 1823, a party of dukes—four or five of them—got together and killed 1098 head of game in 1971 shots. The Duke of Wellington is credited with a clean score. How could he do less and be the Duke of Wellington?

The Duchess of Bedford is more modern and more moderate. In 1907 she averaged two out of every three in 3325 shots. One finds a certain reluctance to sanction the English method of setting it all down on paper. It seems much more desirable to employ the offhand American method of calling to mind only the good days and mentioning only the best runs casually to one's friends.

American Methods

In defense of the European system of sport, it is fairly to be said that it must be as it is or it cannot be at all—game can be had in that country only on large estates, only by rich men, only under strict preservation and propagation. We call that sort of thing un-American; but in time we shall have to come to it in this country to a greater or less extent if we are to have any shooting. More and more the enjoyments of sport, like the enjoyment of many other things once a part of the American heritage, are becoming the privilege of the rich. We are told that it was the invention of gunpowder which abolished the feudal system. That system does not seem quite abolished, either in the old country or in America; and in some of its phenomena, on either side of the water, gunpowder plays, and perhaps for some time may continue to play, quite a considerable part. By its use we can still stack up one man's stature as a Big Injun against that of his fellow human beings—which, if you please, was as much the fashion in the Stone Age as in this.

Sport in America, reluctant as we all are to admit it, must in the future be a matter of compromise. It seems to go rather with oligarchy than democracy—rather with large estates closed to all, than with a shrinking wilderness open to all. What we shall have in this country eventually will be a compromise between the European and American theories.

At least one comfort remains for the American who studies these interesting records of British sport—he can learn the great North American truth that if you kill the setting hen you can't raise chickens! However much we may decry the English system of sport, we ourselves ought to come into court with clean hands.

Since in the past we have devised no better theory of sportsmanship in this country than of shooting down our gamebirds in the spring, fall, or pretty much any other time, doing all we can to wipe out the supply and doing nothing whatever to increase it—since, in fact, we have acted more like children than grown men—we are in poor shape to revile the men of a country centuries older than our own, who have learned their compromise and taken it centuries ago—who have faced the economic and social conditions as they rose, solved their problems in at least the best way possible, and built up upon their own conditions an idea of sporting ethics which is at least their own and which has, if not excuse, at least a reason under it. Beyond that, it is mostly a case of human nature. We are not of those who think that human nature has time to change much in the few days necessary for a sea voyage from Europe to America.

The moral is that things are pretty much relative and life pretty much a compromise. The same system of life that is noticeable in our American politics and business will in due time be noticeable in our American sport.

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THE JINGO

Continued from Page 21

warning, we shall not let his unpreparedness hold us back."

"Yes, sir," murmured Amyah.

"That is all. You may use your own discretion about advising the king now or in the morning." And a click in the instrument told that Huppylac was through.

Old Amyah was in despair, but he still held firm against the powerful impulse which urged him to call his master. The king could not have known the tremendous events which this night was to bring forth.

He passed to the south windows and peered through the dark trees down into the moonlit mistiness of the valley. The very air seemed aquiver with mystery. Out of it came frightening, soundless voices, and strange, weird shapes moved stealthily under the dark shadows—creatures of his own fancy, he knew, but none the less awful because of that. The very night itself was made of horror!

He shifted uneasily to the eastern windows, those which faced toward the hidden sea; and he thrilled with the joy of human company, for upon a treetop streamed a mellow light, the glow from Bezzanna's windows. He knew then that she, like himself, was keeping a sleepless vigil and longing for the dawn, but with less relief than himself, since she had no blessed duties to perform.

Two o'clock! The big timepiece over the mantel, swinging its long pendulum unceasingly in token of the relentless flight of time and the never-halting approach of death, told the hour with its mellow silver chime; but it did this without an instant's pause in its remorseless march.

The telephone called him.

"Hello, palace one!" came a crisp voice. "This is Dymp Haplee. Call Jimmy or the king or Teddy."

"Impossible, sir," returned Amyah, himself stirred into crispness of thought and speech. "No one is to be disturbed."

"All right. I'm in a hurry anyhow," said Dymp. "The Isolian is getting out a morning extra about the war. Run up and ask the king or Jimmy what they want me to say about it. Tell him I'll tint the story any way he wants it or suppress the whole issue if he thinks best."

"I am not to awaken any one," Amyah insisted; "not unless there is an actual invasion of the palace grounds."

"Good leather!" laughed Dymp. "That sounds like Jimmy. It's a good story in itself. The Government was so little worried by the threatened hostilities that only Amyah, the faithful old master of the servants, who was the king's bodyguard when he was a baby, was awake last night at the king's palace. Good stuff!—eh, old boy? I wish I had your photograph. Say, Amyah, what time is the king to be called?"

"Seven o'clock, sir."

"All right. You tell him I'll hold my edition on the press until he calls me up—at about five minutes after seven; and if he objects to anything I'll pound that part of the type flat with a mallet—that is, if I'm here! Whatever time that army starts out for the palace, I'll beat them to it by half an hour; and you tell Jimmy to have a good, heavy, number nineteen spear leaning up at the side of the front door for me. How's Bezzanna?"

"She is very well, sir, thank you," quavered Amyah; and when Dymp had hastily hung up he shuffled over to the eastern window to see if she was. Her light was still burning.

Young Birrquay called up, but he did not ask for any one. He was in great haste.

"I shall have five hundred men camped at the foot of the palace park before daybreak," he stated. "If the king wishes them disposed anywhere else let him send a messenger down to meet them."

"Yes, sir," trembled Amyah, and the tears sprang to his eyes. He had thought the whole world had deserted the king.

Calamaz, conceited and foppish young Calamaz, who talked with an affected lisp and bragged always of himself, and was supercilious with Amyah—that Calamaz called up and hastily inquired at what point he should center the men he was arming. Two detachments of a hundred each were ready, and he would start more within an hour.

Amyah tremblingly replied:

"At the foot of the palace park."

An eternity of fifteen minutes passed and the night lay black as ever, as if the world

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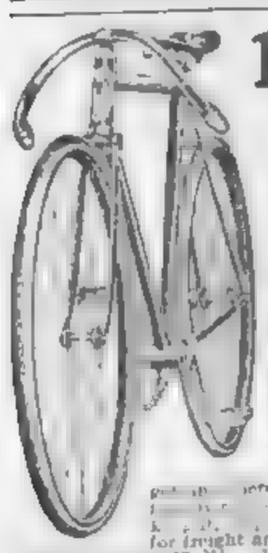

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were to be swathed in darkness forevermore. He opened the eastern window a little way to look up more directly at the light which was friendliness and companionship; and he wondered if Bezzanna, kneeling there at her window and gazing out toward the tumbling waters of the ocean, had seen his light and had thought of him as he thought of her, with the feeling that trust and faithfulness were still in the world. The night air was chill and he closed the window gently; then he took a cup of hot broth upstairs and set it at Bezzanna's door and knocked softly, lest she might have fallen asleep. He thought, as he turned away, that he heard her sobbing quietly—and he hurried, for fear that he might make sure.

The red light was glowing when he came down into the hall. It was Polecon—fat Polecon, the brother of Toopy. He had a hundred and fifty men; and old Polecon, the laughing, purple-visaged joker, had, by moving heaven and earth, secured three hundred and fifty stout spearmen whom he intended to lead himself.

Grisophal, the ill-tempered, swore violently into old Amyah's ear the moment he knew himself in possession of it. He had eight hundred villainous scoundrels who would have holes in their backs if they didn't get some in front, and he would assemble them anywhere the king said. At the foot of the palace park? All right.

Others of the nobles called, loyal to the king and ready with men and arms and their own bodies; but, after all, they were pitifully small in number, and the utmost combined force they could offer, including the men at the factories, was less than four thousand.

With a strange reluctance old Amyah took the receiver from its hook as a red light glowed.

"Amyah!" thrilled the tensely hurried voice of Dottersis.

"Yes!" vibrated the voice of Amyah, catching instantly the contagion of excitement.

"The war has begun. I must talk quickly, for they are pounding at my door. I've been trying to get you for a long time, but your wire was busy. They are taking possession of the city in the name of King Onalyon. The streets are swarming with soldiers, and they are carrying Onalyon's orange banner, with the prancing goat upon it! They have taken possession of all the factories and warehouses, the office of the Isolian, the stock exchange—and now they are demanding the surrender of the bank; but you may tell the king that I did not let them in so long as I had strength in my body."

"Wait!" cried Amyah; and, in that second of anguish in which he saw the suffering of Dottersis' soul as if it had been his own, the feeble spirit of old Amyah, which had passed a lifetime in the depth of servility which can only come to those servants who are masters over servants, developed itself into the proportions of a man—and he achieved a beautiful, daring lie.

"Wait!" he ordered. "The king left word that if the bank were besieged you should surrender it without resistance." And so it was he saved Dottersis the glory of a useless martyrdom.

Again the red light. This time it was the voice of a girl, a voice full of courage and of calm business briskness as well.

"Hello, palace one!" she said. "I'm sorry to inform you that your service will be discontinued immediately. The revolutionists have taken possession of the telephone exchange and are cutting all the wires on the palace switchboard. Is there any hurry-up connection ——"

The deathlike silence, as still as the grave itself—so still that those wires from which the life current had departed had a trace of the awe which attaches to a corpse—took possession of Amyah's telephone; and he felt its uselessness so keenly that he did not even think to hang up the receiver, but let it dangle limply from its fastenings like a palsied and lifeless arm.

How far away the world seemed and how isolated the palace—as if it had been suddenly removed far, far distant from all human life or action or, worst of all, thought! What startling scenes, what acts of violence, what tragedies, might be going on in the maelstrom of events which swirled down in the valley beyond that wall of velvet darkness, he could not know. He could only wait for the dawn.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Suppose the engineer of the 18-hour Chicago-New York flyer had a four-dollar watch hanging in his cab. And the train's schedule depended upon that cheap mechanism.

When the road's watch inspector discovered it, what would happen to that engineer?

If *you*, a passenger, knew that your very life depended upon the utter exactness of such a watch, would *you* care to ride behind that engine? In the first place, there is no such engineer in existence. Besides, no railroad would have him in its employ. The Limited would lose most of its patronage. Railroads demand that their trains be run according to the registry of the *best* watches manufactured. You, a passenger, realize this when you board the train.

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The manufacturer of an automobile now recognizes the vital importance of his car's possessing a speed and distance indicator of *known* accuracy, *proven* dependability, of *time-tested* service.

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He knows that this policy applies to every *part* of his car—especially to the delicate instrument which tells the *speed* and *distance* per gallon of gasoline and per quart of oil.

The indicator which tells *exactly* how much *service* the car is giving, how many miles a certain tire is good for.

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He is *glad* to pay *more* for a *high*-grade instrument—for truthful registry—for *lifetime* service. He is not interested in *low price* so much as in *high quality*. He prefers to equip with an instrument that the whole world knows to be the *best*, an instrument that has been given the acid test of *years*—an instrument that will add *tone* and *class* to the car it adorns.

So, when one of his salesmen or agents says, "Our car is equipped with the genuine Warner Auto-Meter," the prospective buyer will figure that the *quality* of the *car itself* must be consistent with the quality of its *equipment*.

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When you are being shown a certain car, the salesman will either mention the fact that it is Warner-equipped *at once* or, if it is *not* Warner-equipped, he will probably *avoid* the subject of indicators.

For a live, honest salesman is certainly *not* going to boast of his car's possession of a *low-grade* instrument. And you may rest assured that he will tell you in emphatic terms immediately if his equipment consists of a Warner Auto-Meter. *For he will be mighty proud of it!*

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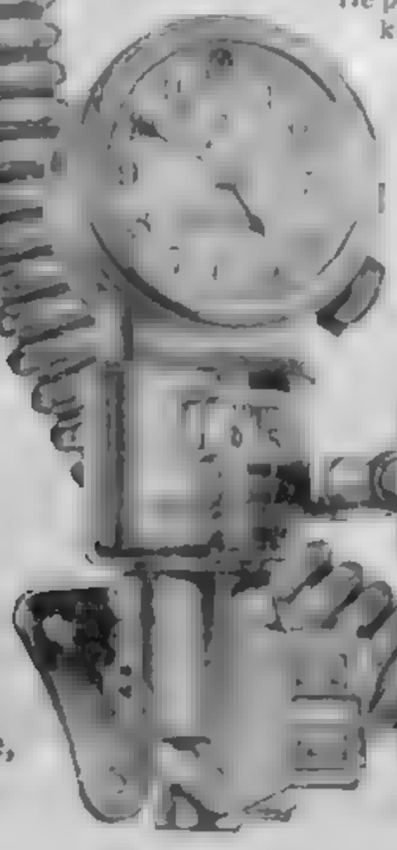
The Warner may be secured through reputable dealers in any city or town in the United States



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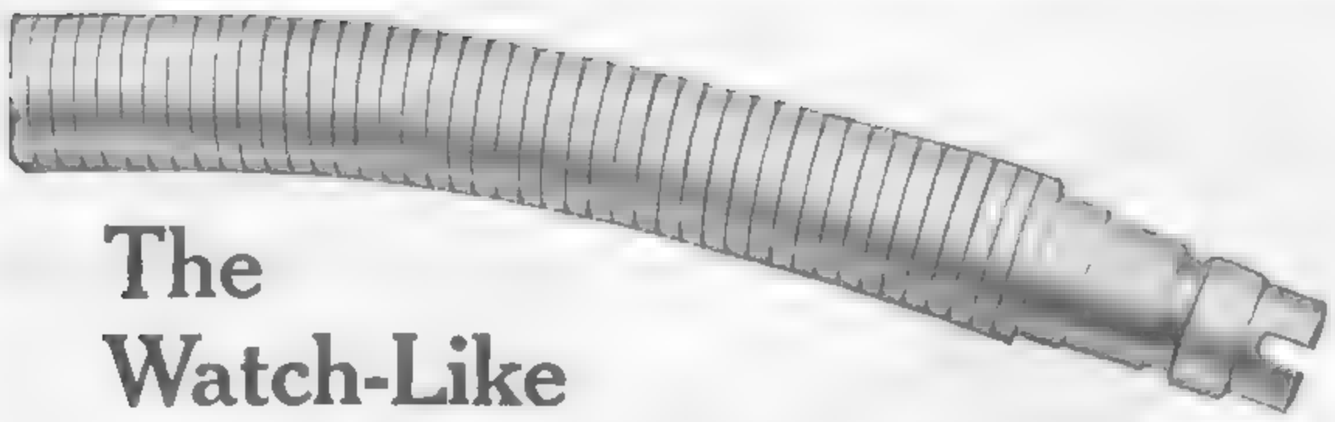

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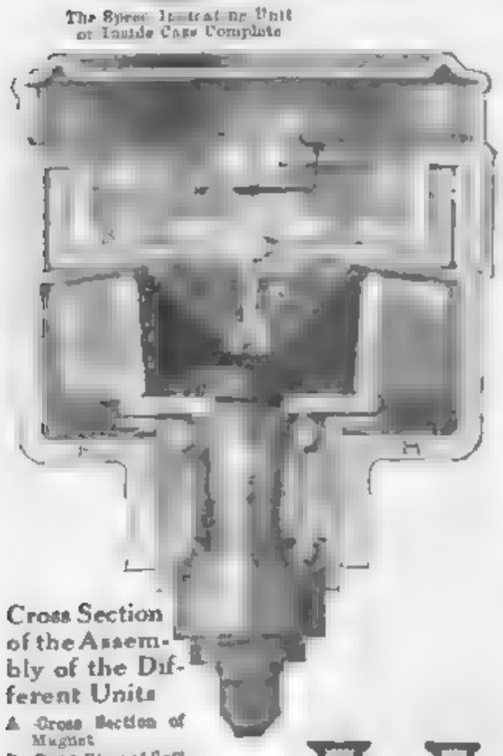

Cross Section of the Assembly of the Different Units

A—Cross Section of Magnet
B—Field Ring of Soft Steel
C—Hairspring
D—Two Sets of Sapphire Jewels—to a Set
E—Speed Scale of Aluminum
F—Opening to Show Speed Figures
G—Double Ball-Bearing
H—Case in Which Parts Are Assembled

F→

The Warner Magnetic Principle

Built on the magnetic induction principle. A revolving, permanent magnet creates a pull in direct ratio to its speed. The magnetic "lines of force" creating a pull, pass through an aluminum disc and are concentrated by a stationary "keeper" of soft steel. This aluminum disc carries the speed figures in miles per hour, and the faster the car *goes* the more miles are *absolutely, accurately* indicated.

Magnet of special formula steel, rich in Tungsten. *The only steel that positively will not lose its magnetism.*

Magnet revolves on imported Hoffman double ball-bearing. Cups and cones are specially hardened, ground and lapped to a mirror polish.

Speed Dial Read 10 Feet Away

Aluminum dial, described above, is mounted on a standard ship-chronometer pivot, to which is connected a hairspring, returning disc to zero as magnet stops revolving. Complete disc, pivot and hairspring weigh 106 grains. The terrific jarring of the car has no effect on this instrument, due to its sturdy construction.

4 Sapphire Jewels

Speed disc mounted in a bearing of 4 sapphire jewels. The 2 hole jewels are of the "olive" type, with hole cupped out at top and bottom until bearing surface is a hair line. Pivot rests on cap jewel. Actual bearing surface is two hair lines and two points of hardened and brilliantly polished steel against sapphire.

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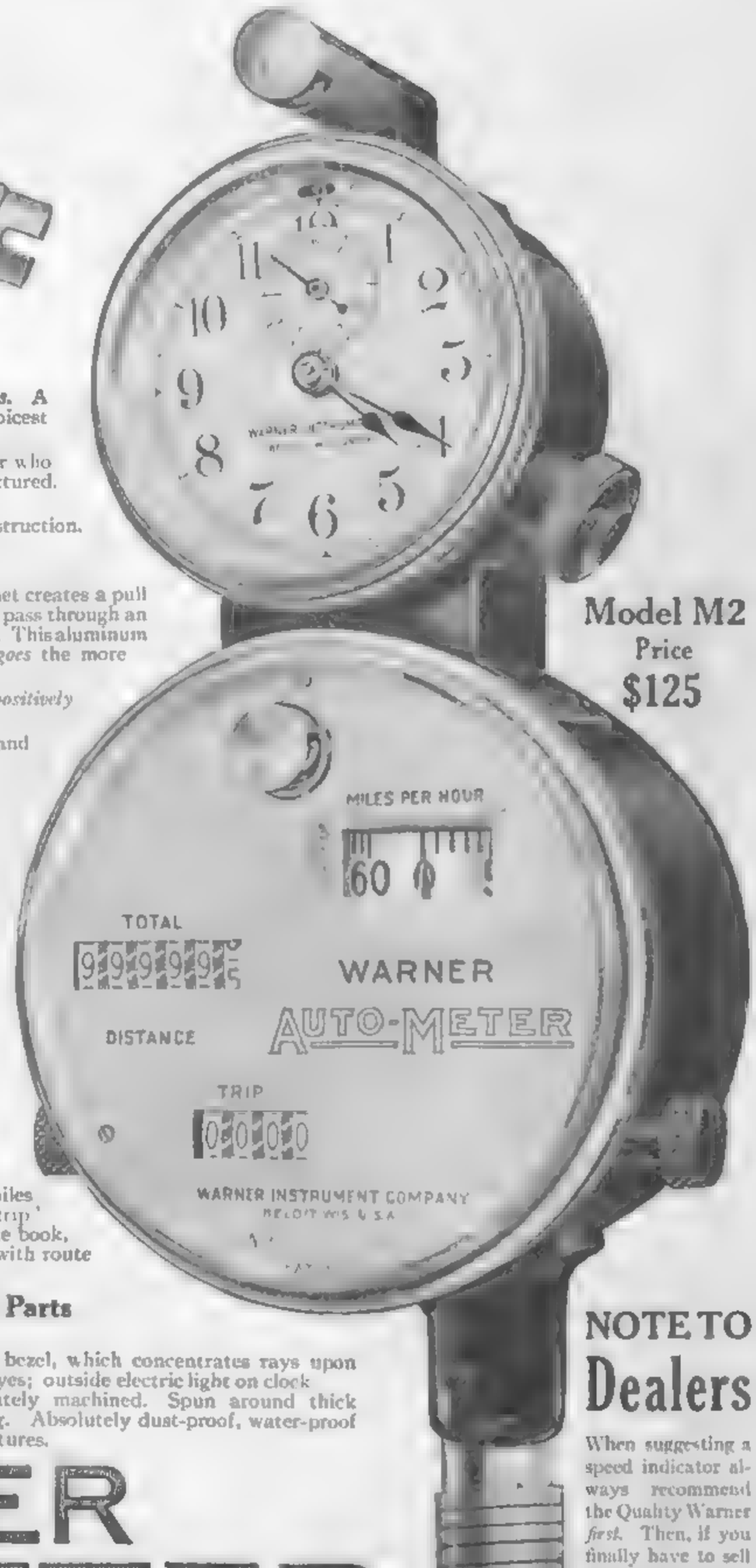
Another Warner invention and the output of our own factory. It has been found the most simple and trouble-proof. Registers 100,000 and repeat for "season." 1,000 miles and repeat for "trip." "Season" runs independently of "trip." By means of "trip" reset you may pick up and follow a route book, beginning at any point, and have mileage accurately agree with route book. (Standard routes are all surveyed by the Warner.)

Important Outside Parts

CLOCK—Highest price and quality manufactured.
DIAL ILLUMINATION—Tiny electric light underneath bezel, which concentrates rays upon speed and distance figures; no light escaping to blind the eyes; outside electric light on clock
BEZEL—Made of heavy seamless brass tubing, accurately machined. Spun around thick French plate glass, which cannot become loose and rattling. Absolutely dust-proof, water-proof and oil-proof. These are, of course, exclusive Warner features.



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Model K2,
Price
Complete
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Model 02,
Price Complete, $145

NOTE TO Dealers

When suggesting a speed indicator always recommend the Quality Warner *first*. Then, if you finally have to sell something inferior because of price, your customer can't blame you for his dissatisfaction—he refused the Warner against your judgment.

The Winning Amateur Advertisement

Study this picture — There's a story in each face

From childhood to old age, health, beauty and success are dependent, in a large measure, on sound teeth. Sound teeth means clean teeth, and clean teeth, for the past fifty years, has meant for millions of people the daily use of

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder

Perfect health is not possible with unsound teeth, and success is not probable without good health. Increased efficiency, due to your ability to properly masticate your food, and a sweet, clean breath will follow the use of Dr. Lyon's. Sound, clean teeth are an asset that will surely advance your interests in social as well as business affairs.

A woman's beauty is made or marred by her teeth. A plain face is made attractive by pretty teeth, while good features are often ruined by ill-kept teeth. Dr. Lyon's is a dainty dentifrice that particular women can use with pleasure.

Children should be taught to use the brush and Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, especially while their mouths contain both temporary and permanent teeth. At this time decay is most apt to occur, due to the bad condition of the temporary teeth that are being replaced.

If your teeth are free from decay, the use of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder after each meal will keep them that way. If it were possible to keep teeth *perfectly clean* there would be no such thing as decay. Dr. Lyon's, being in powder form, produces most closely the ideal condition of perfect cleanliness.

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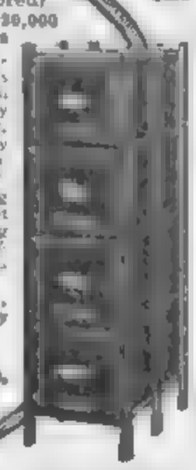

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Billy Fortune and the Lightfoot Girlie

(Continued from Page 17)

along after him and actin' worried and uncertain, and just raisin' him enough to keep him goin'. I got my thirty back and thirty more; and the next hand, while he was still all of a tremble with the scare he'd got, I commenced to buck him with whatever I happened to have. It wasn't poker; it was a cinch. I had a hundred of his money when he pushed away from the table. He 'most had tears in his eyes, he was so horrible disappointed.

"But you'll be here tomorrow, won't you?" says he. "That's all I happen to have with me; but you'll give me my revenge tomorrow, won't you?"

"Why, sure!" I says. "You come back tomorrow. This rank kind of luck can't last." And with that I took him down and bought him a drink, and then went back for a snooze before the show. Why, certainly I was goin' to the show. Wasn't that what I'd been playin' for? Wouldn't it look like a kind of a special providence to you?

That money was for Kittie. She was awful grateful when I passed it along to her—the poor little thing. I never told her how I'd got it; I just give it to her. "There," says I; "you put it with the rest and tuck it away somewhere and save it up till I get through, and then me and you we'll figure on what we're goin' to do with it. Mebbe you'll have a show of your own before we're done."

Four more times I done it to Bertie that way handrunnin'. By the end of the week I'd staked Kittie to pretty near seven hundred. It was gettin' to be a kind of a habit. I didn't care a mite for the playin'—it was getting terrible tedious; but the other part was right interestin'. I reckon I'd be keepin' on with it yet if I hadn't happened to meet up with Sadie one day. Saturday it was, and I'd gone in at noon to get my dinner in a restaurant; and I was settin' at the table waitin' when she come in. She had a kid with her—somewheres about an eight-year-old—all trigged out with clothes, and a look on him like he was one of these wise ones that can teach wickedness to the Old Nick. I can't abide that sort. They ain't human.

Sadie she give me just the littlest kind of a nod with her head and was goin' on by; but then she seemed as if she changed her mind and come over to my table, with her face cheerin' up some.

"Don't you want company?" says she; and she took the chair across from mine and fixed another for the kid. "Sit down, Algernon," she says to him; and then to me: "You didn't look as if you wanted to eat alone. You might act as if you didn't anyway."

She was just as cool about it. I didn't know what to say to her. "Whose is the young one?" I says—"not yours?"

She shook her head at me. "No, not mine," says she. "He's Bertie's. This gentleman knows your father, Algernon," she says to the kid. "You've heard him speak of Mr. Fortune."

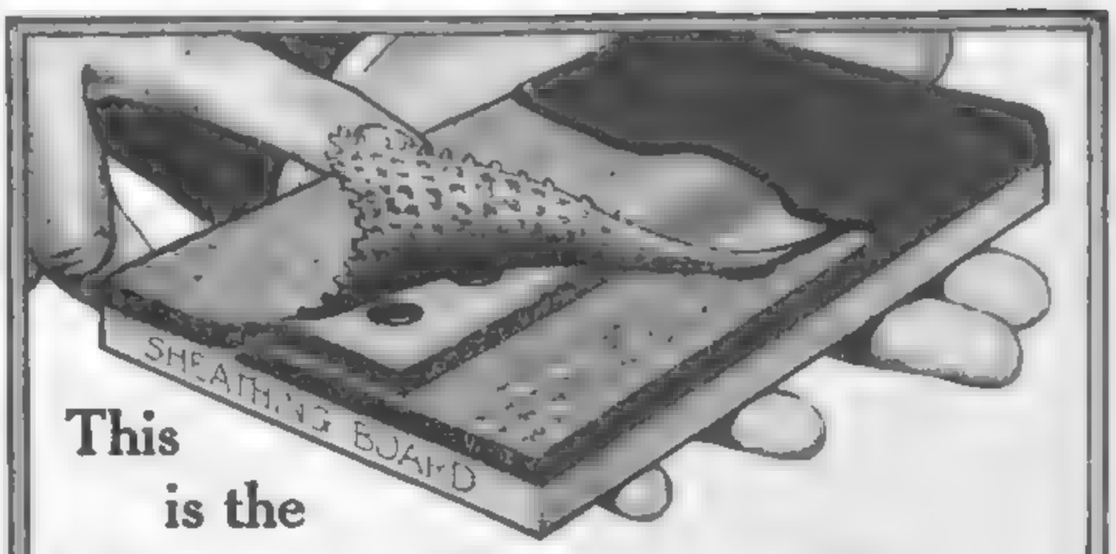
The kid he flicked a look at me out of his wise eyes, and then he looked at Sadie. "Is this him?" says he; and when she'd nodded to him he begun payin' attention to me serious. It made me nervous, with Sadie settin' back in her chair, lookin' on.

"Well, Algernon," I says, after a bit, "how do I size up?"

"Huh!" says Algernon, takin' his eye off me and tuckin' in his napkin. "My mother says you're a mark," he says, real abrupt.

It caught me up short. "What?" says I. "What's that, son? Your mother?" I looked across quick at Sadie. She just laughed at me. I couldn't make it out at all. "Your mother?" I says again. "Your mother must have real good judgment—for a lady. What else was it she said about me?"

I thought Sadie would try to head him off—but she didn't; it seemed as if she was relishin' me first-rate. She just let the kid go right on. "Why," says he, "she says if my father wasn't a bigger mark than you are she'd have you milked dry in a couple of weeks. She says she knows you ain't got any ranch like you told her. She says that's just guff; but she says she'd get what you have got if my father wasn't such a goat. Only she says he don't give her a chance."



This is the

Carey Patent Lap

It makes A Carey Roof on your building One Solid Sheet No joins

A roof is no stronger than its weakest part—which is the "join" in every composition roof except Carey's. The Carey Roof is *joinless* as a result of the Carey Patent Lap—a patented feature found only in this roof.

All other composition roofs are joined by overlapping the edges of the sheets and nailing through both sheets into the sheathing boards. A strip or cleat is sometimes placed over the nails in an effort to make the joins waterproof. It is only a question of time when the water *will work under* these strips and *through* these joins—when the *nails will rust* and work loose—when the action of the elements will take the life out of these roofs, causing them to crack, leak and become practically *worthless*.

The Carey Patent Lap *seals over* the joins of the sheets and makes the Carey Roof a *solid sheet* over the entire top of the building.

This Carey Patent Lap is formed by an extension of the burlap layer in the Carey Roof out along one side of each roll of roofing. When the Carey Roof is laid and the rolls are overlapped and firmly nailed to the sheathing boards, this Burlap Extension is then *cemented down over the nails and join*, and is itself protected by being covered with a heavy layer of Asphalt Cement. As a result the *nails can never rust*—can *never work loose* (being held down by the burlap) and there isn't a single seam *over the entire surface of a Carey Roof* for water to work through.

The Carey Patent Lap alone adds years of life to the Carey Roof, but in *every feature* of composition and construction the Carey Roof is superior to all others.

The "heart" of the Carey Roof—a heavy body of Flexible Cement—is protected between a foundation of strong Woolen Felt and an outer covering of tough Calcutta Burlap. The Burlap gives the necessary *tensile strength* to the Carey Roof and is in turn protected by a layer of Asphalt Cement embedded in its meshes from the upper side. As a result of this superior construction in addition to the Carey Patent Lap, when the Carey Roof is laid, the *life* and *flexibility* of the Cement Body are *permanently preserved* by being *hermetically sealed* from the action of the elements. All the wear comes upon the *outer surface* of Asphalt Compound.

Carey's Flexible Cement Roofing

That is why a Carey Roof *cannot* dry out, crack or deteriorate. That is why a Carey Roof will *last as long as the building it protects*. That is why you will find *17 to 25-year-old Carey Roofs* still giving perfect satisfaction on all kinds of buildings throughout the United States.

The Carey Roof is *complete* when it leaves the factory. Its construction cannot be altered in laying. It can be laid immediately and requires no special skill. And once laid, *permanent satisfaction is insured*.

We invite and urge every building owner, architect or superintendent to make a thorough comparison of all other roofings with Carey's before reaching a decision. Our complete booklet, together with a generous sample of Carey's Flexible Cement Roofing, will be mailed you promptly on request.

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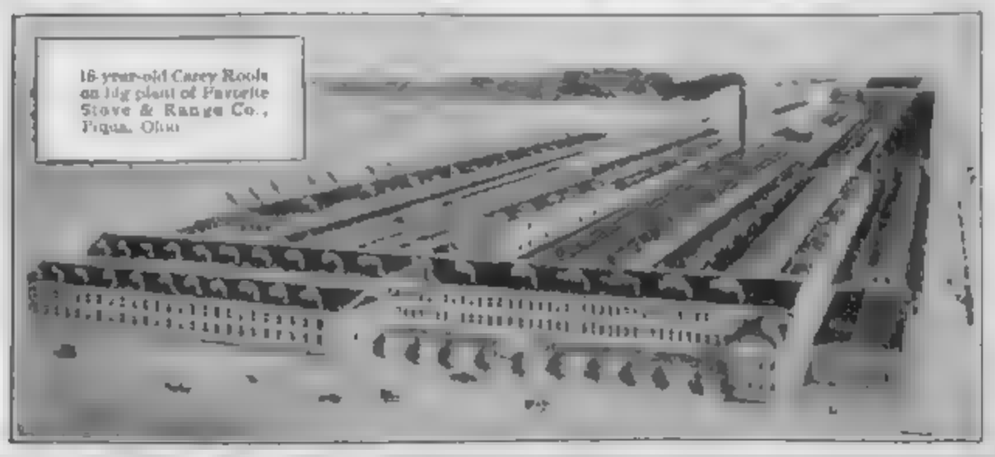

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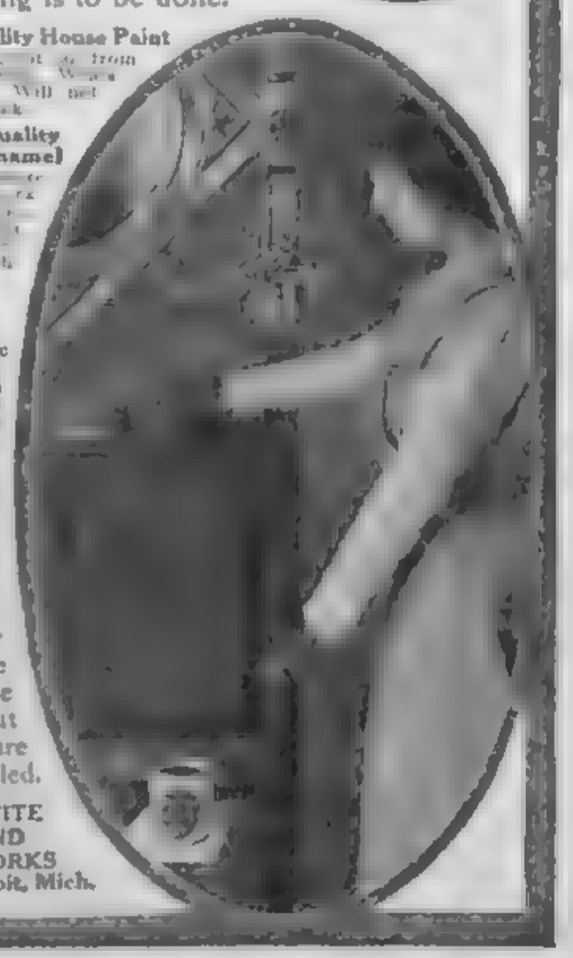

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ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS
Dept. Q, Detroit, Mich.

It was soakin' into me slow. "Yes, of course," says I. "Who's this your mother is, Algernon?"

"Why," says he, "you ought to know who she is. Kittie Weeks—that's her."

"Why, of course!" I says again.

Can't you see how it was? And wouldn't it give you the sick disgust? It did me. There I'd been spendin' a plumb week, with that money goin' round and round—me givin' it to Kittie, and Kittie stakin' Bertie with it to clean me with, and Bertie losin' it back to me—and me givin' it to Kittie all over again. I had to stop and think. The way it stood then, I was about a hundred to the bad till my turn would come again.

"For the love o' Christmas!" I says to Sadie. "How long have you knew about this?"

"Don't you think you'd better be runnin' on back to your cows?" she says, laughing. "You don't belong here. You don't like me a little bit; but you ought to thank me for puttin' you next."

"Well, gee-whiz!" says I. My mind seemed as if it was all choked up; it took me as much as a minute to get it goin' again. "I'm a-goin'," I says to her. "I'm a-goin' tomorrow. I want to see the show one more time if I can keep the news from gettin' back to 'em. Do you reckon I can?"

She was right bright at understandin' me.

"Algernon and I are spending the afternoon together," says she, "after we've had our lunch. Don't we eat pretty soon? I'm starvin'."

I sure played poker that time when Bertie showed up after a bit. I didn't care what hands I had or how I got 'em—I had him broke so quick he didn't have time to blink before it was all over. A hundred and a quarter I took away from him that time—bang! He hadn't even got his fingers limbered up yet.

"That's too bad," I told him when he was leanin' back in his chair and sufferin'. "The afternoon's young yet though; there's lots o' time to take some of it away from me again. I'll sell you the chips, and we can keep count of 'em. Come on!"

And so we started. After a quarter of an hour he begun orderin' up the drinks; and then pretty soon he called for a quart, so as to have it handy. It didn't make a bit of difference. Six times I sold him another stack and then dragged it back. I wanted to make it an even thousand if I could, but by the time we got to eight hundred he'd absorbed so much of the bottle he was droppin' off to sleep between deals; so I quit. He was just able to sign his name to a piece of paper I wrote for him, sayin' how much he owed me; and then I had the nigger come and take him away and put him to bed somewheres. After that I had my supper and went to the show.

Kittie she seemed right peevish and worried that night. I reckoned I knew what was ailin' her—it was gettin' on her nerves to have my money come dribblin' along that way, a little chunk at a time, and her not gettin' ahead any by it, neither, nor not knowin' what the wind-up was goin' to be or how much she'd get when it did come. She was tryin' to be nice to me over the victuals, but her smile didn't have any gimp in it. I didn't care—I was feelin' bully; and I went right at her with a piece of plain and fancy love-makin'. I tried to remember all the different ways I'd ever learnt, and put 'em all into it all together—and a whole lot of little things besides that nobody ever heard about. You don't have to believe it, but in just about a minute Wyoming had Chicago backin' off and gaspin' for breath. She didn't know what to make of it. I'd only been foolin' before; but now I went into it like the breakin' up of a hard winter. Yes, sir; she was certainly one surprised lady. I kept after her till I had her the color of a bright new rainbow and she looked like she was right on the ragged edge of hollerin' for help. When I'd got her just exactly the way I wanted her I stuck my hand into my pocket, where I had Bertie's piece of paper done up in an envelope and licked shut.

"Here," says I; "you take this. I expect you think I've just been pikin' with you; but now I want to give you somethin' that'll let you know just exactly how much I think of you! No; don't you open it," I says to her; "not yet! Not till you're gettin' ready for bed; then you can. Now I'm goin' to send you on home, so you can be changin' your mind about me."

Well, that's all of it. Only wouldn't you like to have been stickin' round when her and Bertie had their seance?

This Feature of My Business Interests Me Greatly

It may interest you.

Men whom I have never seen, but who buy their cigars from me by mail, frequently take occasion to write me the most friendly letters.

These letters are all in the way of business, yet they lack the business atmosphere. There is a note of intimacy about them that I cannot believe is characteristic of the usual letter to a mail order business house.

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I sell cigars by the box direct from my model factory to the smoker. I do not content myself with selling a cigar for one-half the money that it would cost elsewhere, but I endeavor to sell cigars that will be more than satisfactory from a quality standpoint.

Take my Panatela. It has a filler of [illegible] leaf. I import my Havana from Cuba and I know that it is real Havana. The wrapper of my Panatela is [illegible] not a domestic grown substitute. The cigar is hand made by adult men cigarmakers—mostly Cubans—under my personal supervision. It is the regular 10c cigar of the trade.

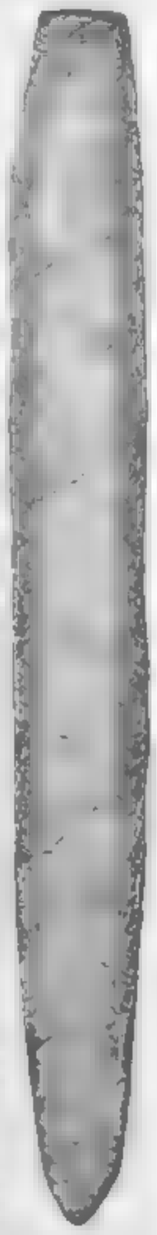
I said my business was unique. My offer explains what I mean:

Here is my offer: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them. If he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

For nine years I have sold this cigar by mail [illegible] even [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] to repeat orders for my premos. I get many repeat orders, generally with the sort of letters referred to above.

I would like to try a box of my cigars on the terms of my offer. Acceptance of this offer does not obligate you in any way. I [illegible] I will bet you that you will like my cigars and want to continue smoking them.

In ordering please enclose business card or give reference and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.



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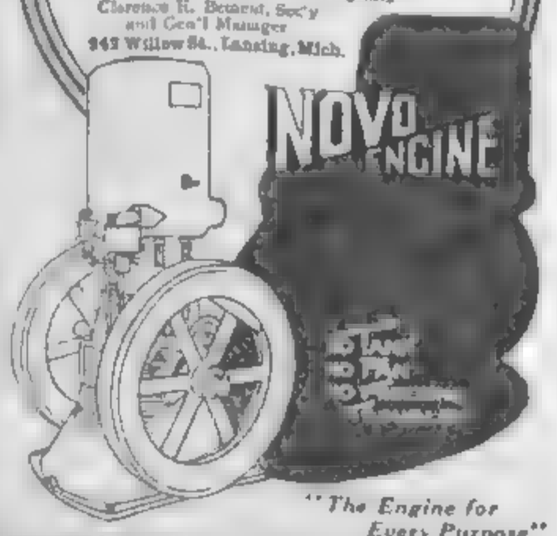

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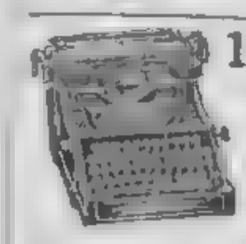

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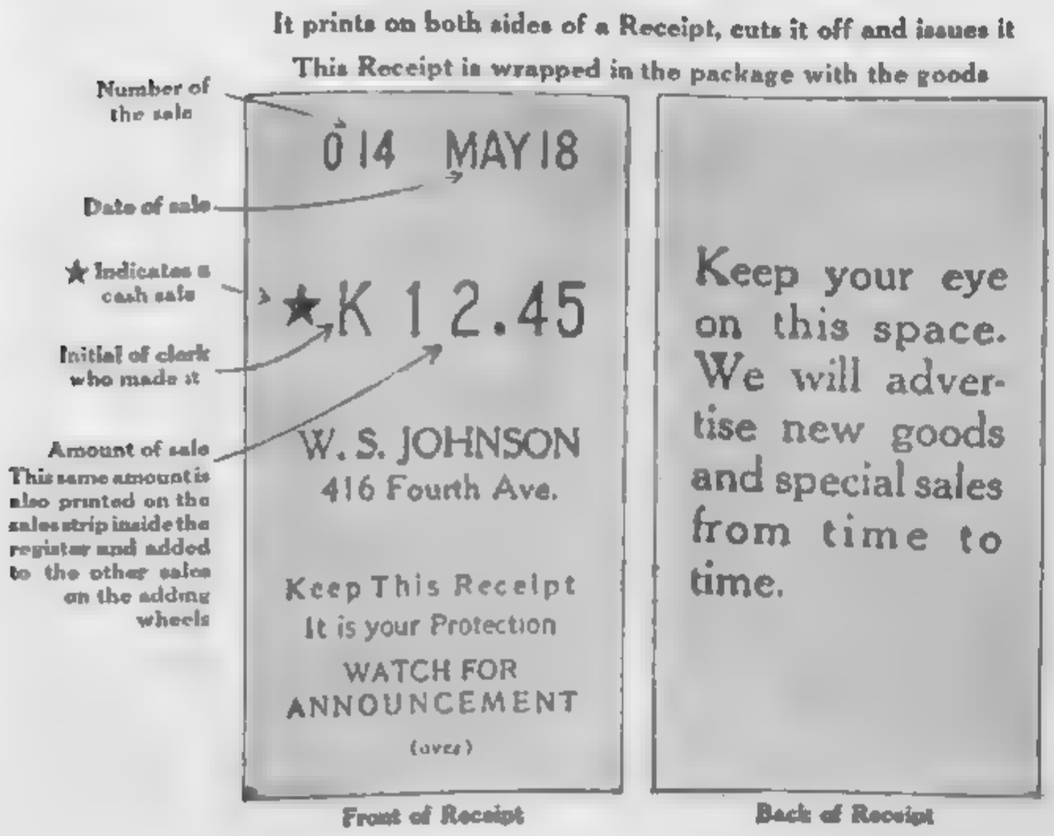
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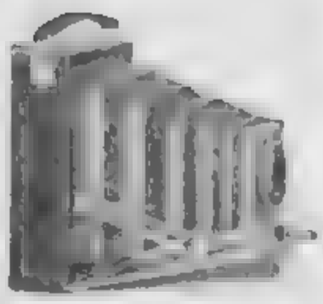

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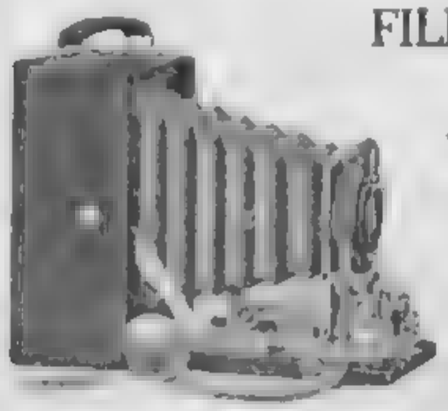
Price, with single Meniscus lens, $5.00; with double Planatograph lens, $7.50.



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Takes films or plates with equal facility and permits ground glass focusing with either—a most desirable feature, as it enables the user to get the very utmost out of his fine Anastigmat lens equipment.

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ROCHESTER OPTICAL DIVISION
EASTMAN KODAK CO. ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Lessons From Our Alien Farmers

(Continued from Page 14)

at all in the way of breakage from high winds. They are astonishingly healthy too. It is a fact, as the Italian grower says, that the crotch of a tree that has been headed out by cutting off its leader is its weakest point, and a little splitting there gives an opening for rot and insects. What has been developed and demonstrated in regard to leaving the leader of a tree untouched and to summer pruning has attracted the attention of the foremost horticulturists throughout the state."

The collection of trees in this Italian's yard is a horticultural clinic operated on the comparative plan. Alongside a tree headed out in the customary way is one with its leader intact. His pruning is also done for purposes of effective comparison. He is able to say to his visitors: "Here is a wound from a branch removed four winters ago; and here is one from a limb taken out the following summer." It cannot be denied that the results speak for themselves—and loudly in support of his contentions.

His racial impulse for original investigation leads him to tackle almost every kind of tree problem. The tussock moth began its work of havoc on some of his trees and he straightway began on the tussock moth. Not satisfied with watching its operations on the trees, he started a hatchery for this pest in his workshop. His object was to learn their feeding habits. He found that the young would not eat leaves that had advanced beyond a certain stage of tenderness. Then the problem was to find something to discourage their appetite before the leaves had passed the safety point. By patient and continued experimentation he at last hit upon an effective discourager in the form of a lime solution. Then he applied this solution—twenty pounds of lime to a hundred gallons of water—to his trees and completely banished this pest. He is now working out the same problem in connection with the troublesome horned caterpillar. He does not despise the theories of book science; but, as he puts it, "being an Italian, I love to make things grow, and in doing this I have to use my eyes. And what I see makes me think; and then I try out my thoughts on the trees. That's the Italian of it. Most of what we get comes in this way—at first hand."

Cooperation in Truck Farming

Though the Italians have not developed the corporation idea that has been so remarkable a feature in the success of the Chinese gardeners, they have a partnership plan of their own that serves to lift hundreds of them from the ranks of common laborers to the position of independent workers many years before they could become so without this form of association. There are eighty-five firms in the membership of the San Francisco Italian market and these firms average ten partners. The laborer who has saved a few hundred dollars from his wages, and has learned the soil and the climate and the tricks of irrigation, has also learned that the man for whom he has worked is "getting rich." Consequently he sees a short cut to independence by stepping out of the wage class and working the soil on his own account.

So he looks for other men who are in a similar situation and they band together on an equal footing, rent as much land as they have the money to hire and the numbers to operate. At the outset this cooperation is a matter of necessity. Generally, perhaps, when the partners make enough to buy a little farm outright they separate; but in many cases the advantages of this cooperation under a partnership are so apparent that the firm is maintained indefinitely; and the scope of its operations is greatly enlarged through hired labor brought from the home country in the form of "brothers" and "cousins." From time to time the various partners are retired—many of them returning to Italy. Here is where the under dog gets his day. According to the common practice, the laborer is given an opportunity to step into the shoes of the retiring partner and terms are arranged by which he will be able to "pay out."

One Italian, who now operates a hundred acres of fat bottom land on the edge of Modesto, is a product of this practice of passing the chance on to the wageworker. He came to America about nine years ago and hired to "the Arata outfit"—the pioneer gardeners of the Modesto district.

One day Arata, the founder of the enterprise, called his new man into the house, opened a bottle of the best wine and said:

"I am going back to Italy. I've made a fortune and shall be a very rich man over there. You are a good man, John, and I shall sell my partnership to you."

The terms were arranged and John stepped from the payroll to the commanding place in the partnership. One by one he has bought out his partners; but the day will come when he, in turn, will call in a trusted laborer and pass the opportunity on to him. The new owner has built a modern warehouse for the storage of his apricots, peaches, pears, cherries and other fruits. As a result of this piece of enterprise, he is not at the mercy of the market and he seldom fails to realize the top prices of the season.

Andrea Sbarboro, the founder of one of the largest vineyard colonies in the world, declares that the Italian knows only one investment—the land. He illustrates this characteristic by the experience of an Italian at Oroville, in the mining section of the state. This son of Italy had bought ten acres of cheap and apparently poor land near a mining camp, had planted it to peaches and was selling the crop at high prices to the hungry miners. One day the manager of the dredging company came to the fruitgrower and offered him three thousand dollars for his land, adding: "And that is several times what you paid for it five or six years ago."

The Snipping-Back Method

The Italian shook his head with a firmness that was convincing, and kept on shaking it as the manager continued to raise his offer until the sum of ten thousand was named. Finally the mining man lost patience and exclaimed:

"What's the matter with you anyhow? How much do you think you can hold me up for, just because I happen to want your land?"

Then, in badly broken English, the Italian explained: "But what will I do with the money? If I have my land I make fine business for my family; every year better—and she stay there always! I know what this land she do for me—but the money is much trouble."

Finding the Italian still obdurate and unwilling to part with the particular piece of soil he had prospected, the manager of the mining company offered to pay the Italian ten thousand dollars for the destruction of his orchard, to give him a certain percentage on the gold that was taken from his holdings—and finally to restore the soil after the mining operations were completed. This offer was accepted because it did not involve giving up his land. Otherwise it would undoubtedly have been rejected. His orchard has been replanted and is today producing as well as before it was mined, and the money he received has been put into more land.

In the superbly cultivated orchard of a Hollander in Pajaro Valley is applied a practice which, if not unique, is at least uncommon. It is called "snipping back," and its results in the increase of fruitage are undeniable.

"This," says the Hollander, "is a practice that should be indulged in with discrimination and always with a view to the particular variety of tree in hand. Take Bellflowers as an example: they make such a rapid growth in the spring that the greater part of the tree's energy goes to the making of new wood, with the result that many of the little apples—especially those at the ends of the twigs—drop to the ground. Now if the new growth is promptly snipped this dropping will be checked.

"But this spring snipping is done too early to influence the setting of more fruitspurs. To serve that purpose it should be done later in the summer.

"It seems to me that its greatest utility will be found in localities and in connection with varieties that suffer a heavy June drop.

"In the case of mature trees—say, more than ten years old—where the purpose is to increase the number of fruitspurs, the snipping should be done in the late fall. I have taken as high as three thousand boxes of apples from four hundred Bellflower trees twenty years old. I do not claim—nor do I believe—that this was

mainly the result of snipping back; but I am sure that this trick, when used in the spring, operates quite effectively in checking the June drop, leaving more apples to mature; and that when practiced in the fall it has a pronounced tendency to increase the number of new fruitspurs. However, before a man applies this method he should consider the desirability of increasing the set of apples on the particular variety of trees under treatment. In this locality the tendency of trees is to overbear rather than underbear."

Probably no better example of what a Japanese can do in conjuring products and profits from the soil is to be found in America than is afforded by the two-acre patch operated in a small town, nine miles from Los Angeles. The clever owner from the Mikado's kingdom is a master of methods. His house, barns and outbuildings occupy a corner of his two acres, but this patch in 1910 yielded him twenty-five hundred dollars above his expenditures. His main engine of production is a little dugout hothouse of the crudest construction, covered with glass and canvas. The excavation was three and one-half feet deep. About two feet of fresh stable manure was put in, topped with a foot of soil. In the center of the bed is an original heating apparatus—a common lantern! This rude contrivance, however, produces at one time a hundred thousand eggplants—each in a tiny pot—which he sells to the gardeners about him at a good price, because they are early and they are "right"—in a word, because "he knows how to grow eggplants that produce." For his earliest eggplants he gets twenty-five cents a dozen and for his later ones fifteen cents. His eggplants are grown for two seasons; those in the seed-bed in April are for the early crop. Then he repeats the operation for the later or second crop of the frostless belt.

Why do this man's eggplants always grow when they are transplanted? He says one reason is because he does not injure them by holding the watering-pot too high when he gives them a drink. They are very tender when just sprouting and the blow of a drop of water falling a few inches will stun one of these delicate creatures so as to set back its growth. Another reason is that he takes away all heat five to fifteen days before the plants are to be removed to the open. Most of their indoors growth is made in tiny pots. Their growth must not be checked for an instant from the time the seed sprouts—this is the one object for which this Japanese labors and schemes with a cunning and minutia of attention that are little short of genius. This, he declares, is the foundation secret of success in growing anything—especially truck for the early market and high prices.

The Jap's Hot-Water Bottle

Another dugout is devoted to the propagation of chilli pepper plants. This is heated by a quaint Japanese warming stove that burns charcoal. Tomato plants are started in a third dugout, in which an oil stove furnishes the heat. Whenever this stove is lighted a basin of water is set upon it in order that the air may not become too dry.

When the sun shines the grower's crude heating devices are idle, but the instant the sky is overcast and a chill creeps into the air he lights his fires to keep the tiny rootlets warm, so that the development of the plants shall not be forced to suffer an instant's check.

In the summer he adds roses and carnations to his propagating industry. Just now he is finding a strong demand for well-started sweet-potato plants. The marvel of his enterprise is the fact that he can accomplish his results with so crude an equipment. His little domain is a standing proof that skill and not tools is what gets the results. It is not too much to say that an American would consider an equipment costing three thousand dollars a reasonable investment if it would bring in the net return that the Japanese realizes from his dugouts.

In applying water to crops the Jap quickly becomes an expert. He realizes at the start that this is not a thing to be done by rule-of-thumb or in haphazard fashion, but that it is one of the most powerful agencies for making or marring a crop. Therefore he applies himself to the task of mastering the art of irrigation by first-hand observation and seldom fails of success. Occasionally he develops a kink in this art that astonishes his neighbors.

"There is not a more expert grower of head lettuce on the coast," remarked a large buyer of vegetables, "than a Jap whose place is between Los Angeles and the sea. I have bought a crop from him that ran seven hundred and fifty dollars to the acre—and it took him just ninety days to make it.

"Just as soon as his plants are set out he will tell me when he'll cut them. Time and again he has called the turn to the exact day. This so impressed me that I finally asked him how he did it. He laughed his odd little laugh and answered: 'Make him come that way! If ground he too cold and slow take big hot-water bottle an' warm him up.' It was then a little raw and chill, and had been for two days. He motioned me to feel of the soil and then dip my hand into the irrigation ditch. I was astonished at the contrast—the water was several degrees warmer than the land. The irrigation ditch was his 'big hot-water bottle,' and he applied it whenever the temperature of his soil fell to a point that threatened to arrest the rapid development of his crop.

"One Japanese recently came to me for some advice. At that time head lettuce was not so generally grown as at present. I told him there was a chance to make a killing. His reply was, 'I not much savvy that head lettuce!'—meaning that he knew little about it.

"My advice to him was to go it strong and put in twenty acres. Instead, he planted forty-five acres and made a splendid profit that put him solidly on his feet. When a Jap goes to a marketman in whom he has confidence he not only acts on the advice he gets but he acts on an exceedingly generous scale."

Big Returns From Small Farms

"Another very important feature of Japanese practice is a tendency to grow a lot of bunch stuff—radishes, carrots, beets, parsley, parsnips, and everything that is sold in small bunches. Why? Because the Jap figures out everything and he knows that, even at a cheap price, bunch stuff counts up into solid returns. The cheapest of it will run one hundred dollars an acre, much of it will bring four hundred dollars, and not a little of it will score a return considerably higher than that. The quickness with which it can be grown and its adaptability as a repeater are other points which go to make bunch stuff a steady favorite with the shrewd Japs. Some of it can be grown in ninety days and the slowest kinds in one hundred and fifty days.

"There are few Japs round here who are not doing something to introduce distinctively Japanese vegetables into our market. At the start these odd things are bought almost exclusively by the Asiatics of the cities. They hunger for the things that taste like home stuff and are willing to pay well for them. Japanese horseradish serves to illustrate this orientalizing of the market. It is black on the outside, with an overlapping scale—like a bamboo shoot—and is an ever-bearer and an incorrigible spreader.

"I know of one Jap who sold one crop of this horseradish from one-tenth of an acre for five hundred dollars. This, of course, was a remarkable return. He sold in bunches of three roots, each about eighteen inches long. It is so mild in flavor that it is rapidly increasing in popularity among white people.

"Then there is the big Japanese white radish, which is also mild and pleasant. The smallest is eight inches long, and they grow as long as twenty-four inches. This pays heavily because it is such a profuse yielder. And it is also rapidly gaining in favor with Americans.

"What a clever Jap will do with a one-acre farm is almost past belief. It is certainly enough to put the white man to shame. Here is what I've seen done—not once, but several times! The Little Brown Brother would land with nothing, work a short time until he had enough to buy a few tools, and then rent an acre. He would always put in a tenth of his ground in Japanese radishes. The remainder would be given over to running crops of carrots, beets, radishes, turnips, parsnips and parsley. After the first season he would send money to bring over his wife, and at the close of the third season he would have a good sum of money in the bank. If an American ever lived who has done a parallel stunt of getting ahead on one acre I'd be proud to know his name."

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THE RISE OF THE CRAB

By Lynn R. Meekins

A PENNY'S worth of crabmeat and a sprinkle of cheese in a chafing dish make a dollar-and-a-half check—and there you have the rise of the crab. As the lobster has crawled higher and higher on the menu and disappeared before the splurging millions of the nation's new riches, the crab has followed in the wake and has reached that eminence in food values where it can command the price. A few years ago the crab was running wild. Today it is running countrymen into wealth and city people into debt. A generation ago you saw it on an occasional bill-of-fare in the summertime. Now it is one of the high-priced luxuries all the year round—and thereon hangs this tale.

Not so very long ago, when—from the first of May to election day—shoes were unthinkable except for Sunday church, we boys along Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries used to catch crabs for fun and for those hiatuses between meals when youthful hunger saved itself from starvation by cooking its own salvation, the same being crabs. Usually we inveigled the cook to let us throw them in the big part of the wood-stove; but when she was unkind we built our own fires, and after the crabs were done we picked them and ate the meat—or, to be more accurate, we ate as we picked, the operations being practically concurrent. In those days the idea of selling crabs was never entertained. Sometimes a negro fisherman would sell a dozen for a nickel, but that was not usual; and the man who bought them was regarded as too lazy to do his own catching. Not only was the crab not considered a commercial possibility but the buying of crabs for personal use was rather small and cheap.

And yet I have just come from communities in which there are crab plutocrats with automobiles, motor yachts and solid mahogany; and on the first of the present year I stood on the upper deck of the steamer Pennsylvania which makes the trip from Cape Charles to Norfolk, a distance of thirty-six miles across the famous horseshoe where the marvelous Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic Ocean meet, and where you can have every known kind of seasickness when the winds are frisky. Captain Maguire has run this round trip daily, and for years twice daily, for almost a third of a century; and the distance he has traveled would reach round the earth more than a score of times. As we gazed over multitudinous whitecaps out into the Atlantic, we saw a fleet of boats of the small schooner type maneuvering backward and forward—cater-cornered and crisscrossed—and very busy throwing over and hauling up.

"There are no oysters out there. What are they after?"

"Crabs," said the captain; "and they are making big money!"

A Town Built on Oyster Shells

Crabbing in the midst of winter! And big money! It seems absurd—but the lobster is going—going—and the crab has been coming—coming; and so here is new wealth worth all the gold mines floated in Broad Street in ten years, and a new industry that has its fleets, its banks and, in the busy seasons, its special trains all the way to New York—not to mention the automobiles and the pleasure craft bought out of the profits. And now there is a new movement working with the Atlantic Coast legislatures for a uniform law protecting the eggs, the young and the undersized of the crab family, so that the annual catch may not be diminished and the history of the lobster may not be repeated.

When Captain Maguire began to run the steamers across the mouth of the bay a few venturesome persons sent occasional barrels of hard crabs to northern markets; but they were very few. As the years passed the number increased. So now if you take the trip with the captain, leaving Norfolk at six in the morning, you start with a cargo of crabs; at Old Point Comfort many more barrels are rolled on to the melody of the negroes, and at Cape Charles there are hundreds of barrels waiting—all for the express trains that are in New York the next morning.

As you pass from point to point up the two hundred miles of Chesapeake Bay and many of its two thousand miles of tributaries, you will find crabhouses, crabboats, crab outfits—but all these things and the whole crab proposition, embodied and displayed and in working order, are—as they are nowhere else in all the world—in Crabopolis, which is Crisfield, which ships more crabs than any place on earth. On perfervid occasions the Eastern Shore orator rises to the clouds and calls Crisfield "the Venice of America."

Originally Crisfield was a streak of mud jutting into a bay of Tangier Sound, a body of water whose bottom was lined with prime oysters. Crisfield began on these oysters. It shucked them. The contents were shipped to the cities. The shells were thrown on the streak of mud. Thus Venice arose. So Crisfield today is on a lime base superimposed upon a mud foundation—and it has banks, more churches than it can fill, moving pictures, garages and all the excrescences of civilization but saloons; for, except the one county which forms the north of Delaware and in which is the city of Wilmington, the whole peninsula of Delaware, Maryland and Virginia—3418 square miles, containing over two hundred thousand people—is dry.

The Six Ages of Crabs

Crisfield waxed fat on the oyster and paved its streets with the shells. In those early days the people lived largely from the water, and among the articles of daily food in the warm months was the soft crab. The waters round had them by the billion; and in a few minutes with a scoopnet one got a meal for a family. In the early seventies the men who worked on the railroad began to spread the fame of the delicacy; and in 1873 the first regular shipment was made to Philadelphia. There was some doubt about the experiment and the idea of the crab ever running the oyster a race in city markets provoked the risibles of the community; in fact, there was no rush of profit or success. It crawled along slowly like the crab itself. Years passed without much increase; but within the past fifteen or twenty years the figures have leaped almost beyond belief.

Crisfield alone now sends to city markets a hundred and twenty-five million soft crabs a year and from twenty-five to fifty million hard crabs. In the past decade the increase in the soft-crab shipments has been five hundred per cent and in the hard-crab shipments over one hundred per cent. Crisfield is the Crabopolis, but it is only one of many points from which millions of crabs are shipped; so that, if you want to speculate on a total, you must run far into the hundreds of millions and then add more to fill the new demands.

And this matter of numbers is only a part of the story. In order to understand it, you must know a few things about crabs. There are hundreds of varieties in the world; but the crab that we of the eastern half of the North American continent eat is the Blue Crab—*Callinectes hastatus;* and there are six clearly-defined periods in its business life:

FIRST—The "hard crab," which you know.
SECOND—The "shot," in the first stage of shedding.
THIRD—The "peeler," when the old shell begins to break.
FOURTH—The "buster," when the new shell can be seen.
FIFTH—The "soft crab," which you eat, shell and all.
SIXTH—The "buckram," when the shell begins to harden.

In the matter of marketing, the hard crab is handled in his natural state without bother or preparation. He is caught, barreled and shipped. The crabs caught in the stages of shedding are imprisoned in floats and held until they reach the well-developed "peeler" condition or become full-fledged soft crabs. Then they are ready for use.

This necessitates hundreds of thousands of boats and much paraphernalia, and the crabfloats have to be watched like incubators. When the soft crabs are shipped they are packed in boxes made of thin pine boards, with two or three trays. The crabs are placed close together vertically, and seaweed and ice are sprinkled over each layer. From Crisfield alone seven carloads

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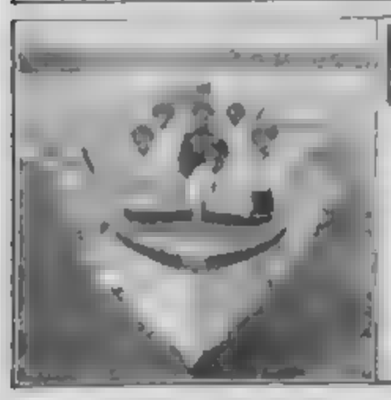

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of crates go to New York and other Northern markets daily as a special train, running on express time.

The most interesting phase of the crab's rise to a permanent engagement on Broadway has come within the past half-dozen years. The soft crab and the deviled crab are old stories.

It is true New York and other resorts frequented by the spenders have yet to learn the real charm of the soft crab. The idea seems to be to give you an imposing display for your money. Size rules. The last time I ordered a soft crab in New York I felt like asking for a crosscut saw. As one who has known crabs since the barefoot days, believe me, you can never know what a soft crab can be until you get a dozen of the right size, which must be untouched by sauces of a chef or any folderol of fancy cooking. The soft crab should be small. It is a masterpiece of Nature, without a single atom of superfluity, and it requires neither dressing nor undressing.

It is as digestible as a kiss on a moonlight night. I have known breakfasts when the soft crabs came from the water right to the table and made you wonder why dyspepsia could possibly be called an American achievement.

The Truth About Deviled Crabs

There is a mystery as to the origin of the name "deviled crab." An old captain thinks it must have arisen from the inquiry as to "what the devil" there was in it! For you surely understand that the shell is sometimes the only genuine crab part of it; and this shell is used over and over again. The real deviled crab is of fresh crabmeat, with few if any crumbs. The cheaper it is, the more bread is used—and sometimes it is hard to find meat. The disposition in city restaurants is to cook up a mushy mess that defies analysis and mystifies taste. The genuine deviled crab should be dry and its meat should be in flakes or lumps, but, alas! in these high-cost days even the deviled crab has lost its character and has become the scrap-basket of crab economy!

Indeed, the deterioration of the deviled crab prepares us for the change that has come with the most important development of the crab as the running mate if not the successor of the lobster. Formerly the fine, round chunks of crabmeat—that is, the meat of the hard crab—were none too good for the deviled crab; but the deviled crab has been an economic mistake. It has been too cheap. In the city where this is written you can get deviled crabs as low as five cents each—and they are good; but we are close to crabs, and this price is possible because there is an ample admixture of breadcrumbs, and also mainly because crabscraps are utilized.

And this is the great thing that has come to pass in the rise of the crab. The insides of the hard crab have been differentiated. Come with me into a crabhouse. That barrel you see going into the steambox contains two hundred hard crabs; it will remain in the steam forty-five minutes. . . . The time is up. Here comes the barrel; it is turned over. The crabs are on the floor. Now the crabpickers! Notice them selecting the large ones; they mean more to them. Now they break the shells. Observe the three vessels before each picker. Into one she places the large pieces of meat—called the "lump," worth from one dollar to one dollar and a half a gallon; into the second, the "flake," worth from sixty to eighty cents a gallon; into the third, the "claw," worth fifty cents a gallon. All that is left is "trash," used to make a fine fertilizer and sold for about fifteen dollars a ton.

Now here is where the cook comes in. The magician of our times is the cook. We hear a lot about frenzied finance and the alchemies of money and industry; but even the hundred-per-cent promoter and the man who takes a little bar of steel and turns out from it a fortune in watchsprings are amateurs compared with the cook. What the cook has done has been to take just about as much crabmeat as we used to find in a five-cent deviled crab, put it in the chafing dish and make us pay from eighty cents to two dollars. I do not complain that he makes the spenders of the big cities spend for crabs instead of lobsters, but I do bemoan the deterioration of my deviled crab; for manifestly the lumps and the flakes go to the new fancy crab dishes and the claws get deviled.

It is not surprising that the cooks have found in the crab a great opportunity. A score of treatments and *à la's* are scattered over the modern bill-of-fare. You may begin with a crabflake cocktail, follow with crab soup, enjoy soft crabs on toast—select from a dozen different preparations and seasonings of crabflakes; and, of course, crab salad is delicious. The lobster, admirable as it is, does not lend itself to so many uses. To draw a comparison between the lobster and the crab might bring on another war between the North and the South; but it may be said in general terms that the crab is counting more on the menu today than the lobster ever did. Perhaps the lobster will have another inning. New England greed exhausted its splendid oysters years ago; but New England enterprise is now raising more oysters on the old beds. So it may be with the lobster; and, furthermore, the lobster is still with us.

The diversification in the use of crabflakes is making the hard crab—which was formerly so cheap—more valuable all the time. A million dollars a year would not overtake this increase.

And this means a strain on the yield. Until very recently the crabbing was done by line and from small boats. Now the motor boat is almost universal. This power enables the crabber to go farther in his day's work, and thus the area of his operations has been greatly extended. We have seen the fleet dredging in ocean waters. This represents the present extreme development; but all along the coast and in its bays and rivers are more than twenty thousand craft of smaller size that will be after the crabs so soon as the weather permits. The large dredgeboats sink their dredges into the deep bottom ground in which the crabs hibernate. The other boats will get busy when the crabs move out for their spring and summer excursions into shallow water.

In former years it never seemed possible that the supply of crabs could be affected; but it did not seem possible that the buffalo of the plains could be killed off, nor did it seem possible that the thousands of square miles of oysters in Chesapeake Bay could ever be exhausted. However, the buffalo are gone and the Chesapeake oysters have diminished until what was the greatest industry of a state now scarcely pays its expenses. The movement for laws to protect the crabs is to prevent what has happened to the buffalo and the oyster.

When to Catch Your Crab

Maryland has a navy and Virginia has a navy, both maintained to enforce the oyster laws. Now it is proposed to use these formidable cruisers and their armaments of one uncertain cannon each on their respective poopdecks to guard the crab. A few years ago the Virginia navy went forth to war. The captain thought he beheld Maryland crabbers at work in Virginia waters. There was real firing. One hapless pirate was wounded in the seat of his trousers as he was seeking the recesses of his cabin. The proud navy of old Virginia moved to a glorious victory—when it was discovered that the party it had been firing on was composed of its own people. This did much to discourage crab warfare; but the feeling is still intense and the price of crabs is rising.

While describing scenes round Oldport, Thomas Wentworth Higginson wrote: "However clumsy the crab may be when taken from his own element, he has a free and floating motion which is almost graceful in his own yielding and buoyant home."

It may not be kind to tell dwellers in cities that they have never known the joy of a genuine soft crab—but such is the unhappy fact. The real soft crab cannot be shipped. The soft crab of commerce has a paper shell. Otherwise he would not hold together long enough to reach the market.

If you would know what a soft crab is you must come with me to the shore. We will watch in the stream; and when we see the crab drop his shell, that is the exact moment to scoop him up. We have captured the channel crab just as he has shed. If he is about three or three and a half inches long he is the perfect size. No time must be lost in getting him to the fire; and when he is ready you will count all your labor profit, and will say earnestly and truly that you never in all your days put into your mouth a more delicious morsel! With crab epicures, the soft crab must be captured on one tide. By the time another tide sets in the shell has begun to harden—and there must be nothing but tenderness if you would have perfection.

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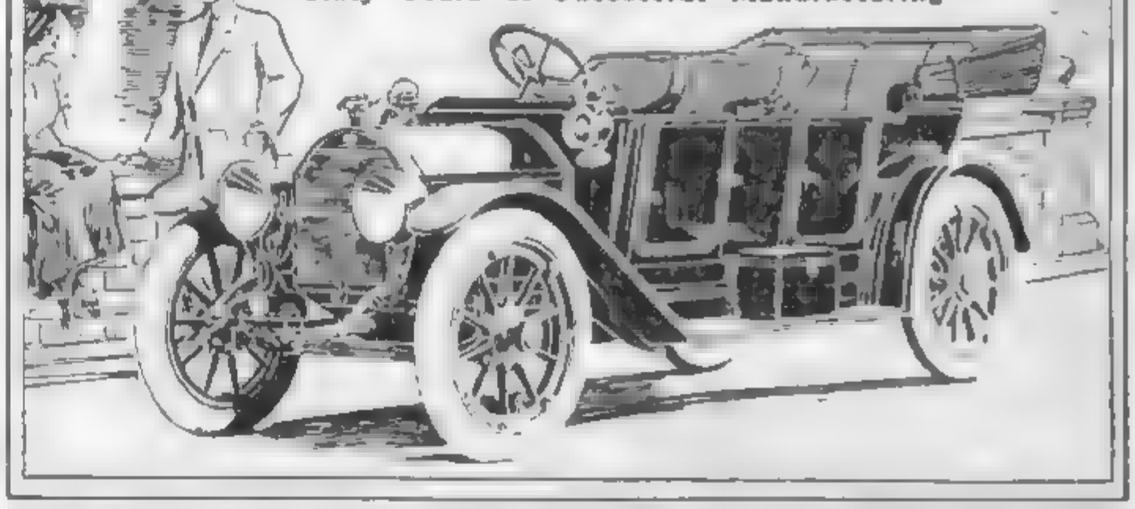

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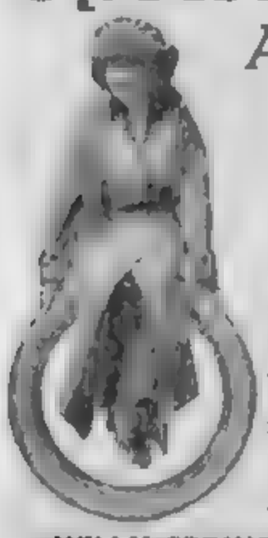

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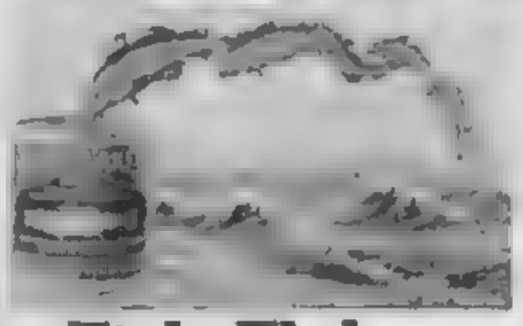

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"WHY-NOT" FULLER

(Continued from Page 12)

of meetings, not only in the county but in Benderton as well, he flamed into a passion that was not easily controlled. Merely as a measure of wisdom, Blakeslee said something about moderation.

"Moderation!" the judge bellowed back at him. "I'll smash that fellow the way I'd kill a snake! No, sir; none of your pink-tea campaigns for me when I'm dealing with a pickpocket!"

So at every meeting he read and reread the old indictment, until every schoolboy in Benderton could recite it word for word. His opponent was no longer the "Connecticut pedler." He was "Fuller, the felon," "the ex-convict," "the man with the striped suit" and "the self-confessed thief"!

"Why has he put off the answer that any honest man would have made within twenty-four hours after learning of the accusation? I'll tell you why. He wants all the time he can get to exhibit himself as the champion of the people against their merciless and bloodthirsty foe, the T., P. & H. Railroad Company—the David who slew Goliath, brought down to date and gone into the cultivator business! When his time is up—if he doesn't skip the town first—he'll plead the baby act. He'll tell you how young he was in 1885—a mere inexperienced boy; and that times were deuced hard; and that, anyway, old Bronson was mighty careless with his money. He expects you to swallow the yarn at a gulp and cheer yourselves hoarse for the 'People's Friend.' And, fellow citizens, while you're listening to his tale of youth, poverty and temptation, don't forget that you can hear the same song, better sung, any day of the week in your police court. It's the thieves' chorus!"

Neither the bitterness of these attacks nor the doubts and misgivings they inevitably aroused among his own followers diverted Fuller one hair's breadth from the program he had outlined that night to the eager reporters. Nor had he made any mistake as to the advertising value of the judge's performance. People came in crowds to his meetings; and when they had looked him over and discovered neither mask nor jimmy they stayed to listen. He reviewed the record of the T., P. & H. Railroad Company since its legal destinies had been controlled by J. McTownly Wollock. He had chosen his incidents with some regard to their dramatic values and he was fully prepared with names and dates.

He pictured the company's acquisition of the admirable site now occupied by its great repair shop on the outskirts of Benderton—a transaction "jammed through" at a secret midnight session of the County Board of Supervisors. On the following morning the people learned that the grounds, then recently purchased as a site for the new county hospital, had been transferred to the railroad company upon terms that fell little short of a gift. Three members of the board shortly removed from the county and two were consigned to political oblivion at the next election; but the company still occupied the land.

Step by step he followed the trail, pausing now and then to point out the footprints of McTownly Wollock. He, like his opponent, resorted to the records of the courts. He read to his audiences the testimony which proved beyond all moral doubt that the company had escaped its legal liability for damages in the Bell Avenue grade-crossing case by fixing half a dozen jurors on the general panel. He illuminated the legerdemain by which the railroad property had practically escaped taxation twice within five years—and so on down through fraud, trickery and chicane, to the packed convention which, at the company's command, had named the company's lawyer for the office of senator. Through it all, as clear as the noonday sun, shone the hand and methods of Wollock himself. Would the people supinely ratify such a program, with such a history behind it, and send its author to the state senate to get higher honors and do greater evil?

In conclusion, in a few brief but trenchant sentences, he dealt with the subject which he must have known was in everybody's mind.

"Men of Magruder County: My adversary has forced upon you a comparison which you can by no means evade. It is this: To which of two men can you the more safely intrust the interests of your county in the senate—to the one whose brain conceived and whose will deliberately executed the acts which I have just recalled to your memories, or to one who, a quarter of a century ago, committed a single violation of the law and paid the full penalty of his misdeed? Is Judge Wollock's wrong any the less wicked by reason of its magnitude and the deliberation of its doing? Are you now to disregard years of injury to yourselves and to your community because your enemy was so crafty as to avoid the net of the criminal law? That, gentlemen, is the personal issue as Judge Wollock presents it; and your votes on election day will make known your answer."

In exactly what manner David Fuller intended finally to deal with the Connecticut indictment—a question which was causing much unexpressed anxiety to his committee—will never be accurately known. The matter was doubtless clear enough in his own mind, but fate or the finesse of Judge Wollock's managers exploded his plan beyond all possibility of recognition. The battle had resolved itself into a duel between these two men. With the judge's staggering attack and Fuller's defiant and aggressive response, there had begun a new alignment of the voters by which the Honorable Jackson Whipple had, to all political intents and purposes, been eliminated.

The atmosphere was thick with rumors as to what would happen at the final rally of Judge Wollock's forces on the Saturday night preceding the election. It had become known to some that David Fuller had been invited to attend that meeting and opinions differed as to his acceptance of the too ominous courtesy.

It was on Thursday afternoon that Mr. John Brownley, the chairman of Fuller's Committee of Five, entered the office of his candidate in a state of not wholly suppressed excitement. Fuller was just then engaged with a possible customer, and Brownley made a miserable pretense of reading a newspaper until the field was clear. As he took the chair beside the little rolltop desk the committeeman's anxiety was too obvious to be ignored.

"I say, Brownley, you're taking politics altogether too seriously. You look fagged. I guess I must have been working you overtime without knowing it."

"Oh, I'm all right," Brownley replied, "and I don't want you to forget that I'm for you through thick and thin. And just now," he added with a dubious smile, "it seems to be thick."

"What's up, John?"

Suddenly Fuller understood that his visitor had something on his mind which he was finding difficult to express.

"Well, you know, of course, that the regulars are to have a big meeting at the Forrest on Saturday night."

"Sure. The secretary of their committee sent me an invitation to attend."

"So I've just learned; and that—and something else—brought me to see you. You may have noticed the words 'and others' at the close of their list of orators?"

Fuller was becoming interested and merely nodded his assent.

"One of the 'and others,'" Brownley went on, "is Burr McDaniels, Esquire, of Chicago. The T., P. & H. is to bring him out in a special car. They are trying to keep it dark, but I've got the exact facts."

Brownley, after this announcement, gazed at Fuller as if in expectation of something that did not happen.

"Burr McDaniels!" Dave repeated the name as if attempting to dig it up from some remote corner of his memory.

"May I turn the key in your office door for five minutes?" Brownley queried, already on his feet.

"Why, of course, if—if it's worth while."

"Dave," the committeeman announced, when he was back in his chair, "in the early eighties Burr McDaniels was the prosecuting attorney back in Windham County, Connecticut. I've got the dates when he took office and when he went out."

Fuller's face was serious enough now, but he uttered no word. Very abruptly he rose and went to the window. For several minutes he stood with his back to his visitor, gazing into vacancy; then, with the same bruskness, he marched back to his desk.

"And you think, John," that it would be just as wise for me to stay away from that meeting?"

"Yes. It's a trap and there's no particular reason why you should walk into it. You're a better man than Wollock for

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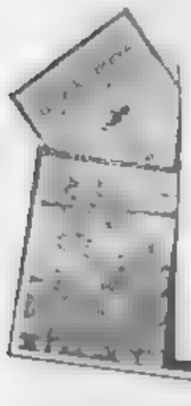

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state senator, and I believe the people will say so next Tuesday. Let the railroad gang have the Windham County end of the show all to themselves."

"Oh, that'll never do, Brownley—never in the world!" Fuller retorted. "If I should side-step this thing on the firing line the voters would turn me down, and I guess they'd be about right; but I'll tell you this: If McDaniels' recollection of me is no clearer than mine is of him the fireworks will be slow in going off. Much obliged to you for the advance tip all the same. It's rather flattering, by-the-way, to have the other fellows 'special' a man like McDaniels two hundred miles to fight a plain, everyday, middle-class Yankee like me! I appreciate the compliment and I'll take the first chance to let them know."

Mr. Brownley spent the next twenty minutes in earnest but unavailing efforts to shake this resolution. McDaniels was a jury lawyer of the hammer-and-anvil variety, never quite at home unless in the midst of a fight, and skilled in all the tricks by which the trained orator sways an audience to his will. What chance would a plain business man have against this gladiator? It would be wiser to allow McDaniels to fight the empty air while he, Fuller, devoted his energies to fixing the minds of the voters upon the real merits of the contest; but Fuller laughed and, laying his hand affectionately upon his friend's shoulder, asked him how many men he knew who would vote for a coward! He must attend the meeting, come what might.

And he did. On Saturday night, as the eyes of the spectators passed from one to another of the threescore vice-presidents and invited guests who adorned the stage, there was many a gasp of amazement as they identified David Fuller, placidly occupying the end seat upon the second row, as complacent and unconcerned as if the meeting were all his own. Most of those who had heard of Wollock's invitation had concluded that Fuller was by far too shrewd a man to deliver himself into the hands of his enemy—but there he was!

Presently the spectators began to notice other strange things. Throughout the speechmaking there was an ominous absence of the usual tirade against Fuller—even Judge Wollock directing his eloquence toward a vindication of the railroad history and a eulogy of the Republican party. And midway of the evening's proceedings a stranger was ushered upon the stage—a gentleman whose reception and bearing rather more than admitted that he was a person of importance. All surmises as to his identity were soon set at rest. At the conclusion of the speech then under way the chairman, in a few carefully chosen sentences, introduced Mr. Burr McDaniels, of the Chicago bar—"a gentleman whose fame as an orator has spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico!"

Mr. McDaniels, square of jaw, ruddy of countenance, standing six feet high and weighing two hundred pounds—even without the massive gold chain which arced his purple-flowered waistcoat—began by congratulating the people of Magruder County upon their rare good fortune in being able to secure, as their senator, a gentleman of such sterling integrity and preëminent ability as J. McTownly Wollock, Esquire. To himself it was incredible that any voter should, for one moment, hesitate with such a candidate within his reach—"even," he added, "even if his candidacy were opposed by a man whose life and character would bear the light of day!"

He paused until the implication of his words should have found lodgment in the minds of his hearers. When he spoke again he drove each word home with such clearness and force as to permit of no misunderstanding.

"In the early eighties, in the town of Woodstock, in Windham County, Connecticut, I became acquainted with David Fuller. He was a young man of evil reputation in the community. He was persistently and notoriously dishonest. He was a thief. On the second day of September in the year 1885, as the prosecuting attorney of Windham County, I tried and convicted said David Fuller of the crime of embezzlement and caused him to be committed to the penitentiary.

"I knew the said David Fuller for several years after his discharge from the penitentiary and until the year 1895, when I moved from Connecticut to Illinois. I have not since seen David Fuller; but I am credibly informed, through friends in

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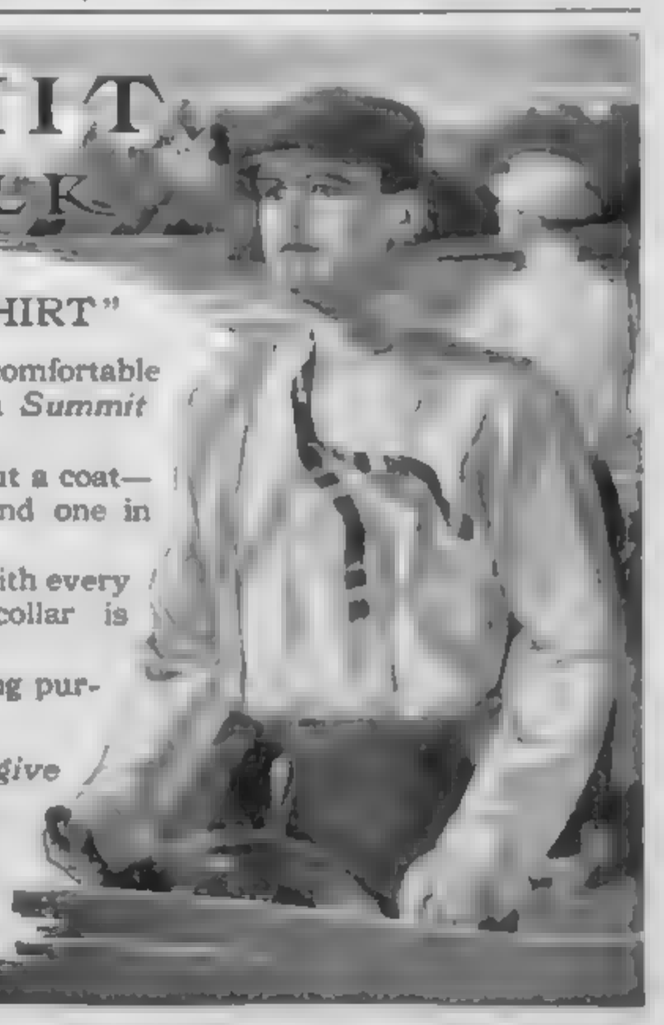

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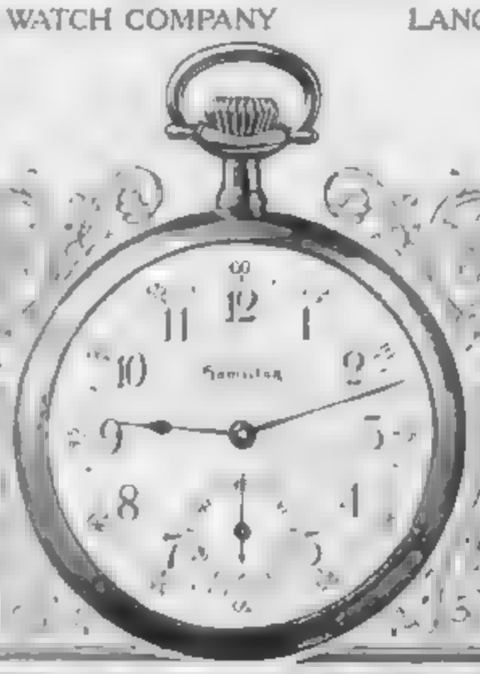

Woodstock, that he finally disappeared from that locality and was believed to have gone West. He was a man of plausible manner, but utterly ——"

At precisely this point in his arraignment Mr. McDaniels noticed that the limelight was spreading. The attention of his audience was being diverted by something happening behind him. Glancing round, he was confronted by a lank, commonplace individual who, wholly unabashed, was advancing in his exact direction. The newcomer paused, gazed delightedly into the face of the disconcerted orator—seemed, indeed, about to express his superfluous joy in a prolonged whistle—and extended his hand.

"I am David Fuller; and I'm very happy, Mr. McDaniels, to renew our acquaintance on this public occasion."

There ensued one silent moment loaded with all sorts of possibilities. The big audience held its breath as one individual. McDaniels' cheeks and temples flushed a dull purple. Suddenly, with arm extended and finger pointing straight into the intruder's face, he exploded with the truth:

"Mr. Chairman, this man is an impostor! He is not David Fuller!"

The words, reaching every ear in the big auditorium, ringing with assurance and hot with indignation, so captured the senses of the excited spectators that for an instant they were amazed that their victim neither fell nor fled. It was his voice which brought them back to the facts.

"Mr. McDaniels' charge is correct. I am an impostor. Ladies and gentlemen, never in my life have I set foot within the borders of Windham County, Connecticut. I was born and raised in Windham County, Vermont. It has been my purpose to ——"

The chairman of the meeting, however, had awakened to his neglected duty and was pounding upon the speaker's desk and demanding silence. The demoralization among those on the stage was scarcely less than that before the footlights.

"This is all out of order!" he shouted at the top of a not very powerful voice. "It has been a great many years since Mr. McDaniels last saw the man Fuller, and the inevitable result is ——"

"Then why not Fuller?"

In a high-pitched, drawling voice the phrase—which had not been heard in Benderton since Judge Wollock answered it by reading the Connecticut indictment—came down from the gallery. It was not a respectful voice. It suggested exhausted patience, strongly tinged with contempt; and it fell on fruitful ground. It touched the nerve center of the overwrought listeners, and the house "cut loose." Mr. McDaniels held up one imperious hand and said something important which never reached his own ears. He held up both hands and shouted a big, ragged hole through the tumult, which instantly closed and left no scar. Then, gasping with bewilderment and boiling with anger, the orator from Chicago gave it up.

Men were on their feet, waving their hats in the air and slapping each other on the back; and women, with hands on the shoulders of their escorts, were standing on chairs and waving their handkerchiefs—and wiping their eyes and waving again. Judge Wollock and David Fuller, standing there on the stage, knew what it meant as surely as when, on Wednesday morning at their respective breakfast tables, they ran their eyes down the tabulated figures on the front page of the Star. Magruder County was redeemed from political bondage. Both men understood this and it was merely their forms of expression which differed.

"I tell you, my dear," cried the successful candidate exultantly, when he had announced the figures, "the Magruder County voters are just exactly all right! They're ready and anxious to fight for their political liberty at the drop of the hat. All they needed was somebody to show them the way."

"Yes, Senator," replied the little black-eyed lady across the table as she flooded his two lumps of sugar with cream before drawing the coffee, "that was all they needed. How very fortunate they were, at such a crisis to have Mrs. Cowberry!"

Then, looking as she felt—very proud, indeed—she dropped another lump of sugar into his cup.

At approximately the same moment Judge Wollock, having just tumbled his knife and fork into his lap, was shouting to Mrs. Wollock—but, after all, what the judge said that morning was no part of the Magruder County campaign.

5 Tons of Impurities, Madam!

That's what we take out of salt every day in the plant where Shaker Salt is produced. It's one reason why this free-flowing salt is noted for

That "Pure-Salt" Flavor

Shaker, by test, is found free of the native salt impurities. It naturally follows that it is the *salty* salt. Tart impurities found in many salts make some of them taste "sharper" than Shaker. But none ever can be more purely *salt flavored*.

In spreading Shaker on food, one may think more salt is being used than would be used of common kinds. Because Shaker grains are very small and so spread in thinner layers than big-grained salt. But that's a mistake. People are apt to use less Shaker Salt (by weight) than they suppose.

There are *five* grains of Shaker to every one of common salt. And there's usually more *real salt* in *four* of these finer grains than in the one common grain.

Please try the salt that

Always Flows Freely

SHAKER
Table Salt

Contains No Starch —No Flour

Sold only in Shaker Packages with convenient spout—*never in bags*. 10c east of the Rockies.

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St. Clair, Mich.

Makers of Diamond Crystal Cooking Salt—Flaked. Ask Your Grocer.

(69)

GIVEN To Every Woman

Here's the daintiest gift you ever laid eyes on—a whole week's supply of Marinello Face Powder—Free. Of course, you know of Marinello Face Powder, but perhaps you have never used it, and so, simply to let you see how delightful it is, we are going to give you enough of this exquisite powder to last you a whole week. Daintily put up in a charming useful little Traveler's Case with puff and mirror, that usually sells for 50c. Send us your name, address, one dime and 3 two-cent stamps, and both the Traveler's Case and the Free Marinello Powder come to you prepaid. You'll find Marinello a surprisingly delightful powder. Write to-day—mention shade

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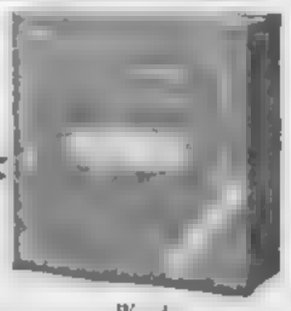

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Tonic—Blood Building—Energy Yielding

Qualities preserved in the

Richness and Purity of *Armour's* Grape Juice

BUILDERS of blood—yielders of energy—the enemy of dyspepsia—the aid to appetite!

This is what Nature has given us in our little friend, the grape—besides making it the most luscious and delicious of all fruits

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You can secure all the benefits of this wonderful fruit while enjoying the pleasantest and most refreshing of beverages, by drinking ARMOUR'S GRAPE JUICE.

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And all its original, refreshing deliciousness and rich color. Armour's Grape Juice delights both eye and palate—is the great family drink for pleasure and health combined.

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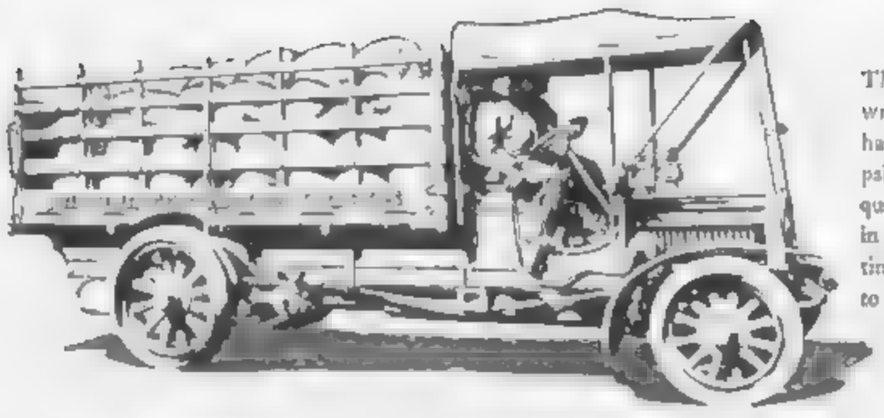
If your dealer cannot supply you with Armour's, we will send you a trial dozen pints for $3, express prepaid east of Omaha. Address Armour and Company, Dept. 146, Chicago.



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Proved by 12 years of real service **Mack *and* Saurer** Proved by 17 years of real service

"Leading gasoline trucks of the world"

You want in a motor-truck:

1. Proved investment value.
2. Economical sizes and styles for *your* work.

We offer:

1. Trucks with longest records of profitable service.
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Capacities: 1, 1½, 2, 3, 4, 4½, 5, 6½, 7½ and 10 tons

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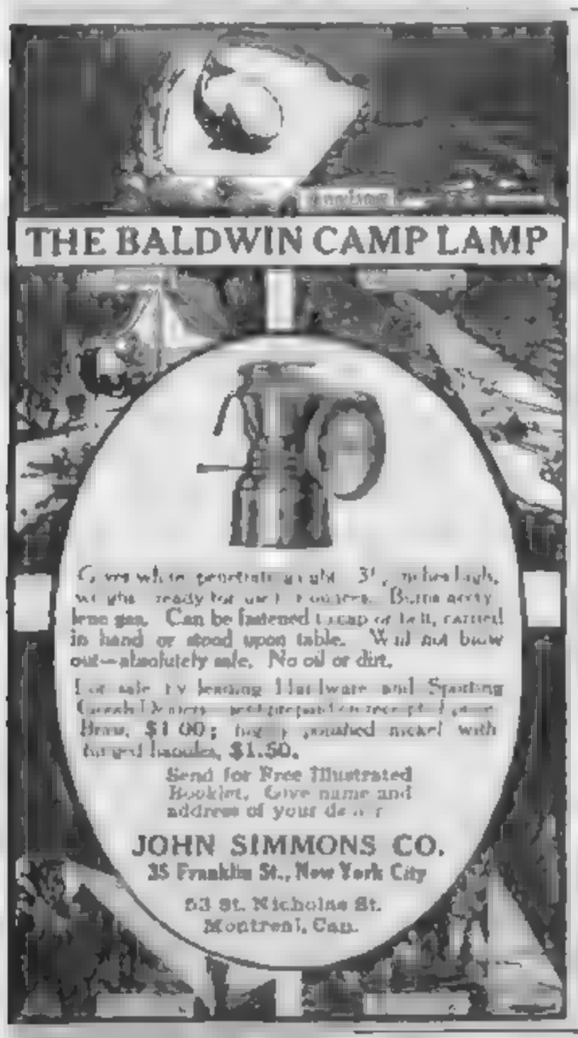

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New Suitings are full of color—so are shirts, ties and hosiery. "Blazer" coats are coming in again.

Make your *hat* match up. Get a *Wick Fancy Hat Band*—fasten it on with the "little hooks."

And be sure it's a *Wick* Band (with the Wick *Label* attached), if you want the good style and the correct colors.

Good hatters and haberdashers can supply you the *Wick* Bands. If yours cannot—write us *direct*. Tell us what colors you want and enclose 50 cents for each Band.

Special Club and Fraternity Bands made to order

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A Snow-White *Solid Porcelain Compartment*

It does away with cracks, joints, crevices, corners and other natural hiding places for dirt, odors, decaying food and dangerous microbes found in other refrigerators.

SEND FOR OUR VALUABLE FREE BOOK ON HOME REFRIGERATION. It tells you how to keep your food sweet and wholesome—how to cut down ice bills—what to seek and what to avoid in buying any refrigerator. Every housewife and home owner should have one.

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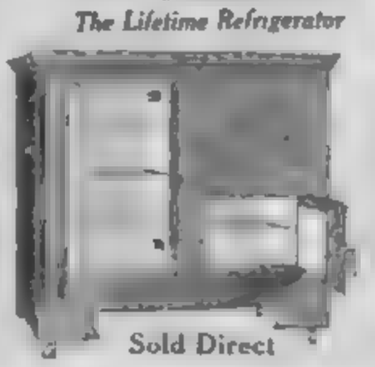
The Lifetime Refrigerator



Sold Direct

MAKING A BUSINESS WOMAN

Continued from Page 5

The fair, handsome girl looked down at the little man, troubled.

"But there are only ten machines in order," she said.

The tall, thin man again thrust in his head. "Ten'll do," he said. "We can work a half-hour at noon and overtime at night till we catch up." Once more he hurried away.

"Hire fifteen," said the little man. Still paring his nails, he slowly turned and nonchalantly sauntered back into the office, closing the swaying rickety door after him.

I was startled by the handsome girl's hand on my shoulder.

"You are a beginner," she said in a low voice. "I will start you at four dollars a week, and you will be raised as you improve. Will you take it?"

Her eyes were kind and they distinctly said "Don't take it"; but it was my first chance, so I said "Yes."

She seemed surprised, then controlling her face into masklike inexpressiveness she said in a mechanical tone: "Step into the cloakroom and hang up your things; then wait for me."

I passed through the doorway indicated into a narrow dark entry that smelled of damp, steamy garments; every few moments another girl came in until the room was full. The girls were extremely young, evidently just out of business college; none had ever held a position before. Already they were tittering and giggling and I could hear an occasional "An' he said." One girl was from Ireland and alone; she was very serious and uneasy.

The handsome young woman joined us with the last of the recruits and said hurriedly, "Come this way." We followed her into a large room where thirty or forty typists were already at work, their machines wedged closely side by side, barely allowing room for each to pass to her desk.

As we entered a few looked up and there was a barely perceptible slowing down of speed. Instantly the thin, red-headed man sprang to his feet from a desk at the farther side of the room and screamed out: "Keep at your work! Do you want to work overtime all winter?" The typewriters began to click rapidly again and the man dropped and disappeared like a punctured balloon. The handsome girl, still more hurried and harassed and uneasy, began the task of assigning each of us to a machine. When my turn came and I told her I had learned to use just one particular make, she led the way down a narrow aisle to the front of the office and assigned me to a place at a small, rickety pine table. My position was balanced between advantage and disadvantage.

In the Employ of Binks and Bittner

I was near a window and thus had good light to work by, but I was not ten feet away from the grouchy thin man with the flying red hair. The handsome girl, who was addressed as Miss Krog, looked up and called "William" in such a quiet tone that I wondered if she would be heard. A stunted-appearing boy with a round bullet head and thin compressed lips rose from kneeling before a cut-case over by my window and came to her. I never saw so much pent-up silence in a human being as there was in that boy. He took her order, given in a low tone, and disappeared with the swiftness of a rat to the rear of the room where the supplies were stored. Presently he returned with an armload of packages which he placed on a table. Miss Krog opened them and started down the aisle distributing work. When she had gone the rounds she returned to the first girl, and in the same quiet way she went again from desk to desk explaining the work to each of the new girls. Every one smiled as she approached, she was so kind and quiet.

Our task was to get out form letters. The letters were printed, but appeared to have been typewritten. The heading, the closing and one line in the body had been omitted; these we were to fill in on the typewriter, matching the ink and spacing so perfectly as to give the impression that the entire thing was a personally dictated typewritten letter. The envelopes were already addressed, and on a slip of paper pinned to its flap each one carried a name which we were to insert in the body of the letter. The line would run similar to this: "Mr. Cole, a citizen of your town, writes that he is delighted with our Business Man's Library"; and then the printed section went on to say: "I am sure you are equally interested in reading of the newest, tried-and-proved-successful methods of the leading merchants of today," and so on.

It was no simple task always to insert the sheet of paper for perfect alignment and to strike the keys with just the correct degree of force to make the inks match; for the printed forms did not run evenly—some were light and some very dark. We had to learn to touch the keys lightly for the light forms and heavily for the dark ones. Miss Krog tried to make it easier by letting us use new ribbons with the heavy printing and old ones with the light; but even then it was a difficult thing to do, and the failures brought frequent outbursts from the red-headed man. Every little while he would spring to his feet with a sheet of paper in his hand and go running down the aisle to Miss Krog to show her the work, protesting all the time that it "would never do in the world." Then she would hunt up the girl who had done the filling in, easily identified by her initial at the bottom of the page, show her her mistake—and charge her for the damaged sheet! Another difficulty arose from the variety in the length of names. It was necessary to have the spacing correspond with that in the body of the letter, and yet when the name "Dew" was to be inserted one time and "Katzenjammer" the next, there had to be eliminations and additions that required quick thinking and ready computing, if time were not to be lost.

My First Noonday Rest

Every one clicked away at top speed every moment. Miss Krog went constantly from desk to desk, inspecting the work, hurrying the workers, carrying stacks of finished letters back to the red-headed man to be signed and mailed and giving out new work to the girls. In another department at the rear—the filing department, I heard it called—a dozen young women were busy taking down files from shelves and putting them back again. They were filing away letters with carbon copies attached, according to some definite plan that was always going wrong. Twice in the forenoon letters were misplaced, valuable letters whose loss, I judged from the commotion made, would surely wreck the business. In each case all the filing clerks, the red-headed man, Miss Krog and William clustered about the filing department, frantically demanding of one another the elusive sheet of paper.

I very soon learned that the thin, red-headed man was Mr. Binks, secretary of the company; and that the youngish one in shirtsleeves was Bittner, the other partner and president. Bittner had disappeared from the scene. The air was stifling, and not a window was open; by noon I felt suffocated. I was glad when a gong announced that it was twelve o'clock.

"A half-hour for lunch," Miss Krog announced. "Be at your desks by twelve-thirty."

Frowns spread over the faces. Instantly there was a cessation of typewriters, and tongues took up the buzzing. Most of the girls had brought their lunches and now formed into groups and began opening boxes, baskets and packages. Some of the new girls went downstairs and, from a wagon standing near by, bought lunches put up in crackerboxes; they looked pretty good too. I went to a "noonday rest" in the next block. I had found out about these rests for business women during my many pilgrimages among the job-seekers. The price of food ranged from a penny up; and if you were not too full-blooded a creature you could eat and feel fairly well satisfied for ten cents—nineteen cents gave you quite a feast. As I was afraid of being late I satisfied myself with coffee and a roll, then returned to the office.

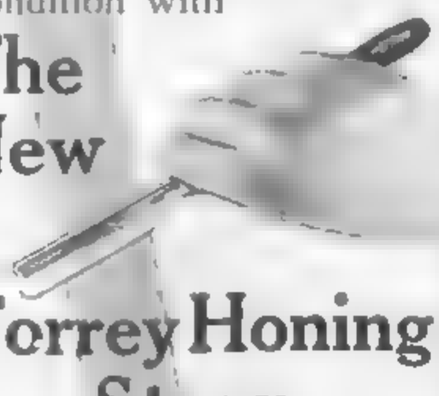
The windows had been opened and the air freshened; but now William went stolidly about closing them again. Miss Krog explained, when I asked her about it, that some of the girls were always catching cold and losing time with their handkerchiefs. For that reason Mr. Binks wouldn't allow the windows to be opened during working hours.

The afternoon passed quickly and in a terrific rush. Added to the din of hurrying typewriters was the voice of Binks, rising

Every Razor

must be stropped

No matter what make of razor you use, it will not keep its edge unless it is stropped every time you use it. Anyone, even the most inexperienced, can keep a razor in perfect condition with



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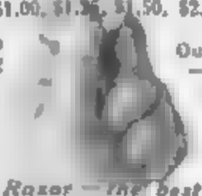
Over half a century of strop making and our recent discovery of a wonderful sharpening preparation have made this possible. The New Torrey Honing Strop will last a lifetime and never need renewing. If your dealer cannot show you this new strop, write to us and we will give you the address of a dealer who can.

Prices, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50

Every dealer who is not now selling the New Torrey Honing Strop should write at once for our special proposition



Our booklet—all about shaving—sent free on request

Get a Torrey Razor—the best made.

J. R. TORREY & CO.

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Cyclists and Motorcyclists:

The best way to *ensure* safety is to have your machine fitted with a

Corbin Coaster Brake

It means Confidence, Reliability and Control—especially in traffic and when coasting.

If you are riding a bicycle, or intend to purchase one, insist on the Corbin Brake.

Any bicycle repair shop can fit it to the hub of your machine.

For sale by bicycle and hardware dealers everywhere. *Send for free catalog describing all models*

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HONE AND SHARPEN YOUR OWN Razor Blades

Fully Guaranteed $1

It gives a better edge than when new. The Victor Automatic sharpens blades perfectly. Keen, velvety edge makes shaving a delight. Fitted with full length, extra wide specially treated honing and finishing strop. Soon pays for itself in saved cost of blades. Thousands in hands of satisfied users.

AGENTS Big MONEY. Liberal commissions. Workmen making 300 sales weekly.

Write today. The Victor Specialty Company, 700 Victor Bldg., Canton, O.

to an ever higher and higher pitch; he was dictating those personal letters that could not be answered by forms. He seemed to have a great flow of language, and dictated in the rapid, oratorical manner of one to whom words come easily. I caught scraps of sentences now and then through the racket, and they were always rolling, wordy passages. He dictated to one girl for a couple of hours, then to another. The first—Miss Hill—a breathless creature, almost ran to her typewriter in her haste to get at her notes. I learned later that there were two reasons for this: first, she feared losing a moment of time and thus displeasing Mr. Binks, and, second, she attempted to carry her notes in her head as well as on her book. She was a five-dollar-a-week stenographer on her first job, but working hard in hopes of a raise. Her occasional blunders in transcribing her notes kept this hope ever receding on the distant horizon.

The private office of Bittner & Binks was not private save on occasion, and it was hardly an office; it was a sort of alcove partitioned off from the main room by folding doors. Only once did I ever see those doors closed. A large, cheap flat-top desk stood in the center of the small alcove, and one side of this desk belonged to Binks, the other to Bittner. The side belonging to Binks was littered with letters, papers and baskets of correspondence that must go out at once; the sun was not allowed to set on an unanswered inquiry or order, it could set only on "polite" letters. Bittner's side of the desk appeared to be a block of wood reserved for carving purposes only; it was chipped and chiseled and gouged until it would have been impossible to write a letter on its rough surface. There were no signs of other occupation than that which he found with his penknife. A door from the hallway opened into this office, so that the partners could come and go without passing through the workroom.

The Bookkeeper's Business

The bookkeeper's cage was a small, rudely constructed affair in the main workroom, but adjoining the alcove. Apparently it was so situated that Bittner and Binks could keep an eye on the bookkeeper while the bookkeeper kept an eye on the girls. That lady, Miss Sharp, was a thin, muddy woman with a mouth twisted to one side and eyes shooting off in the other direction amidst wrinkles and lines that gave her face a peculiar zigzag appearance. This effect seemed to have been produced by her continual effort to hear what was going on behind her between the partners, to balance her books, and at the same time to let no girl escape who might surreptitiously dart out of the room, or glance at her mirror, or tear up a spoiled sheet of paper.

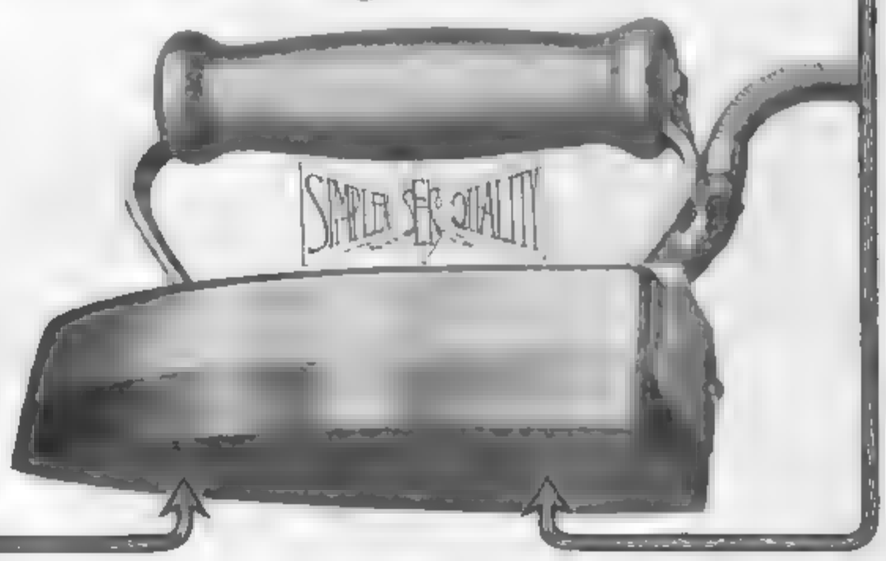
Her assistant, a small weird-looking girl, frantically made out bills and receipts at a typewriter close to Miss Sharp's elbow. She had to be close, the cage was so small. Every few moments the bookkeeper would say: "Isn't that done yet?" And the little assistant's arms would work faster, going up and down like a windmill in a hurricane. After every such demand the bookkeeper would frown more heavily, tap her foot impatiently, then dart a glance through the bars of her cage to see if any one was wasting a moment of time out there in the big room.

Every one worked at highest steam pressure every instant; one couldn't be in that atmosphere and not catch the fever. By four o'clock I was going it at top speed like all the others, making a dozen motions where one was needed to insert a sheet of paper, and as many more to get it out again. Though I worked rapidly and wrote endless lines and headings and closings, the finished work at my elbow didn't stack up. It seemed to be the system to remove the finished work every ten minutes and add new work, so that a girl never felt that she was accomplishing very much, no matter how fast she clicked. Only the work yet to be done stacked up. It gave a constantly losing-ground, treadmill effect to the day's routine. You simply clicked and clicked and clicked, but nothing came of it save an occasional rejected sheet that you must pay for.

The second day was a repetition of the first. I became especially interested watching Mr. Binks. He worked very hard; when he wasn't dictating letters or looking over the shoulders of the girls, he was

? "Sealed Unit" ?

The Feature that has given Pre-eminence to



Simplex Electric Irons

The "Sealed Unit" is the Electric Heater and Iron Bottom sealed together in one solid piece. It generates the heat in the bottom *only*.—Actually next to the work where it is required.

The "Sealed Unit" prevents injury from the air or *jarring*,—the heater—sealed in enamel, cannot move under any conditions, therefore will not deteriorate.

475 Watts—the current consumed—is less than any other electric iron requires to do the same work in the same time and means to the user *4¾ cents, or less, per hour for current.* The ***Sealed Unit*** insures

LONG LIFE for the IRON
LOW COST for the IRONING

WE MAKE 142 TYPES OF FLATIRONS FOR ALL PURPOSES

For 16 YEARS the most practical iron made. Only three principal parts. None breakable.

The Bottom—highly polished, specially treated against rust
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The Handle—always cool and comfortable to grip
Rugged substantial stand

YOUR DEALER CAN SUPPLY THEM

Send for illustrated folder

Upside down for velvets, laces, etc., and used as a stove

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Sizes 4 to 8

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Good For Play

All the fun of **"going barefoot"** without the scratches and bruises.

Eastwood Sandals allow the feet to expand naturally and are a grateful relief to children whose feet have been distorted by ill-fitting shoes. They relieve and prevent excessive perspiration.

The **Eastwood** Sandals are made by an entirely new method of shoe construction. Stitching is all outside, no wrinkled linings, waxed thread or tacks—just smooth, clean, oak tanned leather next to the feet.

Made over the celebrated Eastwood Lasts

Shipped to any address in [illegible] all charges prepaid, on receipt of price as follows: [illegible] $1.75 per pair, 9 to 11 $1.35, 12 to [illegible] $1.65 [illegible] made for women and boys, 3 to 5 $2.00 [illegible] $2.50

[illegible] stockings for men, women and children on request.

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In hosiery values at 25¢

It looks and feels like silk,—reinforced for hardy wear. Made by Perfect Process in exact sizes. Will not shrink or get fuzzy. Foot comfort for all the family. Dealers or direct. [illegible]

Twin Grip PAPER FASTENERS

Simple—easily adjusted and detached.
Secure—hold every sheet top, bottom, middle.
Cheap—cost little, can be used over and over.

Samples, 5 sizes, free on request.

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"As my old grandmother used to say, 'Lean-woven socks make a fat darning basket.'"

Once upon a time it was impossible to wear a *thin* sock more than a day or two before it was full of holes.

Nowadays, you can wear Interwoven Socks—thin and gauzy—for many months *without a hole.*

Reason is: All the wear-points are wear-proofed—toe, heel, sole and ankle—by the new Interwoven process.

Then, too, Interwovens fit without a wrinkle.

Interwoven TOE and HEEL

Interwoven Socks are sold direct from mill to retailer only. None sold by mail. You will find Interwoven Socks at the high class haberdasheries of practically every city or town in the United States and in many foreign countries. Every pair labeled "Interwoven." Never sold under any other name.

All fashionable shades. All weights. Lisles at 25c, 35c, 50c the pair. Pure thread silk at 50c.

INTERWOVEN STOCKING CO., New Brunswick, N. J.

opening mail. All the envelopes he saved carefully, splitting them neatly and filing them away in stacks. I found that these envelopes furnished the paper needed in the office for all scribbling purposes. Also he kept the blank pages from letters of inquiry and filed them for the same purpose; there was no other blank paper in the house. All Miss Krog's notations, all Binks' scrawled ideas went down on these miscellaneous scraps. There were no waste baskets save one by Bittner's side of the desk, and there was no waste. If a girl tore a sheet of paper she must turn it in to Miss Sharp and pay for it.

Late in the afternoon a carbon paper salesman called; he was shown to Mr. Binks' desk. Mr. Binks smiled most affably.

"I'm too busy to talk to you today," he said, "but leave us some samples; I'll be glad to try your paper."

When the salesman had gone Binks smiled to himself very contentedly, and pulling open a drawer laid away the samples. He never bought any carbon paper, but got along on samples.

It was after five o'clock when something went wrong with my old second-hand machine. Miss Krog took my place and attempted to fix it. Idly waiting in the aisle, I picked up one of the sheets I had been filling in all day and began to read it. As I read on down the page the sweeping assertions and exaggerated language amused me. I may have smiled, and when I came to this sentence, forgetting where I was, I laughed outright:

"The very enormity of our business would astound you."

"What is it?"

Bittner had come in on his rubber heels and now stood at my elbow. I looked at him, and his shrewd small black eyes were fairly gimleting me. I made my face as sober as I could, for I was frightened. My eyes darted to Binks, who from his desk had evidently seen my amused expression and was now glaring at me.

"You are candid," I said at last, from the necessity of saying something.

Bittner snatched the letter out of my hand: "What's wrong?" he demanded, scowling and running through the letter.

"The word should be 'enormousness'; an enormity is something atrocious."

When Silence is Golden

Binks crushed down in his chair; Bittner's face slowly reddened, then grew purple and his neck swelled. His eyes became two sharp pinpoints of light.

"Come to the office," he demanded in a brutal voice.

I followed him to the common desk of the two partners.

He flung the paper down under Binks' eyes.

"Nice thing, that, to send out to the trade!" he spit out. Then his jaw set in a quick snap. "Miss Krog!" he yelled.

She left my typewriter and came to the desk, quivering with uneasiness.

"How many of these letters were run off?"

"One hundred thousand."

"Two hundred dollars gone to the dogs! Don't mail any more of today's work; stop the girls!" Miss Krog started on the rounds, taking up the letters. "You're a nice one!" Bittner went on with a sneer, sitting down and wabbling his head from side to side as he eyed his partner. Binks was white with rage—evidently the mistake was his own—but there was something else in his face, an anger that went beyond the annoyance and money loss, a look that betrayed a hatred intense and deep-seated.

I would have given anything to have my words back. I suddenly thought of William—William the Silent, I had already dubbed him and envied him his controlled tongue. Perhaps the trade would never have noticed the word.

"I ——" I began, meaning to say this.

"You may go!" shouted Binks, his lip trembling and his eyes burning.

I turned from the desk, unable to speak, and found my way to the cloakroom. Two days' employment and dismissed! In the awful agony of the moment I remembered that I had that morning paid eight of my last ten dollars to the landlady, reserving but two to carry me through till payday.

Editor's Note—This is the first of four articles by Anne Shannon Monroe, relating the experiences of a woman in the business world. The second article will appear in an early issue.

Thiem 1912

HERE'S the greatest improvement in motorcycle construction—the *Thiem Two-speed Hub.* Turn of crank starts motor. A slight pressure on the low-gear pedal and you're off, steadily as an auto. Another pressure, and you are on high gear. Every variation of speed at your command. You can stop in congested traffic, in deep sand, or in the middle of steepest hills and restart without dismounting or pedaling.

The first tested and proven

Two-speed Motorcycle

Nine years of grueling road service has proved the success of the *Thiem Two-speed Hub.* In use on 90% of European motorcycles for years. No other American machine has it. This advantage with **many other exclusive features** put the Thiem years in the lead. *Duplex Three-way Carburetor permits* 25% saving of gasoline—handle bar control enables you to keep your hands on handle bar at all times—*patented Cushion Spring Seat and Forks* absorb all jars and shocks. The most noiseless, most comfortable and cleanest of Motorcycles. Let us prove the truth of these strong statements.

Write for Catalog

Write for descriptive catalog of exclusive improvements. Prices $145 to $235. 25% lower than others.

JOERNS-THIEM MOTOR CO.
356 Cedar St., ST. PAUL

We have some open territory and an exceptionally strong proposition for *a few high-class men* to act as our Sales Representatives.

Have Your Own Private STEEL GARAGE

Protect Your Car From Fire and Theft

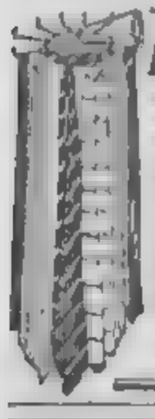
$92.50

Have your own Garage. Make sure no one is using your car without your knowledge. Save $25 to $35 monthly garage charge. Save $50 to $100 cost of building by ordering

Edwards Fireproof Steel Garage

Shipped complete f. o. b. Cincinnati, on receipt of $92.50. Blue prints and simple directions come with shipment. Sizes come 10 feet wide; 14, 16, 18 [illegible] high. Ample room for large [illegible]. Fireproof, weatherproof, indestructible. Locks most securely. An artistic structure any owner will be proud of. Booklet, with full description and illustration, sent on request.

THE EDWARDS MFG. CO., 740-780 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio



Revolvable Scarf Rack

[illegible] It has a very attractive appearance. Rack is well made and highly finished, metal [illegible] nickel plated. Easily attached—ready. [illegible] and sent prepaid [illegible] $1.00

Money promptly refunded if not satisfactory.

Specialties Supply Co., 335 A Broadway, New York

THE HEALTH MERRY-GO-ROUND keeps children healthy

Children never tire of the Health Merry-go-Round. It gives them healthful out-door amusement at home—fresh air and exercise that develops [illegible]

This machine is strongly built of selected hardwood [illegible] steel and is rust proof [illegible] Every machine guaranteed. Send for free trial Booklet [illegible]

Health Merry-go-Round Co.
Dept 215 Quincy Ill. U. S. A.

"Bungalows and Other Things"

The finest practical Bungalow Book ever published. [illegible] fully illustrated. [illegible]

Home Builders Plan Co.
Price $
Burd F. Miller Co.
E. Brandeis, Omaha, Neb.

Shi-Tree-Shiner

Wall Plate
Handle Lever
Size Adjustment
Holding Finger
Ventilators

Strictly [illegible] Dealers [illegible] A [illegible] Agent [illegible] Agent [illegible] Agent [illegible]

FOR MEN WOMEN CHILDREN

$1.00

Shi-Tree-Shiner Co. Rochester, N. Y.

Airyknit

The $50,000 UNDERWEAR

ASK your dealer for *Airyknit.* It's the coolest, lightest underwear ever invented. An *Airyknit* Union suit of average size has over a million open air pores. It's different—it's better—that's why we paid $50,000 for the *Airyknit* idea. Made in separate and Union garments—for Men and Boys—50c and $1.00. *Airyknit* Booklet on request.

Utica Knitting Co., Mill 85, Utica, N. Y.

BLITZ The Polishing Cloth

SALESMEN WANTED

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

Quickest and cleanest polish for Brass, Silver, Nickel, Gold. It's in the Cloth—[illegible] ready for use. Sample [illegible] Full Size Blitz Cloth, 25c [illegible] by mail. Agents Wanted.

Auburn Specialties Co. Auburn, N. Y.

MARVEL SOLDER

INSTANTLY MENDS ALL LEAKS

[illegible] Send 10c for trial tube.

MARVEL SOLDER CO.
1937 Broadway, Dept. 9, New York

AGENTS WANTED
QUICK SALES BIG PROFITS

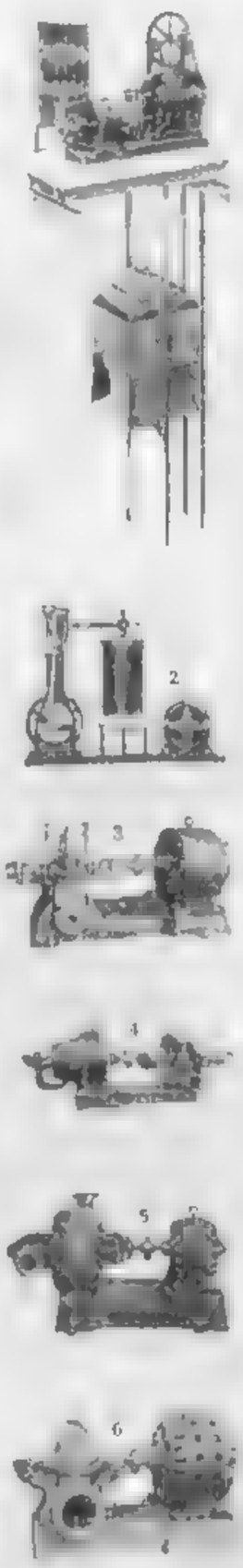
SHORT-STORY WRITING

A [illegible] Short Story [illegible] J. Berg Esenwein, Editor, Lippincott's Magazine

250-page catalogue free. Write today.

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
66 Myrick Building, Springfield, Mass.

Modern Equipment for Office Buildings, and Dependable Labor-Saving Appliances For Offices Are Driven By Westinghouse Motors



THE alert business man will gladly pay a higher rental for an office in a building that gives him a superior class of service.

Perfect elevator service, cleaning service, fire service, ventilating and heating service, come with the best electric motor yet designed for each of these purposes—the Westinghouse Motor.

You seldom see the "not running" sign on elevators run by Westinghouse Motors. Architects and engineers who have had experience with them recommend Westinghouse Elevator Motors because of their efficiency, ruggedness, and dependable service under all conditions.

The vacuum cleaning system must be thorough for health's sake. The one dependable motor for heavy vacuum cleaning is generally recognized by manufacturers as being the Westinghouse Motor.

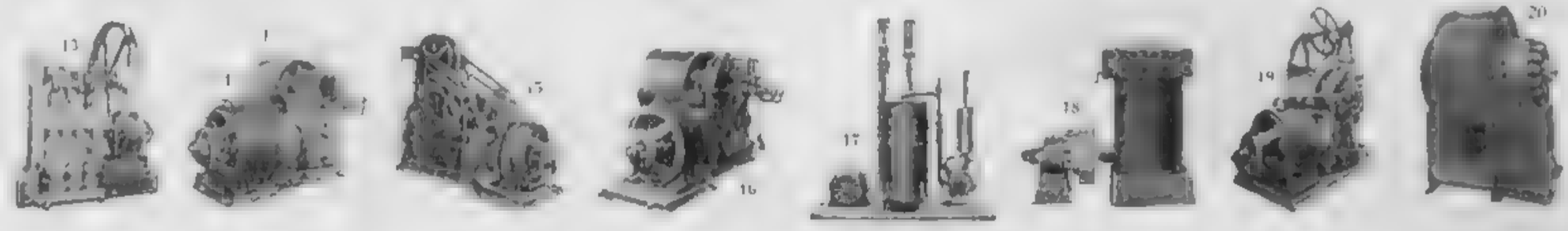
The most efficient fire pump in the world is helpless without an effective motor. Manufacturers are taking no chance when they make Westinghouse Motors their standard equipment.

Fresh air service is most important to the office worker. The blowers and ventilating fans run by Westinghouse Motors do their work day in and day out with no attention beyond lubrication and occasional inspection.

See that your electrically operated equipment is run by Westinghouse Motors.

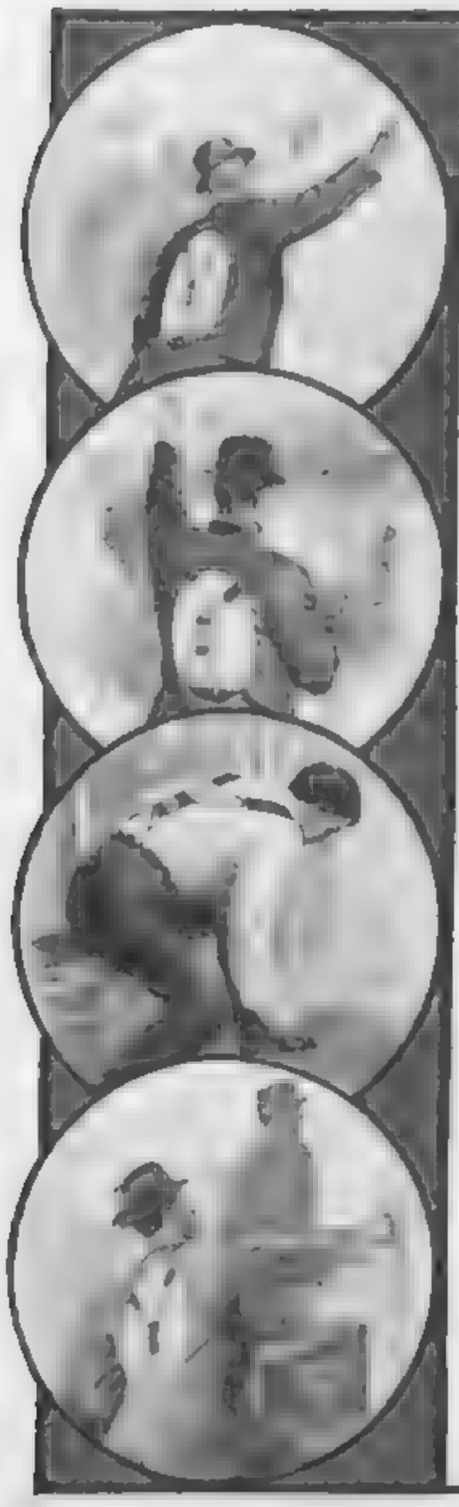
And when you buy Adding Machines, Dictaphones, Duplicating Machines, Envelope Sealers, Erasing Outfits, Mailing Machines, and other motor-driven appliances—remember the best on the market are run by Westinghouse Motors.

Who make them? Write us and we will send you a list. Address Motor Dept. P, East Pittsburgh.

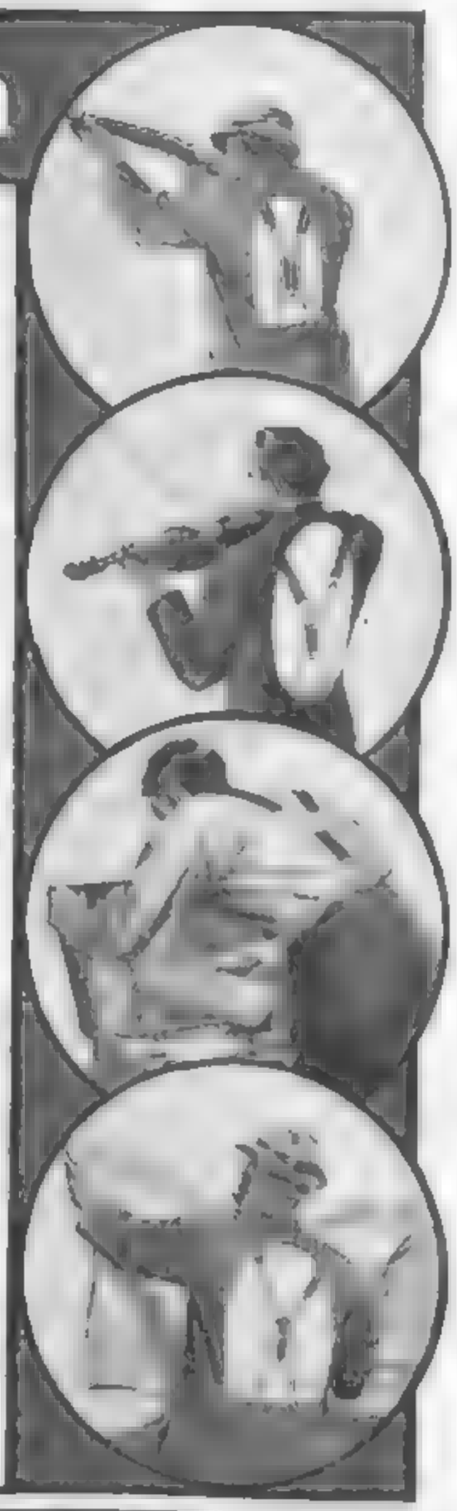


Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company

Sales Offices in 45 American Cities — Pittsburgh — Representatives All Over the World



Look at these eight men



¶ Each man is in a different position and yet you will notice that the sliding backs of their Shirley President Suspenders have adjusted to take the strain from the shoulders and buttons—that's why they are so comfortable. There is no strain on the elastic webbing—that's why the rubber lives so long.

The idea of making suspenders with flexible instead of rigid backs was the result of a perfectly natural and reasonable demand for a more comfortable trouser support. Shirley Presidents are the only practical flexible back suspender. They have grown rapidly in favor each year for no other reason than that they make good. Advertising did part of the work but man to man recommendations have done most.

¶ Wear a pair of Shirley President Suspenders for a month and if you are not convinced that they are the best and most comfortable suspenders you ever wore, we will buy them back from you at the full price you paid, no matter where or from whom you bought them.

Shirley Presidents for dress and business wear are made of 1⅛ inch and 1⅜ inch lisle elastic webbing, in dainty stripes, fancy weaves or plain colors. For ordinary wear we make a medium weight 1⅜ inch webbing in very attractive patterns. Both weights can be had in extra lengths.

TO THE LADIES. You will never be asked to sew on suspender buttons if your fathers, brothers and husbands wear Shirley Presidents.

TO DEALERS. Every live merchant sells Shirley President Suspenders and many constantly keep them on display, thereby reaping the benefit of our advertising by letting *The Saturday Evening Post* readers know that their store is the place to buy Presidents. Our latest window card, 14 x 22 inches, will be sent, if asked for on your business stationery.

Signed Guarantee on every pair. Read it. Price 50 cents everywhere.

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.
SHIRLEY-PRESIDENT-SUSPENDERS
Shirley, Massachusetts

Guarantees framed to protect the user and not to favor the manufacturer, go with

PENNSYLVANIA VACUUM CUP TIRES

Every tire carries a definite printed guarantee of *4000 miles actual service*, and the most liberal car weights for the various sized tires are specified.

Vacuum Cup Tires are also guaranteed not to skid on wet or greasy pavements.

If, after reasonable trial, you do not find them absolutely preventive of such skidding return your set of Vacuum Cup Tires at the full purchase price.

The Vacuum Cup Tread, because it is the deepest and heaviest, and because it does not "heat up" and lose its life, is the longest wearing tread yet designed for dry weather travel. And the absolute non-skid safeguard is always there in case of wet.

If you do not know the nearest dealer write us for his address.

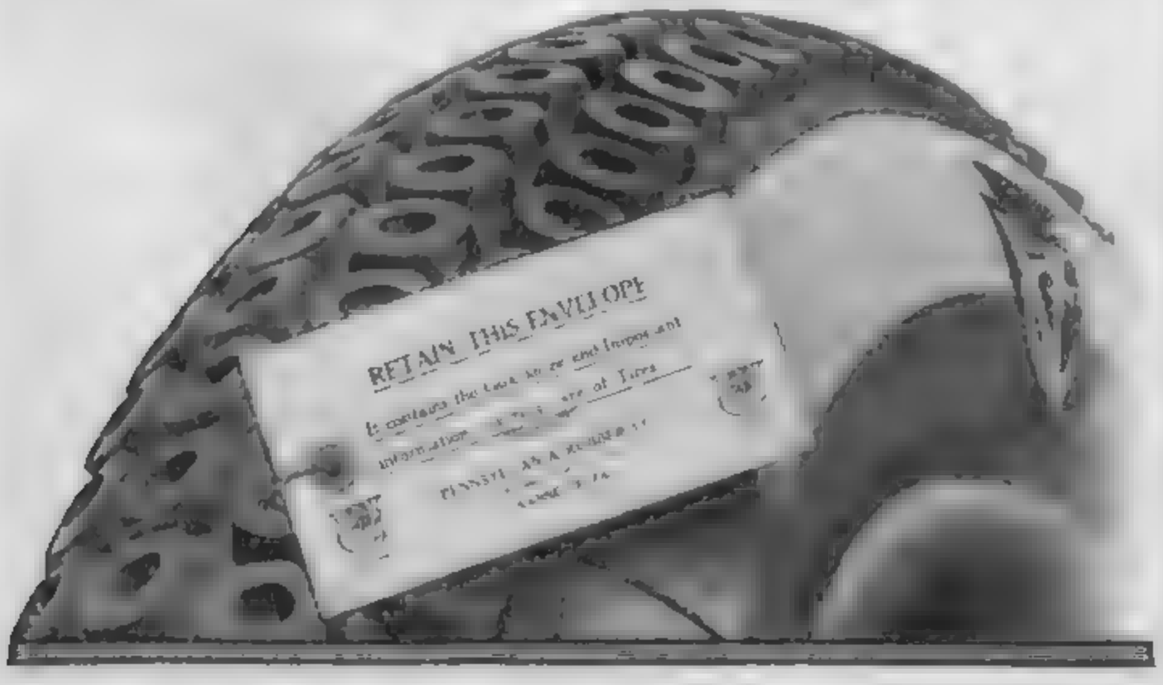
PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO., JEANNETTE, PA.

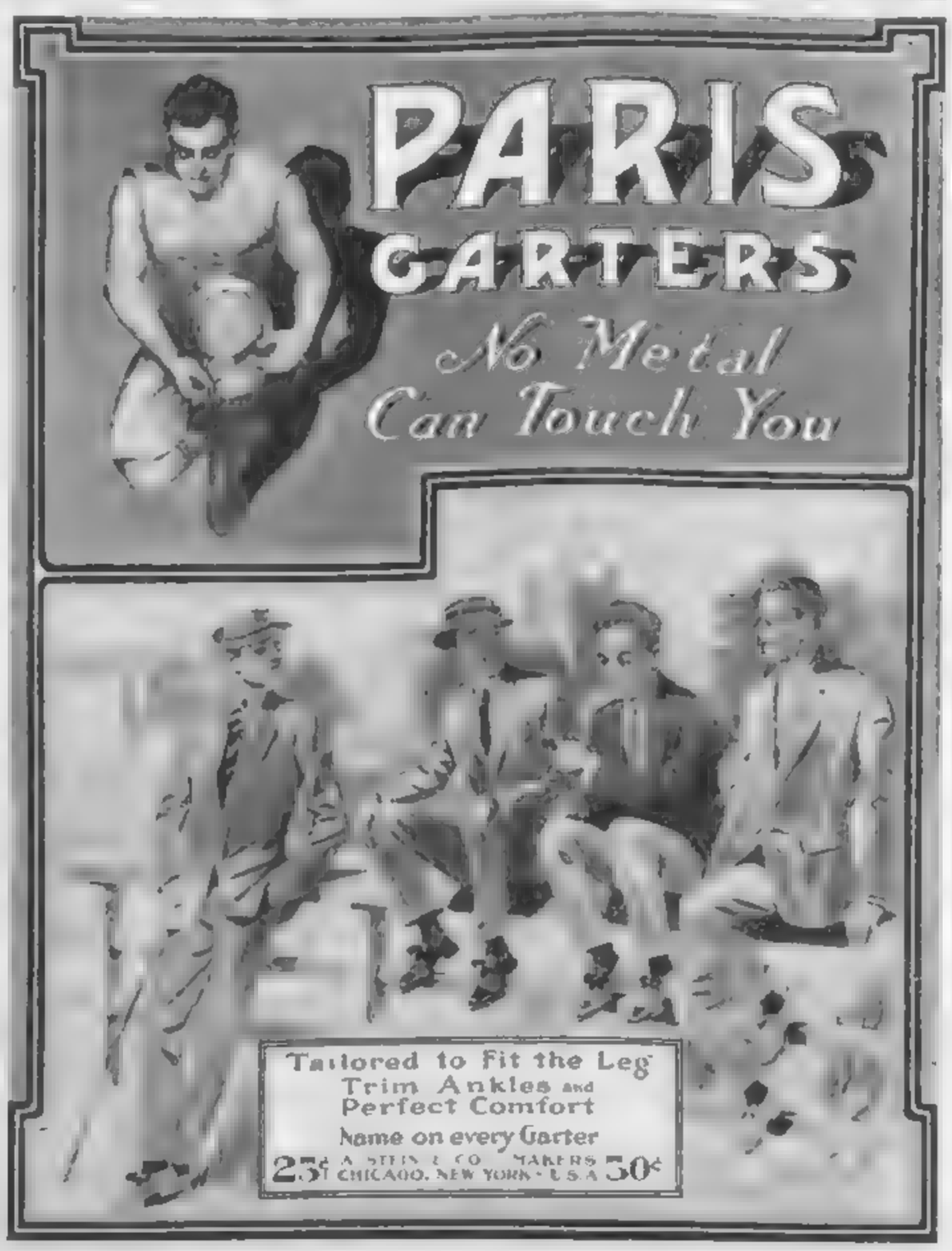
Reorganized February 1, 1910.

[illegible] Liberty Ave. [illegible] 44 So. Eighth St. Kansas City, Mo.: 514 East 15th St. Detroit: 254 Jefferson Ave. Cleveland, Ohio: 1837 Euclid Ave. Chicago: 1004 Michigan Ave.

Pennsylvania Rubber Co. of New York. New York City: 1700 Broadway. Pennsylvania Rubber Co. of California. San Francisco: 512-514 Mission St. Los Angeles, 930 So. Main St.

An Independent Company with an Independent Selling Policy





Smoke Talk No. 8

When 11 A.M. Feels like 11 P.M.

Strong, oily cigars knock all that glorious early morning exuberance out of a man. Confine your morning smoking to cigars of mild Havana and domestic blend and you will have more ginger for the day's work.

Bob^r Burns

MILD 10c CIGAR

Made by STRAITON & STORM, New York, since 1857

Ask your Doctor

Strength and beauty combined

Doubly reinforced where they go through the eyelets—the straining point. *Wide flowing ends* that tie into neat, handsome bows.

Nufashond

Patented May 7, 1907

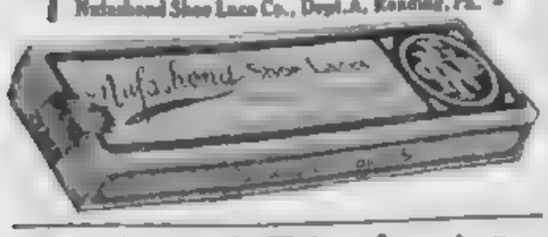
Oxford Laces

Retain their lustre because they are all pure silk. And every pair is

guaranteed 3 months

Sold only in sealed boxes. At all shoe, dry-goods, and men's furnishing stores. 25 cents per pair—men's and women's, in black, tan, and white. Mailed on receipt of price if your dealer hasn't them. Write for booklet.

Nufashond Shoe Lace Co., Dept. A, Reading, Pa.



Chairs & Tricycles

For Invalids and Cripples

Worthington Co.

508 Cedar St., Elyria, O.

SCIENCE AND THE FORGER

(Continued from Page 9)

examination would disclose whether or not the writing had been made after the paper had been folded.

Men who have studied this subject point out that the fold necessarily makes a crease in the paper; and if one undertakes to write over a fold the pen skips the crease or makes a wide track on a ridge, and the ink spreads where the surface has been broken by the folding. The thing is as clear under a glass as the track of a plow over a field where it crosses a little ditch or any other inequality in the surface of the ground except that, unlike the point of the plow, the point of the pen leaves a staining fluid.

Illustrations are given of a case where one removed a sheet from an autograph album and wrote a note for a large sum of money above the signature, the folds in the paper showing conclusively that the signature had been written before the sheet was folded and the writing above it afterward—a mathematical demonstration of the fact that the instrument was a forgery.

This feature of the subject is of special importance in examining codicils added to wills, additions to contracts, and the like, where these additions are said to have been made at the time of the original writing.

There is another danger attending the alteration of any written paper: If the alteration is made in precisely the same ink as that of the original writing still the forger is not safe, because those acquainted with the chemical composition of inks are able to tell how long the ink has been on the paper, and the difference in appearance of the words will indicate the change.

If the change is made with an ink of a different chemical composition, then the chemist by applying his reagents will be able conclusively to show that the inks are not the same, and that therefore the writings were not made at the same sitting.

Identifying Anonymous Letters

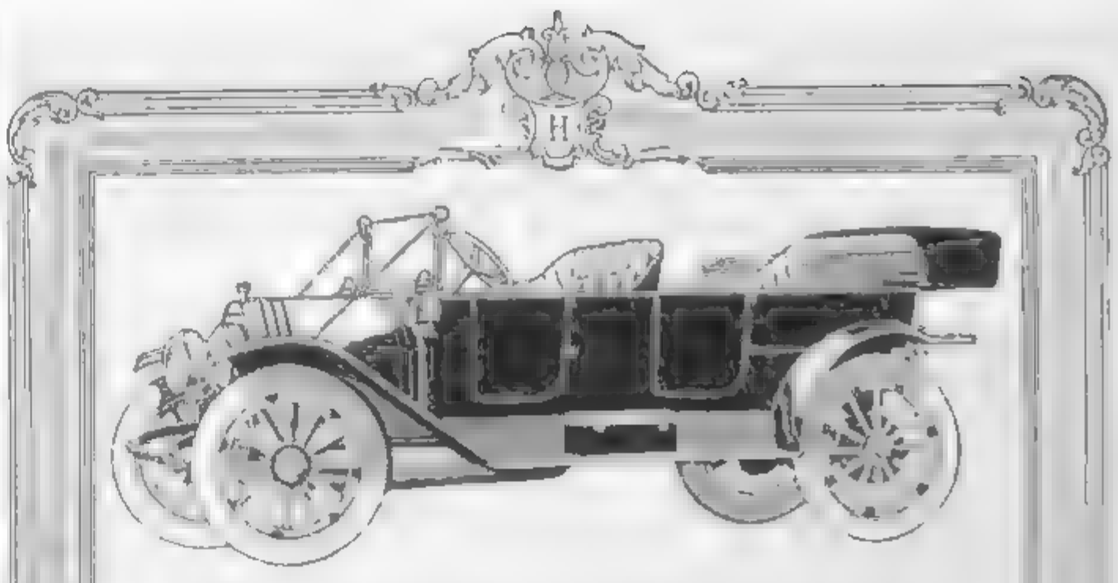
There are a number of different sorts of inks that appear alike to the eye, but that are conspicuously different when chemically tested. Thus it may happen that the man who has a writing in black ink and purchases a black ink with which to change it thereby sets upon the paper the conclusive, irrefutable evidence of the fact that he has committed a crime. It is hardly ever possible for a forger to be certain that he has the ink with which the original writing was made, and he takes the desperate chance of preparing the evidence for his own conviction when he alters a written instrument. One has seen the figures or letters in a changed writing, when chemically tested, stand out in two or three brilliant colors, showing how they had been touched with different inks by one who ignorantly believed his crime was concealed.

The anonymous letter has given the postal authorities a great deal of trouble. It is a crime to write an anonymous letter, for which one may be punished in the courts of the United States. Those who have studied the mental characteristics of the writers of such letters point out that the thing is often a sort of mania, and that such letters, when scattered about a community, can usually be traced to a common source. Not infrequently the writer of such a letter is one who claims to have received them. It is a foolish and dangerous practice.

It is exceedingly difficult to disguise one's handwriting; and even if that were accomplished the writer's habits of punctuation, of paragraphing, of leaving margins and all the other mechanical aspects of his composition will usually remain. He will hardly be able effectually to disguise his standard of education and culture.

If one takes the letters in an anonymous writing and the letters in a writing by the person suspected, and assembles all the letters of the alphabet contained in these two documents in columns parallel with each other, he will be able to see very quickly the points of resemblance or difference. This method was effectually followed in the case of Everett versus Wilkinson, in New Jersey, where there were a number of anonymous letters in question. It is fairly easy to tell whether the writer is a man or woman, both by the writing and the composition.

Nor does it avail to write such letters with a typewriter. Every make of typewriter has its own peculiar form of letters;



Character and Economy

THE HAYNES appeal is to those motor car purchasers who demand *character* in the car they buy — not merely an engine and wood and steel and upholstery and four wheels, but Character. Motor car character is shown in *proved* correctness of design, *obvious care* in construction, *established* dependability and assured service from the manufacturer. It is shown in freedom from inconveniences, freedom from quick deterioration, freedom from mechanical annoyances.

The HAYNES Car

Product of Eighteen Years of Automobile Building

has character. These same qualities which constitute Haynes character are found in a few other motor cars. But in *no* other car selling at *Haynes prices*. Mark that point clearly.

Here in the Haynes is motor car *character*, but we make no added charge for the experience and care and correctness with which the Haynes is built—no charge beyond the fair-square price for such a car, no charge for the prestige of such a car. So the Haynes offers you character *and* economy. Economy in the purchase price and economy in maintenance.

Haynes Model 21, 5-passenger touring car, illustrated above, is a handsome, roomy car, 40 h. p., 4½ x 5½ motor, 120 inch wheel base, 36 x 4 inch tires, demountable rims, and very complete equipment. Price $2100, f. o. b. Kokomo.

Catalog and name of your Haynes dealer on request. Address

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Dept. A, Kokomo, Ind.

NEW YORK, 1715 Broadway CHICAGO, 1702 Michigan Avenue

A SWING of Steel Springs

Make your children happy, keep them outdoors. Give them plenty of good, fresh air. Let them enjoy this comfortable swing. Rid yards with spring backs for adults. No jerks or jolts.

Prices from $11 to $15

Money Back If You're Not Satisfied

Has a perfect gliding motion. Runs for years. Handy for every home. It's amusing and healthful. A source of pleasure and profit. Write today for Free Book. Agents wanted. Big money. Remember our guarantee.

NOLL BROS. & SMITH
10 E. P Street
Bauman, Pa.

Our Factory Price $6.75 For this chair. You pocket the big saving. Solid quarter sawed oak throughout. Has full size arms, deep roomy seat, high back, and is a beauty. Finished in golden, weathered or fumed oak. Can be had in mahogany finish. Upholstered in genuine leather or fine quality of Spanish fabrikoid. Can be had in any color. Will be shipped in a few minutes. FREE FURNITURE BOOK illustrates and describes over 200 designs. Be sure to write for it today.

BROOKS MFG. CO.
6009 Bust Ave.
Saginaw Mich.

Brooks Chair No. 11

Makes Your Tires Last Longer

You will find your tires just as good as new after months of the hardest wear—never causing any trouble—never costing a cent for repairs—if you treat them with

NEVERLEAK Tire Fluid

It is put up in tubes with thread ends that fit the valve stem, and is easily injected. Treat your tires now and prevent unnecessary trouble and expense.

Used by Tire Repairers Everywhere

If you can't find it, send us the name of your bicycle repair-man or dealer in bicycle supplies.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY
Buffalo, N. Y.

WHY tire yourself pulling a boat? Why perspire, get over-heated and all tired out, when a few cents' worth of gasoline and an

EVINRUDE MOTOR

will quickly and easily propel your boat all day? The "Evinrude" Detachable Rowboat Motor can be attached to any rowboat in a minute. A turn of the wheel and your rowboat is a motorboat.

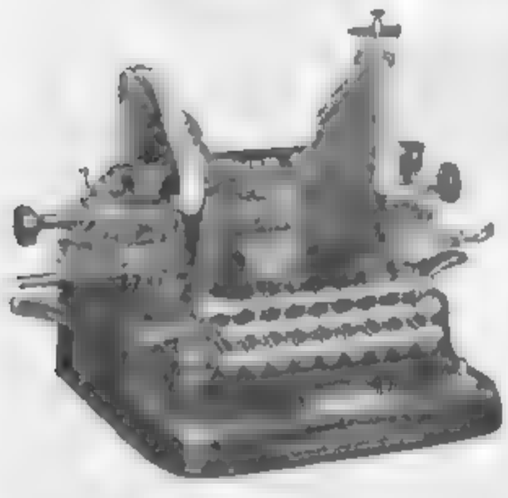
WEIGHS BUT 60 POUNDS. WILL PROPEL A BOAT UP TO 8 MILES AN HOUR

Thousands in use all over the world. So simple a child can run it. A strictly high-class outfit. The Czarina of Russia has four in use on her yacht. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for 24 page booklet illustrated in colors.

New York Salesrooms: 260 W. Broadway Dept. R.

EVINRUDE MOTOR CO.
301 Reed St.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

The Watch-Like Precision of The Oliver Typewriter



There is something approaching the marvelous in the accuracy and precision that characterize the movements of The Oliver Typewriter. All parts work in perfect unison, with an action as smooth as oil. This smooth precision, this responsiveness to the touch, is the result of infinite care, multiplied safeguards and an almost fanatic zeal on the part of its makers.

The Starting Point of Oliver Accuracy

The first operation performed on the metal base of The Oliver Typewriter is the drilling of a tiny hole—the pivotal point from which the subsequent millings and drillings are measured. The [illegible] foundation of every typewriter is absolutely uniform.

[illegible] part that enters into the construction of The Oliver Typewriter is an absolute duplicate of all other similar parts.

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

Every part down to the smallest screw is tested and re-tested at every stage of its manufacture—

Tested by delicate instruments of precision which detect a variation of a ten-thousandth part of an inch. The inspection system is interlocking. Each man tests a particular part before passing it on for the next operation. The man who receives it, tests the work of the preceding man before he accepts it.

As the various parts are assembled, these rigid tests continue. Thus the completed machine has run the gamut of over a thousand tests.

Factory Force of Experts

The great Oliver Typewriter Works are located in the beautiful city of Woodstock, in the garden spot of Illinois, amid picturesque surroundings. Here in a light, airy, sanitary plant which the State Factory Inspection Bureau holds up as a model, a great army of well paid, highly-skilled workmen build the world's masterpiece typewriter. Each feels a personal pride and an individual responsibility in giving his best efforts. One man has individually placed nearly 350,000 "pointers" or indicators on Oliver Typewriters within the last five years. This serves to illustrate how each man becomes an expert in his line.

The Oliver Typewriter Works are equipped with wonderful automatic machines which perform a multitude of delicate operations with most astounding precision.

Oliver Steel and Bronze

We know of no factory in the world where the makers go to such extremes to insure perfection of product. We buy the virgin metal without regard to cost, and its quality is insured by the most thorough and accurate analyses and tests in our Chemical and Physical Laboratories. Our specifications for raw materials are extremely exacting. We could easily save at least 20% of the cost of production by relaxing our ri[illegible] standards.

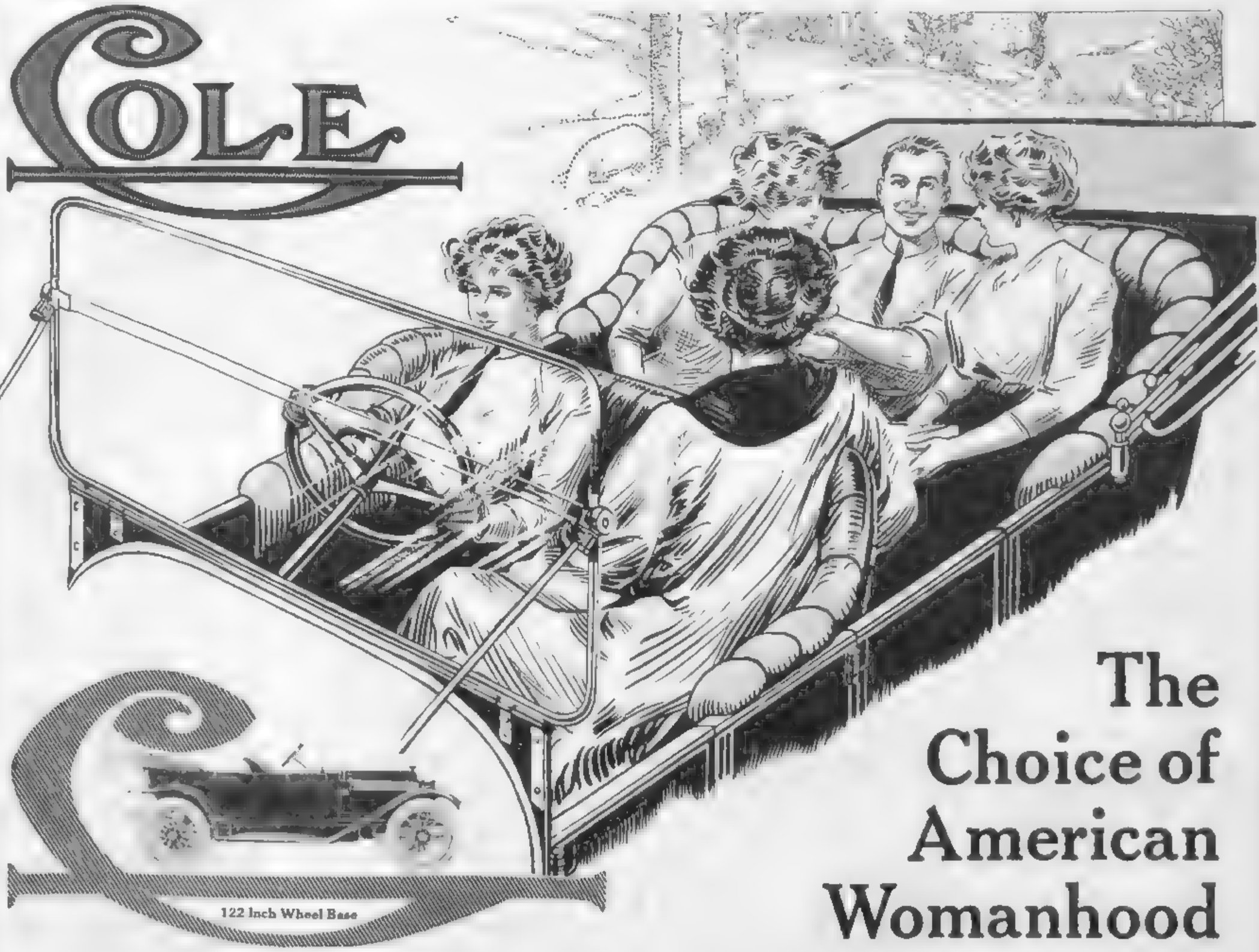
The working parts of The Oliver Typewriter are tempered to such extreme hardness that [illegible] makes no impression upon the wearing surface.

And the Oliver Bronze bearings in which they play give utmost wear-resistance.

Why The Oliver Costs Only $100

The only reason why we can sell The Oliver Typewriter at the price of other standard machines [illegible] is because it is produced in immense quantities. Its [illegible] its [illegible] its [illegible] its [illegible] [illegible] its [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

COLE



122 Inch Wheel Base

The Choice of American Womanhood

Riding in a Cole at any speed is to be compared to the sort of motion found in a pleasant sail on a perfect yacht in a smooth sea.

You do not have to crank your Cole to start it. It has a self-starter that *works*. There are self-starters and self-starters. The Cole gives you the best, one you may rely upon.

All of this comes from our belief that people buy automobiles to *use*. They want service from them.

Now, there is one point about an automobile which is the first one you usually take into consideration. That is *appearance*.

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The Cole selling organization is not a mere collection of agencies, it is a service organization extending from coast to coast. Its facilities are always on call for you. The Cole is sold by men who *want* to sell it. They are men who know automobiles and know what the user demands. They sell the Cole because pleased customers make more customers for them, and because handling the Cole is attractive, pleasant, profitable work.

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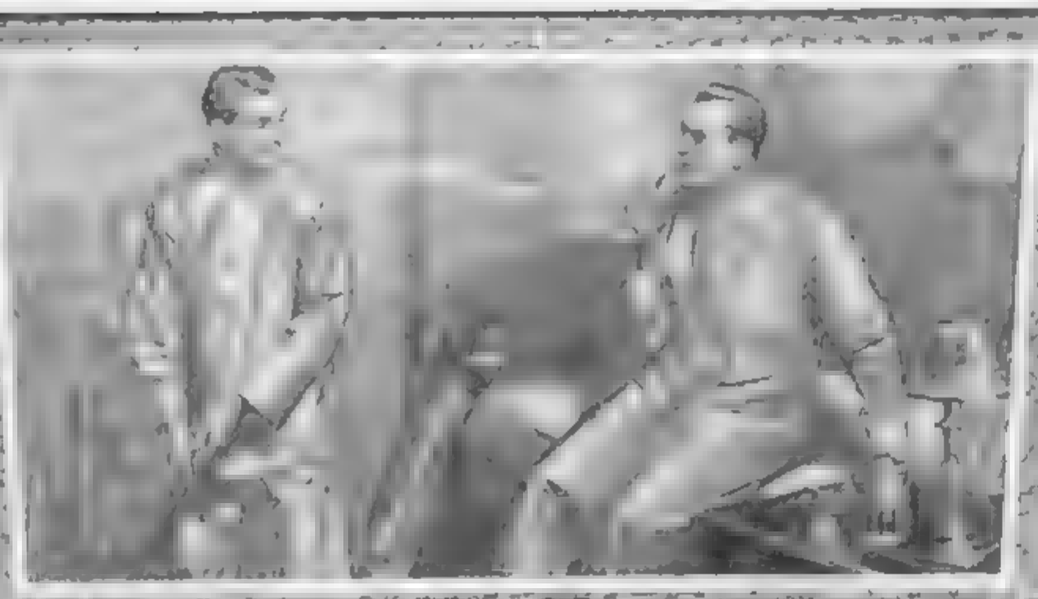
Cole Motor Car Company

Chas. P. Henderson, General Sales Manager **Indianapolis, Ind., U.S.A.**



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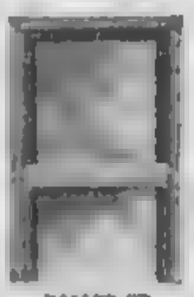

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Makers to the U. S. Government

Geordie Griggsby's Firebug

(Continued from Page 8)

this treatment than Helen; but even his armor was penetrated when Rumsey grinned insultingly into his face, one afternoon, immediately after Deluge Number One had ministered with apparent success to a lively blaze in the cellar of Duncan's drug store. No more cruel blow could have been dealt him; and Geordie went home to sulk the rest of the day, pessimistically certain that now vengeance would never be vouchsafed him. That night into his ugly sleep jangled a frenzied telephone bell, and he swore before he had wakened sufficiently to know what he was swearing about.

"Hello!" he bellowed.

"Grigg," came a piping voice, all atwitter with anguish—or laughter, perhaps; the telephone is a great confuser of emotions—"Grigg, come down here quick! The whole place is burning!"

"Who is it?" cried Geordie instinctively, for the voice was unrecognizable.

"It's Rumsey. Grigg——"

"Ha-ha-ha!" jeered Geordie with brutal deliberation.

"Honest, Grigg!" wailed the voice. "For——"

"How many times do you think little old Geordie is going to nick his teeth on that one?" Geordie demanded. "Take more time to it, Dick, and call me later."

He hung up; but before his head touched the pillow the bell was jangling again.

"Now look here," he shouted angrily, "you quit bothering me!"

"For Heaven's sake, Grigg! I'm not jollying—we've an awful fire here!"

"Well, bring it up and I'll put it out."

Again he slammed the receiver back on its hook and again the bell began to jangle. This time Geordie slipped out of bed, secured a pair of pliers and cut the wires.

"There! Damn you—ring!" he said vindictively.

"What is it, Geordie?" Helen asked, bewildered.

"Rumsey's loose with another of his fire jokes."

"Geordie, he surely wouldn't do that. Perhaps there really is one."

"Don't care if there is!"

"But, George——"

"They told me they could get along without my help and I told them if they wanted it they could come and ask for it; and by Heaven, they've got to do it!"

In spite of his brave words, however, Geordie was nervous. He scented business for his fire department and he began to wonder if he were not nibbling his own nose a little. Most people have experienced that tormenting struggle between spiteful pride and inborn desire.

Helen had slipped out of the room and across the hall to a window on the lake side of the house. Suddenly she called:

"George!"

Her tone brought Geordie to her side in an instant—and he stood there spellbound. Far out across the lake the whole heaven was lighted up. Great forks of flame were licking upward in a rolling cloud of smoke, hurling high aloft sparks and burning embers and throwing a lurid glow on the smooth water.

"Gee!" exploded Geordie.

He rushed back to the bedroom and seized his turnouts; but as he thrust a foot into its boot he heard the purr of a distant motor, unmistakably in haste.

"Here they come!" he chuckled to himself. He dropped the boot and thrust his feet into slippers. "I guess a couple of minutes won't make or break that fire," he said grimly; "and maybe it'll do that bunch a lot of good."

He went to the stairhead and switched on a light long enough to slip the little toothed wheel of the village call on the pinion of the striking machine. Then he extinguished the light and tiptoed downstairs with elaborate secrecy to the door.

The roaring ceased and the motor rounded up to the step and stopped with a bark. Geordie let the shouting crowd clamor and pound at the door for a minute. Then he turned on the light and opened it, blinking with a fine pretense of sleepiness. Before him stood Rumsey and "Jedge" Bartlett and four others—their clothes dripping water, their faces black with smoke, their eyes wild. All apostrophized him at once and quite unintelligibly.

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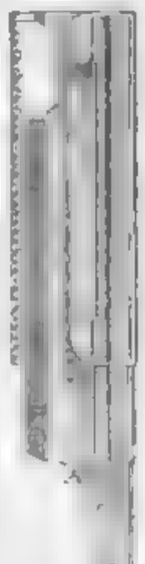

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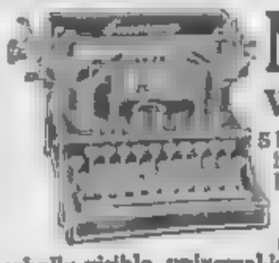

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"Shut up!" roared Geordie. "One at a time. What in ——"

"Th' hull taown's a-burnin'!" shrieked the "jedge."

"Well, why don't you put it out?" Geordie demanded.

"We can't!" wailed the "jedge." "Duncan's block is goin', and Haslett's hnouse, an' Eb Howard's—it's mos' to th' hotel!"

The old man's despair was pitiful. It went straight to Geordie's heart, which wasn't a very callous organ, after all; but he controlled his sympathies and his twitching nerves a moment more—a minute or two now couldn't affect the ultimate outcome greatly. He had one more shaft.

"Call out the Deluges," he said. "They put out one fire this morning ——"

"No, they didn't!" the "jedge" screamed. "Durn their hides! They didn't! That's jest th' trouble."

"For Heaven's sake, George, help us!" Rumsey pleaded, laying an appealing hand on Geordie's arm. "My house is going by this time and the whole town'll go! Grigg, you aren't going to let that ——"

Geordie was halfway up the stairs; but, with his hand on the machine, he leaned over the railing for a last shot:

"Will you come up here and sing Hail to the Chief on your knees every night till I go back to town?"

"Yes—yes! Grigg, I'll do anything ——"

Boom!

The big bell outside began to toll its summons and six pairs of lungs sighed gratitude to Heaven as the delegation rushed to crank the motor car. Just outside the gate they took to the ditch while Geordie's red roadster tore by, and their hearts jumped at the reassuring sight of that white helmet they had so derided. A hundred yards on they gave way again to the rakish chemical engine, traveling like a hound with its nose to the trail. Unit by unit Geordie's whole department roared past them, raising hope higher with each shower of blinding grit with which its hastening wheels smothered them.

When Geordie whirled into the white-faced, half-dressed mob which ringed the inferno that had been Main Street the town's sole brick block was just settling into its crater. On each side of it two houses were practically destroyed and a third burning. On one flank, the wooden wing of the big white summer hotel was ablaze; while, on the other, the eaves of Dick Rumsey's beautiful colonial home were spitting fire.

A squad from Deluge Engine Company, Number One, was directing a single puny stream against the front of the hotel, ten feet from the nearest blaze, from a flaccid hoseline that led away to the lake, where a gallant remnant of the volunteers, aided by the men of the summer colony, were wearily clanking the ponderous brakes of the hand tub—for, you understand, it is one thing to "brake her down!" for a brief spurt in the exaltation of a muster-day playout, but quite another thing to keep a workable firestream going for hours on end.

Ezry Bronson, first selectman, crushed by the weight of responsibility and helplessness, dragged Geordie from his car.

"Where's yer ingines? Where's yer ingines?" he quavered.

"Coming," said Geordie briskly.

"Kin yeh put it aout, Georgie?" the old man wailed.

"Put it out!" snorted Geordie. "I thought you said you had a fire down here, Ezry. What's the use of hauling all my men out of bed for this thing?"

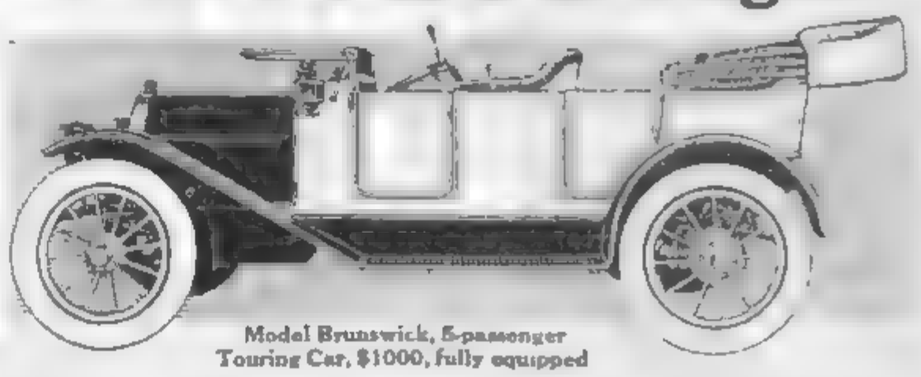
Ezry's soul, however, was staring into a cataclysm such as mortal man had never conceived—not, at least, in Merifield. If he heard Geordie's persiflage at all he saw in it only the babbling of a mind unhinged, like his own.

"Put all yer hoses on th' hotel, Georgie!" he shouted weakly in Geordie's ear. "We gotta save that! I hate t' see them city folks' haouses go; but they kin stan' it better'n we kin."

"Don't you fret, Ezry," Geordie said as he turned to begin his task. "I'll have your little flicker black as a hat inside of twenty minutes."

As he spoke, the crew of his first engine came running up from the lake, stretching in a line of hose with the aid of all the men, women and children who could lay hands upon it. A minute later the pipe was spitting a stream that climbed until it shrouded the burning end of the hotel, snuffing out the light blaze in a twinkling.

We take time to Build The PAIGE Right



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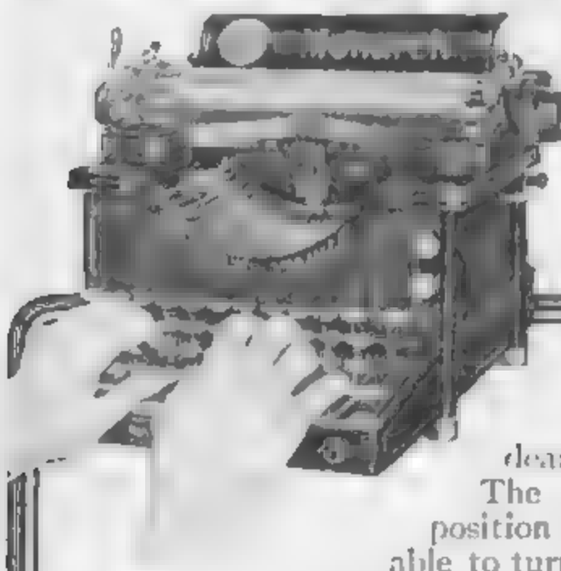

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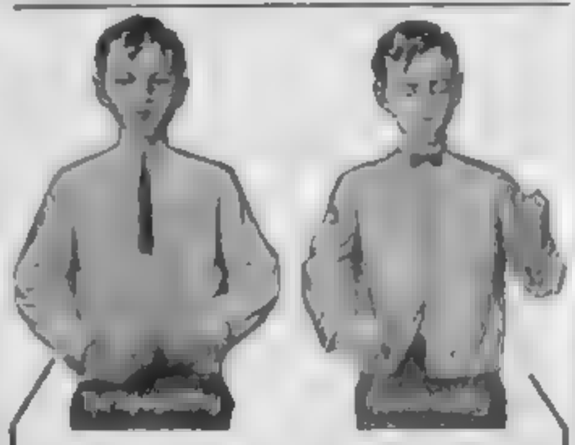

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This done, the pipemen turned and, with their stream, went boring into the red-hot smoke that shrouded the blazing house behind them. They disappeared from sight of the gaping crowd, but the crashing of their stream and the showers of charred splinters that emerged from the reek at all angles gave evidence that they were alive and kicking.

"Gosh!" said Ezry Bronson. "They'll be killed!"

"They're goin' inside!" some one screeched.

It was true. The crew of Geordie's second engine, heads down, helmets reversed, were beating a black pathway with their stream through the front doorway, which a moment before had been belching flames. As they reached the sill, the smoke settled down about them again; and Ezry turned his head away, with a groan.

Meanwhile, at the other extremity of the conflagration, the third engine company had snuffed out the fire on Rumsey's house and turned their stream on the blazing structure next door. Working inward from the two flanks of the fire, these three streams could, in a pinch, have handled the situation with a reasonable degree of effectiveness. All that was really necessary was to keep Rumsey's house and the hotel wet down and let the fire between them burn itself out.

This was not at all in accordance with Geordie's ideas, however. He wanted to "show 'em something." So he ordered second lines stretched in from all the engines, while the reservists from the heavily laden hose-trucks stretched in three lines from each of the trio of fireboats. Meanwhile he dispatched the chemical engine on a cruising expedition to watch for flying embers and sent the chemical lines from his combination cars into Rumsey's house and the hotel to chase out any fire that might have eaten through from outside. When his lines were all working he had, in addition to the chemical streams, fifteen good, solid one-and-five-eighths-inch water streams hurling somewhat less than four thousand gallons of lake a minute into the flames; and his prophecy failed but little of literal fulfillment.

"Well, Ezry," he said—"took me a little longer than I expected."

"Where's them fellers what went in thur?" croaked Ezry, pointing a shaking hand at the blackened shell of the house next the hotel.

"Still in there," said Geordie. "See their lanterns?"

Ezry gazed an instant.

"Gosh!" he said in an awed voice.

Geordie was still laughing when Rumsey and the "jedge" rushed up, drawn by the red band on his lantern-globe. Geordie threw the light of the bull's-eye into their weary but relieved faces. They seemed at a loss for words and Geordie broke the silence.

"Well, jedge," he said, "once more you ain't burned up, eh?"

"Don't, Georgie—don't!" the "jedge" begged, in a whimsical tone. "They'se abaout forty bushel of th' durndest smallest pertaters y' ever seen right raound here naow! Don't rub it in, Georgie."

Rumsey gripped Geordie's hand—half laughing, half crying.

"Grigg, there isn't a word I can say," he stammered, waving an arm in the general direction of his rescued rooftree; "but—but that Hail-to-the-Chief thing goes!"

"I guess we'll take the word for the deed on that, Dick," Geordie answered happily, returning his handclasp.

But every night, until the nip of the frost and the call of the town drove the city visitors flocking homeward—under stars or moon or pelting rain, sometimes a solo, sometimes in quartet and often in mixed chorus—out of the darkness of Geordie's lawn rose the refrain:

"Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honor'd and blest'd be the evergreen pine!"

Deluge Engine Company, Number One, is a memory now, and the faithful old hand tub disintegrates peacefully, day by day, under its blanket of dust and rust in the caverns beneath the Town Hall. Little red fire-alarm boxes dot the green of Merifield's streets; and Geordie Griggsby's devil-wagons whiz at will through the village, fearless alike of law and of public opinion, restrained only by the limitations of their own engines. And if you really want to start something just run up to Merifield and voice disparagement of the sacred firebug!

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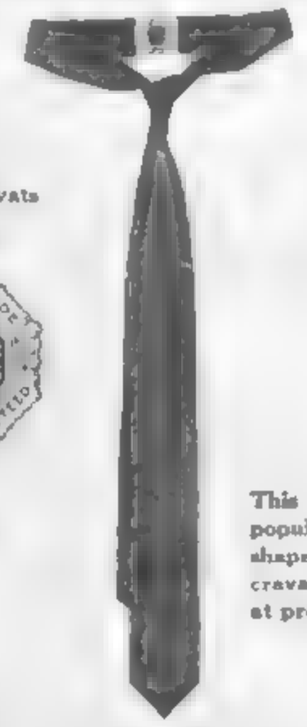

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Back of them is a factory employing eighteen hundred men, with a floor area of twenty acres and producing ninety-six per cent of the parts that go to make up this car.

This factory has produced twenty-two thousand Rambler motor cars, and the average cost for repair parts on each one of these cars last year was only twelve dollars and ninety cents.

Some of these cars have been in use eleven years. One-half of them have been in use five years or more. These are the facts which warrant our confidence in the Rambler to the extent of giving the signed guarantee for ten thousand miles.

The Cross Country sales to date are three times those of last year.

See the car and you will learn the first reason—its appearance.

Ride in the car and you will know the second reason—its comfort.

Ask your banker about the stability of this company—his answer is the third reason.

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Appearance, comfort, stability and the 10,000 mile guarantee.

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THE THIRD-TERM GHOST

(Concluded from Page 19)

four years was Jackson, and he cheerfully accepted two terms of four years. Of the seven two-consecutive-term presidents, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Grant and Roosevelt, only Jefferson laid it down as a political desideratum that every president should retire at the end of the second term; and he would have taken a third term rather than let a Federalist get in. Madison and Monroe were not men of third-term quality; they seem to have had no moral objection to a third term. Jackson was erratic on the subject, but closely resembled Roosevelt in serving two terms and then indicating a successor. The nearest approach to a third term was Grant, and there are many reasons for thinking that his renomination and reëlection in 1880 would have been a good thing for the country.

The third-term ghost has lived a good many years upon the supposition that the president of a republic has the power to keep himself in office indefinitely unless there is some absolute check upon him. Whatever the danger in the past that a president would use the Federal patronage to obtain delegates, everybody can see that national conventions of delegates chosen by state conventions made up of delegates chosen by district conventions made up of delegates chosen by primaries made up of the official and organizing end of the party have about come to an end. Before the presidential election of 1916 nearly every state in the Union will have its machinery for obtaining the preference of the voters of the country for their own standard-bearer. If that constituency cannot be trusted, then popular government is a failure from top to bottom, and the only thing to do is to make the leaders of the party dictators for life. As a matter of fact, people scoff at the idea of the man on horseback or any other man in the United States keeping himself in power as the Mexican president kept himself in power—by a series of moving-picture elections.

On the other side there is only one solution of democracy on a great scale, and that is leadership on a great scale. Governments by large boards frequently changing are unable to lay out and push forward a program of constructive legislation, even though those boards be a Senate and a House of Representatives. Those boards have tried to concentrate their power by steering committees and the speakership, but the executive heads of cities, states and the nation are in a better position to represent the people and to push forward what public sentiment demands. Therefore they ought to be reëlected a fair number of terms. A good governor ought to serve terms enough to give him a chance to work out a good policy; and there is no reason why the people should be deprived of a good president because he has shown himself to be good in eight years of experience. There is no more logical reason for a custom forbidding the reëlection of executive officials for a reasonable number of successive terms than there is for a custom permitting the reëlection of legislative officials. If one is wrong both are wrong. If either is right both are right. The sun has risen on the American people, and the poor old third-term ghost may flit back to his shades.

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MRS. FINNEGAN, who had organized a raffle with three prizes, met Mr. Flaherty and told him about it. Mr. Flaherty took three tickets at Mrs. Finnegan's earnest solicitation.

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"Oh, Mr. Flaherty," she replied, "it was foine. My daughter Mary won the first prize. Ain't she lucky? An' my daughter Lizzie won the second prize. Ain't she lucky? An', Mr. Flaherty, I won the third prize. Ain't I lucky? By-the-way, Mr. Flaherty, did you pay for thim three tickets you took?"

"No," said Flaherty. "Ain't I lucky?"

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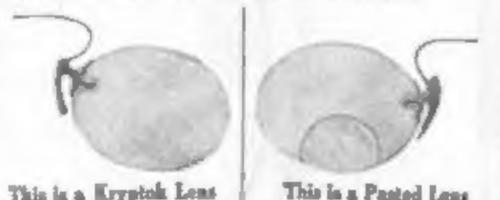

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